JULY, 1957
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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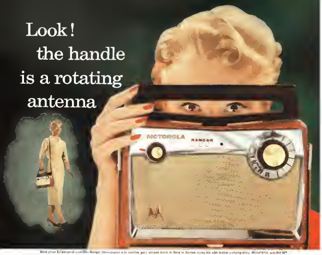
Bohemia

a 7 page
picture story



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It's not unprecedented to devote our space to a love letter. Once it was to a city. Another time to an airline. And within recent memory Paul Gallico used our pages to write a love letter to a hotel. But this one is to a steamship line.

It's relatively new, as lines go. Its name, The Home Lines, sounds almost generic, and gives no hint of its polyglot background: with Greek in its ownership, the near-eccentricity of Panamanian registry reflected in its flag, the misleading suggestion of English origin in the name *Homeric* now borne by its flagship, and then, to round out the series of non-sequiturs, the surprise discovery that its crew is not Greek nor Panamanian nor English, but solidly Italian.

Now two of us, at this writing, have just returned from the last of the *Homeric's* 1956-57 season of West Indies cruises. One of us knew the *Homeric* when it was the *Mariposa* plying the Pacific to and from Hawaii. But neither of us has ever known, in combined memories totaling over fifty years of ocean travel, a ship to compare to the *Homeric* of today.

A ship, of course, is like a violin—no matter how magnificent it may be as a work of construction it is no better or worse in the performance of its function than the human element into whose hands it is entrusted. And here, in the case of the *Homeric*, is where yet another facet of the many-sided genius of postwar Italy is reflected.

It was Franco who was credited, perhaps apocryphally, with a remark to the effect: Just let the Italians lose one more war and they'll rule the world! We've seen intimations of the truth of this in the rise of the reborn Italy in such fields as movies, fashions and automobiles. But until you encounter it at first hand you may not be prepared for the Italians' present-day consummate mastery of the art of conveying pleasure effect.

Think of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, or think of the magic words of the fairy tales. You'd have to possess something of the sort, to command service any more swift, deft and forethoughtful than that given by the crew of the *Homeric* at the least hint or whisper of a wish. One case in point:

On this cruise the ship left New York on Thursday. On Friday night, at a nearby table, we overheard a doughty dowager complaining that among all the wines on the wine list, there was no mention of the only one she liked.

The wine steward, who stood by, ready and able to reel off the vintage dates and vineyard names of several hundred wines, including the Californian, looked wretched as he repeated the unfamiliar syllables of her choice: Man-ch-shh-witz? Hurried, flurried consultations hither and yon, and then the abject return to her table with the miserable admission of utter defeat. So she ordered mineral water, and seemed content.

But Sunday night, after the ship had left its first port of call, San Juan, Puerto Rico, there appeared on her table, cradled in a receptacle worthy of a Romanée Conti at the least, a bottle of her favorite, her one, her only wine. And appear and reappear it did thereafter every blessed night of the ten remaining nights of the cruise.

Discreet inquiry, undertaken after reflection that the ship had docked in San Juan only on Sunday afternoon when everything was closed so they couldn't have picked up the embattled Manischewitz there, elicited the shrugged information that yes, they'd thought of that so they'd had a dozen bottles flown down from New York.

Another instance. Fellow we knew had become severely smitten with a girl aboard, so he took to hanging around the corridor where her cabin was, hoping fate might then favor him with a meeting purely by chance. Well, fate didn't, but on two different occasions, he was surprised to be hunted down by the steward serving that corridor and given a conspiratorial wink that brought him hurrying back with the result that, of course, and at last, fate did.

Where the Italians undertake to promote the pursuit of pleasure they really promote it. There are six different bars on the *Homeric*, plus a soda fountain and many places where they serve tea. So you're never more than a measurable number of paces from a point where you can say, "Wouldn't you like to stop here and have a drink?"

We know there are bigger ships afloat, though we've never found one better riding in dirty weather, and we know, too, that there are faster ships afloat, though we don't know why anybody'd take a ship at all if speed were a consideration, and we know of more ornate ships though not of more tasteful, but as of here and now we've stopped looking for one that's more fun.

We like to think that there are a lot of people who feel the same way about Esquire, though they know, as we do, that there are other and bigger magazines.

But that, after all, is another story—and one that hardly belongs in a love letter, even to so impersonal a one as a ship. —A.G.

The Homeric at a port of call

2 Famous Chicagoans

Chicago visitors looking for renowned food and the city's most distinguished hotels soon find themselves meeting the two gentlemen pictured above. At the fabulous Pump Room of the Hotel Ambassador your coffee will be poured by a plumed Coffee Boy. A full blooded Indian Chief conducts the coffee ceremonial at The Porterhouse of the Hotel Sherman. Both are elegant symbols of a perfection which extends from cuisine to suites and rooms with television, radio, and air conditioning. For your pleasure!

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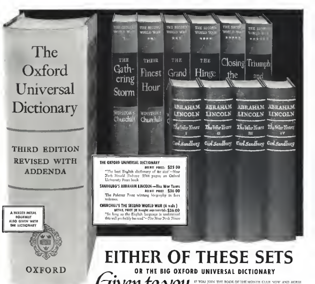

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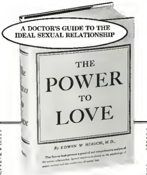
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This famous book discloses a wealth of *practical* information needed by every married couple ... priceless guidance that can spell the difference between the discord of incompatibility and the joy of marital fulfillment.

THE POWER TO LOVE is written in easily understandable, non-medical language. It is written frankly, honestly, simply as your doctor would address you in a private consultation. Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch has devoted his lifetime to helping thousands of men and women fully develop *the power to love* and bring new joy and understanding into their marriage relationship.

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Sex in Marriage—"Normal," "Abnormal," "Perversion," "Average," "Natural," "Contrary to Nature" — Sexual Confidence — A Typical Sexual Neurotic — The "Bad Land" of Adolescence — Sexual Stupidity—Legitimacy of Passion—Psychic Factors—Use of Female Sex Hormones—Etc.

SEXUAL CONTROL
How Sex Appetite Differs from Other Instincts—Analysis of Success Factors—The Sexually Inexperienced Type—Control of Emotional States—Should the Male be Active or Passive?—Hesitancy of Women—Hindu System of Sexual Control—Mental Concentration and Sexual Control—Value of Correct Breathing—Details of the Technique—Etc.

SEXUAL FEAR
Adolescent's Concept of the Perfect Life—Is Sex Desire a Product of Mental Activity?—Fear Instilled by So-Called Reformers—Variety of Sexual Expression—Seeking Social Approval—Freedom of Sexual Expression—The Origin of the Sin Idea in Sex—Fear of Abnormality and Impotency—Sex and the Guilt Reaction—Mental Factors—Etc.

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Necessity of Knowledge in this Field—The Basis of Feminine Charm—The "Pure" Woman—Coquetry—Success in the Art of Love—The Lifeless Woman—The Adequate Male—Sexual Timidity—Sexual Byplay—Advantageous Positions—Masculine Confidence — Teaching by Suggestion — Test on Sexual Maneuvers—Etc.

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Cause of Woman's Inferiority Complex—Guilty Feeling and How it Develops—The Wish for Maleness—Woman and Her Resistance—Awakening the Soul of Woman—Love the Best Cure for Impotency — Distasteful Sex Impressions — Ignorant Husbands and Frigidity—Maneuvers of the Clever Wife—Proper Practice of Feminine Hygiene—Etc.

OVERCOMING IMPOTENCY
Unreliability of Quack Cures—Rejuvenation and the "Elixir of Life"—"Gland Surgeons" and Their Claims—Sexual Abstinence and Impotency—Why the Average Man Cannot Model His Life on That of the Clergy — Male Climacteric and Sexual Activity—Celibacy and Chastity—Does Sexual Abstinence Strengthen Man?—Symptoms of Sex Neurosis—Etc.

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Please send me a copy of THE POWER TO LOVE by Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch. If I do not agree that the book can help its readers achieve a happier marital relationship, I may return it within 10 days for full refund.

☐ Enclosed find $4.95. Send postage prepaid.
☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman $4.95 plus postage and handling charges.

Name ______________________
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For Father's Day, Graduation, Anniversary or Birthday—give a KINGS MEN gift set to your knight in shining armor. He appreciates the finest . . . and since KINGS MEN costs no more than ordinary toiletries, why not give him the very best?

KINGS MEN gift sets in sparkling crystal or golden flagons from $1 to $10

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Army's case—

Re Garrett Underhill's article (*The Army's Case Against Itself*, May 1957), it appears we are both singing from the same hymn book.

For the past three years I have endeavored to organize within the national structure of the Reserve Officers Association a Research and Development committee. The aim of the committee was intended to use the full power of this organization to fight the cloistered thinking and short-sighted policies you outlined so well in your article. Finally, this past October, the committee was authorized by our national executive body and I was named chairman. Organization is progressing slowly, but within a short time the committee should be at an efficient strength and should be representative of all Department of Defense technical services.

From the biographical sketch furnished in Esquire it appears that Mr. Underhill may be a Reserve Officer and if such is the case it is probable that he also belongs to ROA. If he has these qualifications it would be greatly appreciated if he would consent to serving with this committee.

PAUL E. J. VOGEL
Major, USAR
Chairman, Research and Development Committee
Massachusetts Department
Reserve Officers Association of the United States
Roslindale, Mass.

* * *

Without questioning presumably good intentions (Hell is paved with them), I would like to point out that Mr. Underhill's main thesis (*The Army's Case Against Itself*) sounds like an out-and-out Air Force argument.

The idea of the three-division Marine Corps "absorbing" a nineteen-division Army, for example, sounds just a little bit like a story I once heard about the rabbit who "absorbed" the bear.

The missions of the Marine Corps are highly technical. No other form of warfare is quite like [illegible]ning or in execution. On the other hand, the Marine Corps is neither organized, nor trained, nor equipped, nor inclined to fight sustained land warfare—a war of maneuver over a continental land mass, a war requiring buildup of men and supplies for a final showdown—a war involving sustained occupation. To use Marines for such purposes is waste and misuse of resources and the equivalent of using an Army airborne division for military police duties.

The Air Force, we must remember, has just come out of a cat-and-dog fight with its former parent over the control of missiles (are they ballistics or air weapons?). No self-respecting flier can favorably look forward to the day when all air weapons are either guided missiles or pilotless aircraft. The Air Force must therefore continually reinforce its reason for being and thus its vital concern over the control of missiles.

I am the last person in the world to defend the Army, but I hardly believe we have reached the millenium when need for the Army no longer exists. The problems of the Army seem principally to be those of its size, and thus an unkind comparison to the 200,000-man Marine Corps, whose smaller size facilitates its ability to be more progressive.

An H-bomb or missile can only destroy. An H-bomb, or even the threat of an H-bomb, cannot project our national policy ashore on foreign lands. It cannot seize an advanced base. An H-bomb cannot restore law and order nor bring about constructive changes in the political arrangements of an area vital to our national security. The man on the ground with a rifle and the warship in the harbor are tangible symbols of the power of the United States. But the threat of nuclear attack, like the high-altitude bomber that backs it up, is impossible to see with the naked eye. It is like the electric chair, not the policeman on the corner. A hydrogen war may be forced upon us. But it would be the greatest of all world tragedies if we forced it upon ourselves.

With this in mind, let's not too readily support a thesis which would do away with the Army and just incidentally sounds like another of those many schemes to do away with the Marine Corps. At least let's leave such theorizing to paid and declared Air Force propagandists.

PHILLIPS FRANKLIN
Fairfax, Va.

* * *

Shame on you for publishing an alleged exposé by Garrett Underhill under the misleading impression that it is an official document when it is no more than Underhill's case against the Army.

The author bravely demolishes a flimsy straw man by conveniently ignoring the Army's radically accelerated program of atomic-age reorganization and by minimizing the importance of the Army's new atomic weapons. Upon reading that "the defense of the United States [illegible] not require an Army as we know it now" one suspects that he is more interested in destroying the Army than improving it.

But he should have chosen a better authority than Panzer General Hasso von Manteuffel, whom he describes as the military genius "who crushed the Allied Front with the Fifth Panzer Army in the Battle of the Bulge." The Germans broke through a thinly held section, to be sure, but hasn't our good friend Underhill heard that they shortly after got their pants beat off?

EDWARD M. CYNARSKI
Adams, Mass.

Wails from the mid-Pacific

Who the hell is John Steinbeck to be getting a lot of cheap publicity by passing himself off as the nominator of Al Capp to the Nobel Prize? (*Li'l Abner's Mistah Capp*, April 1957.)

I made this proposal four years ago on a radio program and am presently Chairman of the Board of

Continued on page 12

What is the time and place for Liqueur? Champagne? . . Cognac Brandy? *Any time you choose to enjoy them!* And for these pleasant occasions only the very finest belong—Cointreau, Piper Heidsieck, Remy Martin

Remy Martin Imported • Cointreau Imported • Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.
Cointreau, Ltd., Pennington, N. J.

Seven-Up and Vodka-ah-h!

Most delicious vodka drink for summer

If you visit the smart bars in New York's East Sixties . . . If you dine at "The" restaurant in New Orleans . . . if you relax in the luxury of California's famed resorts—you know about this drink It is considered one of the most delightful of all vodka combinations—especially this time of year

And no wonder What you taste is the delicate 7-Up flavor . . . the coolness and refreshing 7-Up liveliness! Vodka gives the drink spirit, 7-Up makes it delicious.

If you want to discover a truly new Vodka drink—make it with 7-Up!

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The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does *it* like Seven-Up!

Use ice cubes, a jigger of Vodka then fill the glass and pour chilled 7-Up gently down the side.

the Al Capp for Westminster Abbey Association

If Mr Steinbeck wants to be cochairman and can cough up four years back dues he can come aboard I am glad to hear that others are beginning to recognize that in Al Capp America has one of the world's few completely hilarious minds

JAMES A MICHENER
Aboard United Air Lines
flight to Hawaii

Volley

In your Gentleman's Adviser, under the title Let (April 1957): Labor Day at the Forest Hills National Tournament is Fall?

And as a member of the Senior division players in the same tourney, I noted several in our division not wearing shorts although you state all did And what is a back hand and "foreground"? Do you mean *forehand*? Of course, keep trying, because there is the sport of a lifetime

NATE GANGER
Ottawa Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE *Esquire stands corrected on the shorts and its seasons Labor Day 1956 fell on September 3 while fall officially arrived September 22 at 8 36 p m As for backhand and foreground, author F.A.B claims he was referring to an opponent's-eye view of Fred Perry, who was usually at the net*

The praise . . .

Congratulations on your *Jaguar* Story (May 1957)

What a pity this couldn't have been the story of an American medium car Sir William Lyons was lucky he started his venture in England If he had tried such a move here in the "hungry Thirties" he would never have been heard of

Why have we allowed our auto industry to get into its present state? It doesn't speak well for our so-called free enterprise system

It still isn't too late to get back to the days of Stutz Marmon and Mercer Let's refuse to buy until they build real quality, safety and value into our cars and let our auto workers have a kick out of making something they can be really proud of

Orchids to you for having the nerve to print the article

WILLIAM L. RYERSON
Stratford Ontario
Canada

* * *

Under Fiction in the May 1957 issue of Esquire I find *Jerry White's Girl* by Edward Price a factual description of the Boston scene of 25 years ago from the point of view of those then in their twenties making the rounds of the dance halls—as I did in those days—and lived it once again by reading Price's perfect portrayal of the moods and fancies of the boys of that time.

M MARTIN GOULDEY
Edgartown Mass

. . . and protest

Yesterday my May Esky arrived with the Tina Louise cover subtly promising considerable divertissement within A parallel to the carnival girlie-show barker's promise, "everything shown in the special after-show for one only modest cost etc." In the naivete of my youth I once invested fifty hard-to-come-by pence in such a disillusioning escapade never suspecting that a slick could perform the same deed by *mail*

Passing beyond the lovely Miss Tina what did I find within? That the admirable French-Canadians have joined such volubly predicated Esquire-maligned parties as the Lone Brooklynese and TEXANS (always written in caps), that the propaganda promulgators of the leisure-class warfare are seeding rich et fields of charitable clothes, cars and cuisine, lately to contemplate—impossible (for most of us) to obtain a mediocrity of articles fiction and art.

Champagne sans ice pretzels without beer a beautiful, voluptuous women and no appreciative man, that is Esquire divested of Huxley, Gallico Nathan, et al

ROSS LINDSEY, JR.
Dennison, Ohio

The peregrinating ladies

Heeding the title *No Passports for Single Women* (April 1957) I had assumed that it would be an attempt at satire, that D L Chandler had written with tongue in cheek But it appears that he wrote in complete earnest Hence it is the duty of persons who cherish natural human rights to have at him Which I do

The author is an ass a colossal ass, a thundering ass. It is not only that even what small sense of freedom still remains in our conforming country would reject his proposal It is also that its very presentation so far from "preventing the ruin of our reputation" must confirm the opinion generally held in Europe that we are an immature undeveloped people who feel that female virtue must be policed and that we are on our way to totalitarian government.

It is probably too much to hope that correspondents in the U S of the European press have not already cabled a report to their newspapers as further evidence of the success of the American people in resisting maturity

Chandler's thesis rests upon scattered instances of trouble caused to our consuls and by reports of horrified tourist agents, police, etc whose finer sensibilities were outraged by moral derelictions of American women I lived and worked as an American journalist in Europe for 23 years, covering all countries except Spain Portugal and Italy and including Poland and Russia My work naturally brought me into contact with our consuls and ambassadors I know what was happening Chandler's exaggeration of sporadic instances, numerically inconsequential in relation to the whole number of tourists is an unpardonable insult to American women

His assertion that he is as much of a libertarian as Roger Baldwin is an insult to Baldwin It demonstrates further that he does not

Continued on page 14

(Left) #[illegible] Brown Brevitt leather-dry chestnut [illegible] (Right) #2011 Black calf and grey silk shantung Most styles $17.95 to $29.95

Summer's breeziest Show of Shoes stars . . .

The stage is set for the most comfortable summer your feet ever spent For the news in shoes from Bostonian is astonishing coolness, handsomely typified by Bostonian Foot-Lights With superb ease, their supple leather banishes weight and wear—covers your feet with comfort Slimly, trimly fashioned, Foot-Lights are Walk-Fitted by Bostonian—actually tailored to your size.

See the summer's breeziest Show of Shoes wherever Bostonians are sold!

Bostonian
'Foot-Lights'

At finer men's shops shoe and department stores Bostonian Shoes Whitman, Mass Also makers of Mansfields and Bostonian Jrs.

swimwear with a foreign flair

Robert Bruce
Seafarers

Robert Bruce captures the spirit of Malaya, Java, India and Waikiki in exciting new swimwear for U.S. males! Bamboo motifs, Madras plaids, Tartan plaids, Oriental prints, Regimental stripes—a world of style enhances these sun worthy cabana sets, boxer, side-zip and reversible swim trunks. High fidelity colors *stay* new! Luxurious as a Caribe Hilton vacation!

at fine men's and boys' stores, everywhere

ROBERT BRUCE, INC., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

know what liberty is, nor what the natural rights of man are.

Quite as impossible to understand is how Esquire could give publicity to such blank blithering, un-American nonsense.

S. MILES BOUTON, SR.
Evington, Va.

* * *

Praises for D. L. Chandler's *No Passports for Single Women!* Only age doesn't necessarily mean the woman will behave, and the cuties aren't limited to women. A middle-aged woman had preceded me where I stayed in Monterrey and the Mexican family had plenty to say about her behavior that was not pleasant to a fellow American.

I enjoyed my six months in Monterrey, and was treated with respect—except for one incident. The señora's brother from out of town tried to make arrangements with me for the future, though his wife was expecting a baby. When I told him what I thought of him and the idea he said "Oh, don't hand me that. *All* American women are interested in that sort of thing." I told him such was not the case, but it was embarrassing.

Mexicans can be perfect gentlemen if they are shown they are dealing with a lady. One night I took the wrong bus quite late and was being taken into a sparsely occupied area. A tired, dirty mechanic, no doubt eager to get home, heard my conversation with the driver and got off and waited with me until a bus came that was going back to town. And he didn't say or do the slightest thing out of the way.

I could tell more about their chivalry. But I *minded my manners*. My bright-colored, scoop-necked, low-backed clothes that we think of as being so appropriate for Mexico, stayed in my suitcase and out came my conservative things. I strictly withheld the information that I was a divorcee. It isn't hard to catch on to the customs of a place. Why can't American women see that to Mexicans and Spaniards (I know nothing about the Europeans) there are only two kinds of women—the type for red, the type for white, and no tints or shades?

As for the men—how many American men in Mexico go into dives of the type they wouldn't think of going in at home, then come back cursing the Mexicans! After all, one finds what one looks for.

MRS. D. BONNER HOLTZCLAW
San Antonio, Tex.

Inside Providence

One can only assume that Monroe Fry (*Cross Section U.S.A.: Jewelry Town*, April 1957) got very tired very quickly and let a possibly good article go clobbering down a much beaten path. He started out fine and to the Providence-ophile it seemed that at last a truly unique city was going to get some long overdue notice, but it only deteriorated into an unbelievably dull bit of prose regarding as usual the insecurity of the American female and the astounding bit of knowledge that she does not buy the same piece of jewelry over and over again.

Had Mr. Fry stayed away from the businessmen, he would have discovered a charming and eccentric city with more unusual people per square yard than any other city in the country. He would also have noted the Rhode Island School of Design which does its bit to create part of the peculiar charm of the city, as well as the proximity of two race tracks, a bookie behind every other store front, an unbelievable number of Chinese restaurants, a reputation for being the second safest city trafficwise in the country (by virtue of the fact that every pedestrian is scared to death), a scent of canal that deadens the downtown area every August, and a capricious wind that is always blowing against you.

As for why there is more coffee drunk than beer, had Mr. Fry strayed beyond the bar where he did his research, he would have observed the intoxicating gaiety that infects all the crazy, independent people of that warm, lively city.

MRS. GLORIA G. SMITH
Sharon, Mass.

Dean of admen

One of the best advertisements for advertising is Earnest Elmo Calkins himself (*The Ten Best Advertisements*, April 1957). He in no way fits the popular conception of what an advertising man is like, but is more representative of the best type of American intellectual of the pre-eggheaded variety.

I was a little surprised that none of Mr. Calkins' best was related to the field of music. I believe that, if I should choose a favorite ad, it would be the Capehart ad featuring Pavel Tchelitchew's interpretation of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*, appearing during the Second World War. Here we have the adman turned poet, or poet turned adman, and urging sweet sounds for sad souls instead of pink pills for pale people. Like some enchanted garden, music is a refuge from the dark tumult of our times. Outside are weary, familiar days, and searchings of the heart. Within is inspiration, and walks edged with beauty and peace.

Thanks for an interesting article by an interesting man.

FORREST FRAZIER
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Lightweight Loren?

In Robert Marks' story about Sophia Loren (April 1957) called *A Nymph of El Escorial*, Sophia Loren must have been joking about her weight. Eighteen kilos or kilograms would make her weigh about 40 pounds, since a kilo or kilogram weighs 2.204 pounds. The rest of the measurements she gives would make her weigh close to 58 kilos or about 128 pounds.

HERSCHALL K. COOK
Flint, Mich.

Sample vote

Christ In Concrete (Pietro Di Donato, March 1937) and now *River's End* (Anthony C. West, March 1957). These two great short stories alone more than justify the dollars I have spent over

Continued on page 16

☎ *Call Esquire's Shopping Service in any of the cities listed on page 8 to learn where you can buy this merchandise.*

Learn the secret of a Cordial Host!

Turn the whole evening—any evening—into a special occasion.

Select from the twenty new liqueurs, carefully made by Canada Dry. They add subtle new tastes and flavors to practically *everything!*

Cocktails become fresh, new and different. Meats, vegetables, sauces and fowl yield up hidden flavors. Ice cream and many other old favorites take on new excitement—quickly and easily.

Hosts who know how to use these magnificent Canada Dry Cordials get added pleasure from the compliments of delighted guests.

Twenty Cordials... and 79 ways to enjoy them! Recipe booklet, "HOW TO BE A CORDIAL HOST", tells *all*. Ask your dealer or write—
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., 100 PARK AVE.,
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SERVE
CANADA DRY
CORDIALS

This name is your assurance that you can buy them with confidence.

ANISETTE, CREME DE CACAO (BROWN & WHITE), CREME DE MENTHE (GREEN & WHITE), CURACAO, PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS, SLOE GIN, APRICOT, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY & PEACH LIQUEURS. ALL 60 PROOF. APRICOT, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY, GINGER, PEACH BRANDIES, ROCK & RYE AND KUMMEL, ALL 70 PROOF. TRIPLE SEC 80 PROOF.

the years for Esquire. I predict both will live as long as men read.

J. L. HILL

Tucson, Ariz.

* * *

Yes, indeed, *River's End* is a wonderful story. What is the other "best story" to which you refer?

E. S. JOHNSON

Washington, D. C.

* * *

You must be serious about *River's End* or else why the hullabaloo and THE LARGE PRINT to increase its stature?

I have been a reader and subscriber for these many years, and the most powerful and unforgettable work was *Snows of Kilimanjaro* (August 1936) which in my opinion is Ernest Hemingway's best work. I do not know Mr. West but would judge him to be a very young man, a star gazer from whence cometh his inspiration. Very well written but the locale and its limitations could not hold reader interest as the sophistication in *Snows of Kilimanjaro*.

The rating you accord it passes me by.

LILLIAN BRENNSEN

Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Gastronomy for Gallico

I was most surprised to read that Paul Gallico in searching the nation for fine eating places was "not able to find a single first-class eating place in Miami or Miami Beach." (*This Man's World*, March 1957.)

Either Paul didn't have much opportunity to explore Miami's restaurants or he just didn't wait his turn to get into them. For, if he had gotten around, I am sure he would have found many places that more than carry their own with the finest ones in the country. Many of our restaurants, including the Bonfire, which I own and manage, have been selected for membership in your Esquire Club, and I always understood that this club is confined to top quality restaurants only.

Millions of Americans visit Miami and Miami Beach year after year attracted by the area's wide reputation for fine eating places, as much as by its sunshine and beaches.

I'd appreciate your conveying this message as my personal invitation to Gallico. Come on down here, Paul, and have dinner with us at the Bonfire. If you don't agree that our cuisine rates alongside the finest you've encountered in your tour across the country, we'll withdraw our protest.

SAM RADOW WINER

Owner
The Bonfire Restaurant
Miami Beach, Fla.

* * *

Liberal helpings of Gallico-on-the-cob! No European has ever tasted oysters, shrimps or clams to compare with the American variety. Has he ever eaten Shannon oysters or Dublin Bay prawns or Galway mussels or Donegal lobster? So they branded his cooking instructions on his steak in Houston. What—he didn't get to pick it on the hoof? And what did he use for wine in Texas, Idaho and Washington—*vin du pays*? When he has eaten three dozen Shannon oysters with a slab of wholemeal brown bread and salty butter and has washed the lot down with a quart of creamy Guinness from Long, then he can come back and rave about seafood. Meantime let's have more of his articles on sex. He seems to have devoted more time to the study of that department.

DON JOSE EZ GOYANECHE Y SILVEYA
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada

New Orleans picnic

No, no (*Mal Masque*, February 1957) not because of "high-rising tides" is interment above ground in the Girod Street Cemetery. All of New Orleans cemeteries are tombs above ground because of water seepage. The land is alluvial—delta land. We have the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain, but we are ninety miles from the Gulf and tides.

On All Saints' Day, November first, the cemeteries are open for family reunions and picnics. The people bankrupt themselves to buy the biggest bunch of chrysanthemums at a dollar or two for each mum. The children climb up and down the tombs, laughing and shouting. The older members of the family recall what a fine man was Jean Baptiste, what a generous soul was Tante Marie, and wipe away a tear while fingering a rosary.

Today Hallowe'en is all American, but All Saints' Day in New Orleans cemeteries is strictly Creole Catholic.

As for your *Mal Masque*, all I can say is "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, *quel dommage*."

MARY ROSE BRADFORD
(MRS. ROARK BRADFORD)

Santa Fe, N. M.

In the August Issue of Esquire

Mike Wallace Answers His Critics

A Profile Of The Daily Worker

Madison Avenue In Politics by Sen. Neuberger

A Gallery Of The World's Most Illustrious Bustards

A Tour of King Saud's Harem

A Walk Through Calumet City by Nelson Algren

a lad...a lass...and *Aladdin*

FOR FUN
ON A PICNIC!

Every picnic is a dinner party when you take an Aladdin Outing Kit along! Food and beverages stay steaming hot or icy cold, retain every last sip or biteful of mouth-watering goodness in Aladdin vacuum bottles. Carrying cases in a wide choice of smart patterns. The perfect companion on fishing, hunting, motor trips—*you'll take it everywhere!*

[illegible] Florida

Shown here: Red Plaid case containing durable roomy snack box, Aladdin Quart Plaid bottle for beverages, Aladdin Best Buy* Wide Mouth vacuum bottle for soup, stews, salads, baked beans, ice cream, etc. *Only $12.95 everywhere*

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Beyond the ordinary...
Manhattan®

Ultralawn™

SPORT SHIRTS
fabric by Everfast®

This is the way you've always wanted a sport shirt to look and to feel... rich and wonderful... soft and smooth. *Manhattan* achieves this with Everfast's fabulous cotton lawn, woven of ultra long staple fibers... giving you all the advantages of cotton plus the luxury look of silk. Unconditionally guaranteed for colorfastness... and Golden Needle® tailored with *Manhattan's* custom quality details.

ULTRALAWN PRINTS BY
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ULTRALAWN SHIRTS BY
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THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

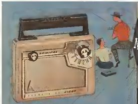
Hairline print—in a variety of color combinations. $7.95

[illegible] in 3 color combinations. $7.95

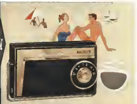
Shown here:
Modern stripes utilizing the classic paisley motif—in a variety of high key and muted colors. $7.95

NEWEST PORTABLES

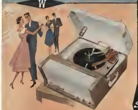
...for Outdoor Living



New 8-Transistor Portable. Plays 1,200 hours on a set of flashlight batteries. Brings in even distant stations with "big radio" power and clarity. Rugged steel and leather-grained case in black or saddle tan. Models 231, 237 $65.95



7 Transistor Pocket Portable 20-foot listening test proves this portable outperforms 'em all! Pocket size, but plenty of power for turn-up-the-volume occasions. Black or two-tone: white with red, yellow, tan or turquoise. Series 7M1 $59.95



High Fidelity 4-Speed Portable Phono America's most powerful portable hi-fi! 8 watt amplifier; 8" woofer, 3½" tweeter speakers. Separate bass, treble, and loudness controls. Intermixes 10" and 12" records of same speeds. Pyroxylin covered cabinet. Models 341, 347 $99.95

17-inch* Slim Line Portable TV with 110° tube. America's No. 1 BIG screen portable is now just over 12" deep! Exclusive "Power Plated" chassis keeps the picture perfect in jolt-and-jar portable use. In white leather-grain 2-tones, and smart solid colors. Also in 10" and 14" screens from $49.95

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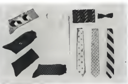
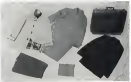
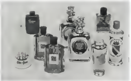


For dress-up days: All wool hose with 3-dimensional panel effect by Marum, $2.95. Panel hose of cotton and rayon blend. Interwoven, $1.25. Heavy wool and stretch nylon sport socks in vivid scarlet. Adler, $1. Cotton and orlon hose in distinctive over all pattern. Holeproof, $1.50. Dress shirt with eyelet embroidery on bosom front. Excello, $10. Colorful striped cummerbund and tie set by After Six, $6.95. Snipcha silk tie, $2.50. Regal Twin fold tie, $2.50. Lustrous striped tie by Wembley, $2.50



Traveler's aids: Short weatherproof coat with toggles and new plaid lining, Rainfair, $19.95. Wash-wear shorts by Seven Seas pack easily, hold crease, $6.95. Featherweight all-Dacron raincoat comes with neat pouch, is waterproof, Alligator, $11.75. Extra lightweight all wool fabric from famed D & J Anderson, Scotland, makes striped blazer a natural for travel. Cricketeer, $35. A masculine-looking suitcase of Fiberglas combines tremendous durability with light weight and trim beauty. Durabilt, $32.50



Refreshing as a breeze. Grooming aids in all male fragrances can't fail to please. Old Spice cologne, $1.75*. Suave hairdressing comes in unbreakable bottle, $1*. Shave lotion and cologne by Royale Crest, $2.50 each. Matched bottles of gleaming gold color contain King's Men shave lotion and cologne, $7* the set. Here's How cologne in original shaker bottle. Gourielli, $4.50. Sportsman cologne, $1.25. Famous Newport cologne by Caswell Massey, $6.50*, completes this collection of traditionally fine favorites for men.

*Indicates Federal tax throughout

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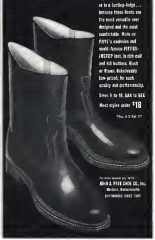

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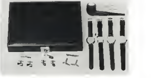
Esquire's | FATHER'S DAY FAVORITES

Sun-day special. A matched outfit is sure to delight the heart of a sun-loving beachcomber. Cabaña set of hand-screened Morgashel Irish linen: the shirt, $13.95; the tailored boxer-style swim trunks, $10.50. Colorful cabaña set with a bright bamboo pattern is Orient-inspired, by Robert Bruce, $8.95. Leather sandals give feet a real holiday, always rate a big thank you. Evans, $7.95. Smart regimental stripes find their way to the beach, too, in a cabaña set that is handsomely subdued, Revere, $7.95.



Time for Father. Tooled-leather jewel case, $4.98, Mele. Cuff link and tie bar set in tortoise shell on gold, Swank, $6*. Jewelry set of pearls in an antique-style setting, Shields, $6*. Free form cuff links and tie bar from Anson, $5*. Alligator briar pipe with filters, Medico, $10. Croton watch changes date automatically, $75. Sleek dress watch by Elgin, $79.50. Zodiac watch has gauge which keeps it from being overwound, $71.50. The water- and shock-resistant Omega Seamaster is in 18-k gold, $275.

Sporty suburbanite. For lazy week ends in the suburbs Dad will appreciate any one of these handsome toppings. Sand color cavalry twill coat features leather buttons and striped rayon lining, Stratojac, $22.50. Glen Skol coat of fine worsted-finish muted Glen plaid in grey or tan, Lakeland Mfg. Co., $19.95. Water-repellent, spot-resistant imported suede jacket in a variety of colors, Cresco, $39.75. White wool flannel jacket with knit collar, half sleeves, button, Anmreno Male '57, by Chief Apparel.

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GOING PLACES WITH *Esquire*

Circle tour: eastern Canada and New England

EASTERN CANADA and New England go together like wine and cheese at the end of a fine dinner. Take a look at a map and you'll see that northern New England and all of Canada south of the St. Lawrence are part of the same land mass: an enormous peninsula made up of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Gaspé and southern Quebec, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York State clear out to Niagara Falls and Lake Erie.

The early history of New England and eastern Canada is all interconnected, full of alarums and excursions across the border of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Canadians, New Englanders, Colonials and Loyalists, Redcoats and Green Mountain Boys, and the redskins beating all around, all around, and the redskins beating all around.

On the Canadian side of the line today you'll find the descendants of early Yankees who thought the Boston Tea Party the work of a drunken rabble, and in villages up in the Maine woods you'll hear the French of Evangeline's Acadians, by order of London spread all over North America from the Gulf of Mexico on up.

What this means to the visitor to eastern Canada today is that Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island seem like New England, only more so.

The forests of eastern Canada are the woods of northern New England, but they go farther and wider and there seems to be more of them. Fishing villages in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia could be part of the Maine coast, without anybody noticing much difference, and the cozy insularity of the Prince Edward Islander is just Yankee self-reliance and self-assurance steeped in a few generations of living on an island.

There are only about nine thousand possible routes, variations and combinations of itineraries for a vacation visit to New England and eastern Canada, but a circle is the basis of all, as this is the way you come back to your starting point without doubling back through the same countryside. Variations of the circle depend on where you're starting out from, how much time you have to spend, how much of it you wish to devote to driving and how much to sitting and seeing, and what you want most to see.

The Great Circle would cover New York State, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec with excursions up to the Laurentians and Laurentides Park, the Gaspé Peninsula, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton Island and the rest of Nova Scotia, down through Maine and whatever combination of New Hampshire and Vermont you have time for. You could spend a summer happily along this route, and you'd need a good three weeks to cover it with any degree of leisure. I wouldn't want to tackle it in less than a month, because I don't enjoy spending most of my time driving and I like to stop off and loaf whenever the mood hits me—which on this route is often.

Anybody living anywhere in the Greater New York area and on down south would make the New York Thruway the basis for the first and northwestern leg of the route, picking up the Thruway at the New York City line in the Bronx and following it clear through to the Niagara Falls cut-off just east of Buffalo if you didn't want to spend some time in Buffalo itself. By following it, though, we don't mean you're not supposed to get off it at all. There are so many interesting things to see and do along the way that you'll find yourself leaving the Thruway all along the way—unless you're really pressed for time and concentrating on the Canadian part of your trip. If your home base is somewhere between New York and Boston, you might head for Albany and pick up the Thruway there.

Let's say you've got less time for your trip—a two- or three-week vacation—and you don't want to spend so much of it in your car. Well, one great way of shortening your driving time, of course, would be to fly or take the train to a Canadian destination and have a rental car waiting for you at the airport or railroad station.

Another way would be to tighten the circle.

You could eliminate the big western swing by following the Hudson Valley straight north and along the New York or Vermont side of Lake Champlain to Montreal. Or you could cut off a big eastern loop by eliminating the long swing through Nova Scotia, concentrating instead on the St. Lawrence Valley, the Gaspé, New Brunswick and New England.

Tightest circle of all, and nucleus of the whole package, is the route to Montreal, Quebec, and back down south through western Maine or New Hampshire and as much of New England as you have time for.

Incidentally, we do a lot of talking about and planning of trips and vacations on our television show called Passport, which you can see in the New York area on WRCA-TV, Channel 4, Sunday afternoons from 1:15 to 1:30. Take a look some time. —RICHARD JOSEPH

Gourmet's Guide
TO
MONTREAL

If good food is a major pleasure for you, you will enjoy Montreal! Here you'll find a fascinating variety of eating places and none more deservedly famous than the three air-conditioned restaurants of the Hotel de LaSalle!

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Here in an atmosphere that combines the elegance of Paris with the warmth of French Canadian hospitality you'll find a menu and wine list to delight the most epicurean tastes. Dance here in air-conditioned comfort, Monday to Saturday.

CAVELIER ROOM
Named for the famous gourmet, Robert Cavelier de La Salle, the panelled walls and early-Canadian tapestries give a distinctive character to this famed restaurant. Enjoy the fabulous Onion Soup à la Bretonne, a wild duck, a Nova Scotia lobster or scores of other memorable dishes— . . . dance to the famous de LaSalle string orchestra.

THE CLUB CAFE
The bright check table covers set the mood—this is the meeting place of Montreal's writers, painters and sportsmen. The bar here they say serves the best mixed drinks in Montreal, and the menu is designed to satisfy the hungriest of gourmets.

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A Short Story by A. E. TREPPASS

MURDER IS UNNECESSARY

THE highly confidential letter arrived with Harry Mortimer's office mail.

He waited until his secretary had left the room, then slit the envelope and drew out a card. The card was gilt-edged and bore the embossed heading, "BODIES," and the date the firm was established: 1963. There was no address or phone number.

"Mr. Mortimer," the message addressed him:

"Reliable sources inform us you contemplate the murder of your wife. The means of doing this, we know from experience, is a common frustration.

"Perhaps a talk with one of our representatives, who will be crossing the middle path of Lexing Park at seven tomorrow evening, will convince you that we can help you.

"Please burn this card."

Mortimer let the card drop from his quivering fingers. He sat for a long time staring at the blonde on the desk calendar, then sighed and reached for the pills he used to calm the ulcer in his stomach.

There was a warm wind in Lexing Park, gusty puffs of heat escaping from the clanked door of Hell.

A man in a grey suit and brown hat smiled at Mortimer. "Good evening, Mr. Mortimer. My name is Benson. I was hoping to see you."

Mortimer noted a flash of teeth, an almost bow. Benson was a living advertisement for silent, nerve-soothing service. Relax, allow me to do your worrying, his face seemed to say.

Mortimer walked beside him toward the raw beef sunset over the park gates. Neither spoke. Mortimer's heart was working like a road drill. He was afraid to look around in case there was someone he knew—someone who knew him. He pulled the brim of his hat down, stared at the path and slipped an ulcer tablet under his tongue.

God! How he hated Madeline for making him go through this!

The car was grey—not old, not new—there were a hundred thousand like it on the roads of the world. Mortimer forgot to look at the number plate.

"Where are you taking me?" His voice cracked like brittle ice.

"Nowhere, Mr. Mortimer. I thought it would be more pleasant to sit here in the car."

There was the suspicion of a bow, followed by the "washing" of slim pink hands.

Mortimer tried to relax in the front seat. He took a cigarette. "Bodies," he said. "That's a peculiar name."

Benson nodded.

"We are a special service, Mr. Mortimer. Our aim is to help people like you overcome their complexes and inhibitions. Forgive me for saying so, but there will be moments this week and next week when nothing would give you greater pleasure—nothing would relax you more—than the actual physical killing of your wife. Am I correct?"

Mortimer's breath exploded. "Yes! She—" He sought words. "She's impossible!"

"We understand your feelings, Mr. Mortimer; that is our business, our task in life, but—we do not believe in murder. It is—" he waved his pink hands "—unnecessary."

"I don't understand." Mortimer turned in his seat. "I thought you said you could help me."

"We can, Mr. Mortimer. We most certainly can." He looked straight at Mortimer. "Suppose we could supply you with a body identical in all respects with that of your wife. You could use this body to alleviate the stresses of hate. You could—"

"What good is a wax body?" Mortimer cut in.

"Wax!" Benson tutted gently. "Mr. Mortimer, we have one of the greatest scientific brains in the world working for us. There is no wax. The body you'd get would be made of flesh. It would contain blood and all the organs, tissues and bones of a human being. In short, our scientist has created man—all that is missing is the soul, or motive force." He steepled his fingers. "Naturally he cannot create life."

"This body—would it have a heart?"

"Heart, yes. Lungs, liver, stomach—all are there. And we would defy you or any scientific authority to prove that the flesh and blood is not human."

Mortimer smiled. "You've got something there! Yes, sir! I wish I'd been in on the ground floor. There's a fortune in it."

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Mortimer. As you see, murder is unnecessary. Now—"

"Wait a minute," Mortimer cut in. "How do I get rid of the body when I'm finished?"

"We attend to that, Mr. Mortimer. We deliver and collect—it is all in the price."

"And what is the price?"

"Two thousand dollars, Mr.

Continued on page 20D

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bow followed by the "washing" of slim pink hands.

Mortimer tried to relax in the front seat. He took a cigarette. "Bodies," he said. "That's a peculiar name."

Benson nodded.

"We are a special service, Mr Mortimer. Our aim is to help people like you overcome their complexes and inhibitions. Forgive me for saying so but there will be moments this week and next week when nothing would give you greater pleasure—nothing would *relax* you more—than the actual physical killing of your wife. Am I correct?"

Mortimer's breath exploded. "Yes! She—" He sought words. "She's impossible!"

"We understand your feelings, Mr Mortimer; that is our business, our task in life, but—we do not believe in murder. It is—" he waved his pink hands—"unnecessary."

"I don't understand." Mortimer turned in his seat. "I thought you said you could help me?"

"We can, Mr Mortimer. We most certainly can." He looked straight at Mortimer. "Suppose we could supply you with a body identical in all respects with that of your wife. You could use this body to alleviate the stresses of hate. You could—"

"What good is a wax body?" Mortimer cut in.

"Wax!" Benson tutted gently. "Mr Mortimer, we have one of the greatest scientific brains in the world working for us. There is no wax. The body you'd get would be made of flesh. It would contain blood and all the organs, tissues and bones of a human being. In short our scientist has created man—all that is missing is the soul or motive force." He steepled his fingers. "Naturally he cannot create life."

"This body—would it have a heart?"

"Heart, yes. Lungs, liver, stomach—all are there. And we would defy you or any scientific authority to prove that the flesh and blood is not human."

Mortimer smiled.

"You've got something there! Yes, sir! I wish I'd been in on the ground floor. There's a fortune in it."

"I'm glad you like it, Mr Mortimer. As you see, murder is unnecessary. Now—"

"Wait a minute," Mortimer cut in. "How do I get rid of the body when I'm finished?"

"We attend to that, Mr Mortimer. We deliver and collect—it is all in the price."

"And what is the price?"

"Two thousand dollars, Mr Mortimer—to all our customers. There are no celebrity rates."

"In cash?"

"It would be more agreeable, Mr Mortimer."

Mortimer opened his wallet; he had come prepared to pay.

"Now," he asked, "How do you get the likeness?"

"Exactness, Mr Mortimer," Benson corrected. "We study the—ah—victim for three weeks, in shops and in the streets. You will perhaps take me to your home as a guest."

"As often as you like."

Benson reached for his cigarette case. "The more intimate details—birthmarks et cetera, we ask you to describe."

Mortimer described the mole on Madeline's stomach, the wart on her neck.

Before he left he asked for the "body" to be delivered to his house on a Thursday evening four weeks hence. It was Madeline's day for visiting her mother.

Benson smiled. "One further thing, Mr Mortimer: don't let your wife see it. There could be complications."

Mortimer nodded happily.

"Your scientist—what is he, a modern witch doctor?"

"Could be," the man from Bodies replied.

A month later the "body" was delivered in the quiet of evening. Mortimer unpacked it in the cellar. His ulcer was knifing its excitement.

Dressed in some of his wife's clothes the body staggered him. It was Madeline! Greying hair, sour mouth, ferreting nose, scandal-raking eyes. It was exact, even to the worn gold wedding ring on her finger.

"Bitch!" he said and pushed the body to the floor.

"Bitch!" he repeated and gloated in the silence. Another glorious advantage—no answering back. It was a wonder Benson hadn't mentioned the point.

He reached in his pocket and produced an automatic. He fitted a silencer, then fired twice. The body twitched as the bullets smacked into the skull.

Mortimer grinned, turned and walked out of the cellar. Murder so neat, so simple—murder that could be repeated tomorrow in a different form.

He locked the cellar, went upstairs, drank a glass of milk and took two more tablets, then went to bed.

As he drifted into sleep he thought what a good thing it would be if everyone had a second "mate," a safety valve for hate.

He did not hear Madeline come in. She opened the bedroom door softly, made sure he was asleep then, as was her practice, took a duplicate cellar key from her dressing table. Mortimer kept his liquor in the cellar.

An hour later, when she recovered from the shock of discovery, she left the house forever.

Case in hand she walked through the silent streets to the station. There she bought a ticket and sat down to wait.

Five minutes before train time she phoned the police.

"Look in the cellar of Number 60 Eighteenth Street," she announced. "Harry Mortimer has murdered his wife!" ■

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"*Exactness* Mr Mortimer" Benson corrected "We study the—ah—victim for three weeks In shops and in the streets You will perhaps take me to your home as a guest"

"As often as you like"

Mortimer nodded

Benson reached for his cigarette case "The more intimate details—birthmarks et cetera, we ask you to describe"

Mortimer described the mole on Madeline's stomach, the wart on her neck

Before he left he asked for the "body" to be delivered to his house on a Thursday evening four weeks hence It was Madeline's day for visiting her mother He gave a promise not to mention the "body" to anyone He realized it would be in his own interest to keep it secret

Benson smiled "One further thing Mr Mortimer, don't let your wife see it There could be complications"

Mortimer nodded happily

"Synthetic flesh and blood as good as the real thing—there's a fortune in it Your scientist—what is he, a modern witch doctor?"

"Could be" the man from Bodee replied

A month later the "body" was delivered in the quiet of evening Mortimer unpacked it in the cellar His [illegible] was kindling its excitement

Dressed in some of his wife's clothes the body staggered him It was Madeline! Greying hair sour mouth—ferreting nose—scandal-raking eyes It was exact, even to the worn gold wedding ring on her finger and the faint fuzz of hair on her upper lip

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He locked the cellar and slipped the key into his vest pocket He walked upstairs to the kitchen and drank a glass of milk and took two more tablets then went to bed

As he drifted into sleep he thought what a good thing it would be if everyone had a second 'mate,' a safety valve for hate

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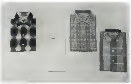

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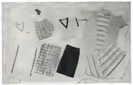

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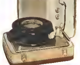

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Esquire | ON RECORD

"My hobby," said Andor Foldes, "is listening to the music of other people. I go to their concerts, and if the pianist is very good, I'm happy. If he is very bad, I'm also happy." This is a charitable attitude considering the wolfishly free competition which characterizes the music business. But Foldes, today, can afford the charity; he is out of the competitive battle. While most of us were looking elsewhere, Foldes has become a major name in the international concert world. Last December he packed Carnegie Hall for an all-Beethoven program; not many other pianists, these days, could do the same.

Aside from Beethoven, Foldes' particular specialties are the Hungarians Liszt, Bartók and Kodály, and a number of contemporary American composers. He is, in a way, a national virtuoso, Hungarian by birth but an American for the last seventeen years. A rather short man with a round face and a round torso, he is probably the strongest pianist, physically, on the contemporary concert stage. He has been known to go eight hours straight in a recording session without tiring his steely fingers. The secret, it seems, is relaxation: when Foldes walks from the piano back to the recording booth to hear the takes, he ambles. Listening to a Kodály dance, a pudgy finger tracing the score, he will shake his head slowly over a series of identical fortissimo chords and say to the recording director, "I missed one. I do not know what it is, I always forget to count." A technician of formidable accomplishments, he is the author of a transcription of *The Viennese Musical Clock* from Kodály's *Hary Janos*, widely regarded as the most difficult piece in the current piano literature. Among Foldes' treasures is a letter from Vladimir Horowitz, to whom he had sent a copy of the transcription; Horowitz considered it too difficult to learn.

Foldes' most important project on records is a set of four discs, available separately, presenting almost all the piano music of Béla Bartók—an incredible profusion of styles and goals ranging from the Debussian and cleverly didactic pieces *For Children* to the more involved technical exercises of the later *Mikrokosmos* to the powerful esthetics of the *Sonata* (1926). No less an authority than Harold Schonberg has called Foldes the greatest Bartók player in the world, and this department, no Bartók expert, is glad to go along. Other recordings include the pair of Liszt *Concertos* and a disc devoted to Kodály folk tunes and dances, including the *Viennese Musical Clock*. They are all issued by Decca, which will also, one hopes, get around to putting out some of Foldes' German recordings not yet available here. Among these is a superb disc of contemporary music, presenting the Copland and Stravinsky *Sonatas* and Samuel Barber's *Excursions*.

In choosing his repertory, Foldes takes a highly personal view. "You have to decide, you have to ask yourself, 'What's My Line?' Once you have reached the age of forty," says Foldes, who recently went through the experience, "I think it's almost *indecent* to sit down to play the Tchaikovsky *Concerto*."

Recent and excellent

Schubert's *Fifth Symphony* under the direction of Bruno Walter, one of the three or four finest records ever made by one of the greatest conductors of our time. Such purity of love for such a gracious piece is rarely encountered, and here Walter has not let his love for the work slop up the tempos. On the other side is an equally sympathetic performance of the orchestral excerpts from *Rosamunde* (Columbia).

Milhaud's *Saudades do Brasil*, with the composer conducting. Finished in 1920, this work was a pioneer exploration of subtle New World rhythms and their use in serious expression. Originally piano pieces, the twelve *Saudades* are much enhanced by the composer's infallible orchestrations, and they are full of Milhaud's charming melodic facility (Capitol).

Music of Monteverdi, by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua under Noah Greenberg, is a must-buy for any record library, the first wholly satisfying recording of this master's madrigals since the wonderful prewar Boulanger set. The major work on the record is the famous *Sestina* with its heartbreaking cry of the dead girl's name in the final stanza, but what will catch you first is the long duet *Zefiro Torna*, one of the greatest examples of sustained song in musical literature, made all the more remarkable by the way each phrase of the text is illustrated by the melody. It is stunningly sung by Russell Oberlin and Charles Bressler, and Chester Kallman's excellent translation of the poetry opens its mysteries to everyone (Columbia).

Also recommended: a slow-paced but strong Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* in an excellent German recording of the Leningrad Philharmonic (Decca); Mendelssohn's pleasant if pallid *Songs Without Words*, affectionately played by Ania Dorfmann (Victor—first recording of the complete set); a virtuoso *Hary Janos* by van Beinum and the Concertgebouw (Epic).

—Martin Mayer

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THE SLIPPED DISC

Scratch a critic in the jazz field and the odds are better than 33⅓ to 1 you'll find a potential recording producer. The latest of the flock to put to work his critical talents and good taste in the making of records is George Simon, one of the nation's most discerning critics. As Program Director for the new Jazztone Society, he has gathered together the ingredients for a ten-volume survey course in American Jazz. Starting with a side devoted to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band of 1917, the series covers the greats of the Chicago days, takes time out for the memorable swing of Dorsey, Goodman, Basie and Shaw, stands back for a long look at the contemporary jazz world of Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, Don Elliott and Sam Most. The series is rounded out with volumes devoted to Fats Waller, Lee Wiley, Stan Getz and Charlie Parker and Lionel Hampton. Mr. Simon should be congratulated for touching all bases so neatly and for the fine tonal quality he has gotten out of these re-recordings.

Over at Riverside Records, Bill Grauer, Jr., and Orrin Keepnews have produced a masterful and handsome package entitled, *History of Classic Jazz*. This is a far more serious and exhaustive anthology than Mr. Simon's. It presents the "great traditional styles" of classic jazz in a five-record volume and you'll find whole sides given over to the best of Ragtime, The Blues, Boogie Woogie, South Side Chicago, Harlem and New York Style jazz. A picture-text introduction is by the noted jazz historian, Charles Edward Smith. The asking price? Twenty-five dollars. It's worth saving for.

While we are on the subject of special jazz "packages," we hope you didn't miss Bethlehem's *Porgy and Bess*, released earlier this year. This classic American folk opera has been put in modern musical dress and it's a very colorful, exciting outfit indeed. Mel Tormé and Frances Faye sing the title roles. Duke Ellington and his Orchestra, The Stan Levey Group and The Australian Jazz Quintet provide the ingenious musical background while Jazzbo Collins is a cool narrator.

We are great Jazzbo admirers, but his narration tends to break up the beautifully integrated, smoothly flowing whole of the Gershwin opus. Aside from this reservation, we have nothing but praise for the production. Once you have heard Tormé's wonderful renderings of *Bess, You Is My Woman* and *I Got Plenty of Nuthin*, you'll realize what a splendid choice he was for Porgy, while Miss Faye brings great poignancy to the role of Bess. The supporting singers have achieved just as happy results. —B C

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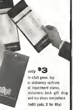

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BACKSTAGE WITH

Waughter Mark

BRITISH novelist Alec Waugh's reflections in this issue on *Nearing Sixty* conclude with a reference to his quarter million word novel, which is, of course, last year's thumping best seller *Island In The Sun*. We hadn't known that movie rights to an Esquire story (*The Small Back Room in St. Marylebone*, March 1953) had provided him with the twenty months' freedom necessary to write this major work. So we are doubly gratified to report that Twentieth Century-Fox is about to release the movie version of *Island In the Sun*, too replete with Harry Belafonte, Dorothy Dandridge, Joan Fontaine and British West Indian locale.

Mr. Waugh comes from a distinguished London literary family: his father was Arthur Waugh, the renowned literary critic and Director of Chapman and Hall; his younger brother is Evelyn Waugh.

When Alec Waugh is not traveling, he divides his time between the United States and England, as you will learn by turning to page 98.

Mark Schorer is a Professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley, and a major influence in the art of the short story—both through his instruction and his own widely published and often taught works. *Another Country* (page 55) is among the indirect results of a Fulbright Award year in Italy four years ago and, he says, the only short story he has written in some time, since he is presently involved in a long, nonfiction project.

Mr. Schorer took his M.A. at Harvard and his Ph.D. at the University of Wisconsin, where he had also studied as an undergraduate. He taught English at Dartmouth and Harvard before moving to Berkeley, and was for four years a Guggenheim Memorial Fellow. His books include *The Story*, *William Blake*, *The Politics of Vision*, *The State of Mind*, *The Hermit Place*, and *A House Too Old*. ###

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the course of politics and the quality of Old Crow

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The Trouble with American Morals

From
inside the mind
of one of
America's greatest
ladies
of the stage
come
the following provocative
thoughts

by TALLULAH BANKHEAD

By now I've lived long enough to know that I can be absolutely sure of only three things:

1 If I suddenly had the opportunity again to be twenty, there is little more I could have or not have that would make much difference to me.

2 I hate to go to bed, I hate to get up, and I hate to be alone.

3 One man's morals is another man's poison.

What do I mean by that last maxim? Let me illustrate. Some time ago I had a phone call from a neighboring minister. Would I come over to the Bedford Reformatory the following Sunday, he asked, to talk to a girl who had just been charged with murder? Talk about what, I queried. Perhaps, he explained, I could do some good: make the poor child realize her guilt, help her, presumably, to find her way to salvation.

Now I find murder as vicious—and interesting—as anyone. Sometimes I quite understand it. But talking into that phone, imagining all the appalling anguish of a girl charged with murder, I could only say: "I'm sorry, Reverend, but I'm afraid you've got the wrong person. Who am I, or anyone, to give advice to a girl in prison? Besides, I don't know how she takes it for one day. With my claustrophobia, I'm liable to tell her to find a way to get out of there as quickly as possible and escape." The good man could hardly hang up the phone.

Let's make it clear: a discussion is not a judgment

I meant it then. I mean it now. Who am I to talk to girls in prison? To get more to the point of this article, who am I to judge other people's morals? For that matter, who is *anyone* to judge other people's morals? Such judgment is an impertinence, an affront. It requires the most insulting kinds of generalizations. I despise generalizations!

Someone once asked me what actresses have that other people haven't. My answer was: "Nothing!"

Actresses are as alike or unlike each other as cats or, to temper the simile—and I really think I'd better—as hothouse flowers. Like different races, religions, nations, like morals, they cannot be generalized about. I'm reminded of those theatre people who assert that Baltimore audiences are tough, that Philadelphia's are rowdy and that Boston's are meek. Or vice versa, depending upon which of those towns their last show folded in. How absurd! All audiences are the same everywhere. Given a rousing drama, a rollicking comedy or a thrilling melodrama, audiences in one town will react just like audiences in another.

I cannot judge American morals, much less the world's, but I do mean to speak up about them. Everyone else does, so why shouldn't I? I'm more than normally curious, though not intellectual or profound. I've had my opportunities to observe and I do pick up things quickly. I shall give myself three conditions:

1 That I be understandable.

2 That I be acceptable, even to those who would object to anything anyone might say, especially an actress who so stubbornly lives her own life.

3 That I take the blame or praise for whatever I say, for I mean every word of it.

Ask anyone what the word "moral" means. You'll soon learn how people adore hemming and hawing about the subject. If you get an answer, you'll also learn that no two definitions agree. In other words, they're evasive or contradictory. Well, I may contradict myself in the course of these lines, but I shan't evade. I'd rather be right than righteous!

Morals to me are often quite different than they are to anyone else. Let's get down to specifics and see exactly how.

Elvis Presley is one example. Now, I'm perfectly aware of the indignant howls that rise to heaven whenever the lad gyrates on television. Letters damning the performance flood the networks. The press runs riot with news stories noted more for purple prose than sobriety. Normally calm educators issue sanctimonious prescriptions to hysterical parents. I claim that all these howls are but the panicky outbursts of frightened people.

What are these people frightened of? Do they fear Presley's youthful abandon, natural to his age since man settled on earth? The Bible is filled with stories of young hellers. Are they afraid the boy will hop through the television screen into their living room right in the middle of a song . . . well, I'm not sure exactly what. Considered purely aesthetically, you know, I find Presley rather nice, though I've never met him. He has a certain lavish, uninhibited rhythm that reminds me of native African dances. I hear that he's good to his mother and father, and I don't think for one moment he's *conscious* of what he's doing.

There's a difference between naturalness and immorality

This rhubarb over him is nonsense! You'd think he was Satan himself, disguised with a guitar, lengthy sideburns and a powerful pair of lungs. Is his performance immoral? Not on your life! Natural? Of course!

I've always been on the side of nature anyway and where there's a

TALLULAH ON:

SEX:
"Americans have it on the brain too much. That's no place for it"

DRINKING:
"Let us not spit on alcoholism"

GAMBLING:
"Legalized, it might help the income-tax situation"

RIGHTEOUSNESS:
"I'd rather be right than righteous"

CHASTITY:
"Just another evasion"

RELIGION:
"In some ways the Bible is the most immoral book in the world"

little talent to help it along, of course that's so much the better.

What about Ingrid Bergman? A good wife and mother, she falls in love with a man, has a child. Then she marries the man. What happens? She's blasted and derailed by the public, pulpit and press. From the floor of the Senate, where the sole business at hand is supposed to be the elevated enactment of laws, several overly pious members of Congress take vocal pot shots at her. Yet any other equally well-known actress, not so celebrated nationally for the homely virtues, can go abroad, flip around with whomever she pleases and who cares? There's a shocking kettle of stewed moral inconsistencies!

Some think gambling a vice, others a disease. Most states call it just plain illegal. Well, I think gambling is man's prerogative. People ask me, "Suppose you'd retire, what would you do?" What would I do? I'd sit at home, read, watch lousy old movies on television, play bridge. And I'd gamble, whether on a small or large scale. I wouldn't care.

I say gambling is natural to life and, admit it or not, we all enjoy it. A broker buying and selling new stock, an actress opening a play, a jockey leaving the starting gate, all of us take our chances against odds every day. Yet we have stringent laws against gambling with money. It's like putting blinders over our eyes so that we can pretend the rest of the world isn't there.

You can't legislate a fact of life out of existence! All our experience proves it.

Before Prohibition there were about fifteen thousand saloons in New York City. During Prohibition, there were about forty thousand speakeasies. Was the Twenties, with its speakeasies, such a happy time? I know how we look back on it, with our nostalgia dipped in moist bathos. It seems to us now the height of gaudy enchantment. Certainly it was fun sometimes, especially for an actress who had just become a star. You'd play your part onstage, out front you'd have a boy friend, and afterwards you'd dine and dance until three in the morning. It had a certain style that no longer exists.

The lights never go down on our stage today

Today, acting's a chore. The world is different. You can't escape it as you once could. Its needs press in on you all the time, demanding attention. And you must give, as much as you can. But the Twenties? It wasn't a happy time. I knew the voice of that era. Scott Fitzgerald went to school with his wife, Zelda. Think of Scott's best book, *The Great Gatsby*. It was a bitter, unhappy thing, streaked with the irony and tragedy that Prohibition and bootlegging and easy money always bring.

I hear that *even now* in many parts of the United States the downing of a highball is prohibited. Alcohol is illegal. What are the results? Judges and courts are bribed, we are told. Gangster mobs flourish and the machine gun once again is the accepted weapon in squashing an ambitious rival. Juvenile crime, too, is on the rise. And all who want to imbibe can, Prohibition or no. In the name of morality, a law has been passed to tell a man what to drink and what not to drink. No souls have been saved. Plenty are now corrupted by the profits of bootlegging and the perverse excitement of breaking the law.

What harm could a national lottery do?

But back to gambling. I think we should have a national lottery. What harm could a dollar or two fifty ticket possibly do? The country is flooded with black-market lotteries anyway. If lotteries were legalized, they might satisfy the great American craving to bet a little lettuce from time to time. Consider how many hospitals and schools could benefit. There might even be a way to help the income-tax situation or inflation with a lottery. With the brilliant economic brains we have in this country, there just might, you know.

During the war, many of us found it easy to condemn collaborationists. We cried, "Traitor!" at even the slightest evidence. I admit that I, too, joined in the jungle cry every now and then.

I know better now. I know that if a ruthless enemy took my beloved pets from me and tortured them in front of my eyes, if they pulled out my fingernails one by one, I should not be able to bear the pain. I'd cry, "Shoot me dead!" And be glad to be out of it. But before that, how many secrets would I reveal? And you? Could you bear torture, withstand brainwashing? I say that no man on earth can assert how another man is or is not to behave under torture! We cannot judge those who suffer appalling physical and mental pain, and then succumb.

When I was a child and a young woman I never heard the word alcoholic. Then the phrase was the town drunk. And the town drunk was reviled. He was branded a sinner, a vice-ridden outcast. A few pitied him, but most were contemptuous of him.

Have we outgrown our childishness? Is our contempt any less because we now say alcoholic? We must not spit upon alcoholism. Let us call it what it is, a disease. Let us think of it and treat it that way.

Do we understand each other? Is it not perfectly clear by now that morals is a slippery, complicated word, an unimportant word, a most important word? In this moment of verbal distress let us glance hastily into the dictionary, the better to see clearly. What does the word book say about morals?

Pertaining to actions in reference to right or wrong. Is one of its definitions. I will settle for that, although I will battle you to the death about what I believe to be right and wrong.

I think our street gangs are wrong, pitiful and wretched. In my youth we never heard of delinquents, of babe gangs and gangsters.

Today they are everywhere. To me they are the most pathetic people alive. Pass these lost teen-age boys and girls on the street and they look for all the world like saints. Then you learn that they belong to clubs called The Monarchs or The Kings or The Neros. How they give themselves away! Rulers, tyrants, emperors without empires, that is how they see themselves. They have no home. They have nothing but each other. They stick together, seeking violence, the dizzy excitement of small-time larceny and, eventually, drugs. Armed with knives, they roam the streets of America, part of the new wolf pack. Nothing is more pitiful, nothing more wretched, nothing stronger.

Where are the parents of these children? Where is the religion that used to start in the home? I don't for a moment mean to suggest that church-going is all they need, but attending services can offer mighty compensations. There's a discipline about it, a relief, a consolation that is attractive. Church-going alone will save no one's soul. But a great hall of worship, be it church or synagogue, makes one reverent, and reverence is the first step in learning which actions are right, which are wrong.

My own religious training was scattered, you might say, in the back yards of many faiths. My mother died when I was born. She was an Episcopalian. I was raised by my maternal grandmother, a Presbyterian, who brought me up in my mother's faith. The Bankheads were Methodists. When I was nine, I was sent to a Catholic convent to be educated.

There's one kind of drama that's never boring

Opposing dogmas, different beliefs were all planted in me from an early age. Instead of conflict, they created in me a hardheaded respect for all religions that I carry with me to this day. If I happen to enjoy a High Church service better than a Low Church service, I have good, sane reasons for it that have nothing to do with prejudice. You see, I loathe the theatre. I never go. It bores me to tears. But I love the drama of a High Church service: the candles, the incense, the voices of choirboys—all the vivid symbols that make such a service so intensely theatrical.

I cannot abide intolerance. Whether a man is Catholic or Protestant, Moslem or Jew, Hindu or Buddhist, to me he is a human being first—as banal as that might sound—a religious believer second. What he is like as a human being interests me far more than his conception of the Deity. My own belief is actually very simple. I believe that if there isn't but one God, there ain't no God. And, further, that one can be moral without being religious, just as one can be religious without being moral. Let's not confuse the two.

Since Adam and Eve, you and I—everybody—are supposed to have been born in sin. Can this be true? If true, can it be *right*? I cannot believe that a child is born in sin. There is nothing more innocent than a newborn babe, legitimate or not. The freshness and naïveté of children is something I shall never cease wondering at. It takes me a week to recover from the delights of an afternoon with my nephew.

But we are condemned unto eternity, you say, because Adam and Eve tasted of the forbidden fruit? I have something to say about *that*, too. Sometimes I think sex is the great American obsession. We have it on the brain too much. That's no place for it!

Just look at the birds and the bees. Don't tell me that's been said many times before. I know it's a common cliché. Truths become clichés when people stop thinking about them forthrightly. But in those words lies the whole story. Nature has made the birds and the bees a certain way physically. They don't give it a second thought. Nature has made us a certain way, too, and we're conscious of it every minute of the day.

Now, I've been on farms where race horses are bred, where they've got cows, pigs and whatnot. The one blatant fact staring you in the face is that sex is a thing these animals are not aware of. There is no self-consciousness on a farm. It's like a great tree bursting into bloom in the spring, natural, urgent and spontaneous all at once.

I think it would be abnormal for anyone at a certain age not to be in love. That's man's way to be in love. That's our self-consciousness, our difference from the animals. And what is love, basically, but sex? Make it romantic—and one certainly should, for it *is* romantic to be in love. Dress it up anyway you see fit. Give it the trimmings. If you like, travel to the Continent to enjoy it. But whether you're a schoolteacher, advertising man or missionary, a great part of love basically will still be sex.

Naturally, when I say love I'm not talking about those sudden urges or something that men are subject to. But that, too, is nature. God has

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO FENN

Miss Bankhead in her New York town house beneath a portrait of herself which was painted by Augustus John some years ago

made us the way we are. Why be frightened or ashamed of it? We cannot deny its pleasures. Sex won't be strait-jacketed.

After all, it comes right down from the Bible. In some ways, the most "immoral" book in the world is the Bible. I don't mean immoral in the sense of evil or vicious. I mean that every basic truth, palatable or otherwise, can be found in the Great Book. These truths are the point of all the wonderful narratives in it. Joseph and Pharaoh's wife, Salome, King Solomon and his thousand wives and concubines, Samson and Delilah . . . these are tales that might easily be considered "sinful" by our hawk-eyed vigilantes of the printed page if they were to be published today in their first editions.

I assert that the Bible lives on because it captures reality so firmly, even though the costumes of its heroes may be forever out-of-date. The truths it tells so candidly about human nature can never be dated.

The dictionary has more to say about morals: righteous, chaste. Righteousness is unspeakable. It's the weapon of weak people. When it is wielded, an innocent reputation is more often than not bludgeoned into oblivion. I once said in a play "I'm afraid the Reverend confuses righteousness with morality." Let us not make the same mistake. And chaste? Chaste in spirit, in soul, or physically chaste? The word chastity is just another evasion!

Bankhead's bottled-in-bond definition of morals

I'm thrusting the book away and offering to you now Bankhead's own five-star, time-tested, bottled-in-bond definition. If you don't like it, hand it back. It cost too much to learn to be left to waste circulation.

Morals, I say, or morality, is gallantry, courage and chivalry. Got it?

Gallantry, courage and chivalry, the three most complex, beautiful words in the English language. A moral man has at least one of these qualities. An immoral man lacks all three.

We are blessed when we possess them. They are almost all that is worth having. They don't mean sex or whether or not you've over indulged. Neither do they mean chastity, righteousness or piety.

The English recognize and have these three qualities, although they will hate me for saying so. They are always suspicious of compliments. But look at Winston Churchill. During the Twenties, he was a forgotten man. His sun had set. He had made a great mistake, or so it was thought, at Gallipoli in the First World War. As punishment he was kept out of power. Nevertheless, fortunate circumstance brought him back to high office during Britain's terrible crisis in World War II. With a gallantry and courage duplicated by his countrymen—and later by ours, thank God—he came back almost alone and saved the world.

Churchill and Roosevelt, Gandhi, Ben-Gurion, Truman—yes, I said Truman—and if he ever gets the chance, Adlai Stevenson . . . these men and others like them offer us a brightness of the spirit. It has made them great. It has made them ethical and moral. Most of us—and I exclude from my reckoning the unsung, uncounted heroes the world over—can only set our sights to their example and wait for the day when we, and the rest of the world with us, are perfect.

Well, children, you know and I know that it will be a long wait. We are all mortals subject to fits, fancies and frailties. In the meantime I want to quote an inscription my father wrote in a Bible for me twenty years ago, as well as the lines he marked out for me in that most beautiful of all Psalms, the 103rd.

"My dear daughter Tallulah: It gives me very great satisfaction and comfort to present to you this Book of Books. I do not desire you to have it as a chattel of mere print, but with the hope that the very great things herein recorded may touch with vibrant flame the spiritual resources of your nature which you may not yet have discovered. I especially commend to you, at the end of each second day, the 103rd Psalm. It was your little mother's favorite."

Here is the passage marked:

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide: neither will He keep His anger forever.

He will not always chide! Are not those words, quite literally, divine? And if He will not always chide, shall we? ##

the
mind
# of the
playwright:
a
conversation
with
lindsay
&
crouse

TAPE-RECORDED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY TED CRONER

Croner: What do you consider to be your best play?

Crouse: I should think *Life with Father*.

Lindsay: I think *Life with Father*. It has the record of the longest continuous run of any American play in New York City.

Crouse: 3,224 performances.

Croner: Yes, and you played one of the leading roles, didn't you, Mr. Lindsay?

Lindsay: I played Father for the first five years.

Croner: This was primarily a comedy, I know, but there must have been some very real meaning to people, some theme or immediacy.

Crouse: The feeling that I think stirred the audience more than anything else was the security of that day and age—it was set in 1880—and particularly of the family. This play opened, you know, during very perilous times. World War II was about to start—it started almost immediately after—and the audiences would come into that theatre and it would take us half an hour to catch them because they would come in thinking about the headlines in the evening paper and all that sort of thing.

Lindsay: It was kind of tough to get that audience going sometimes, but eventually we got them to the point where they began to laugh at about the middle of the first act and by the end of the play they'd forgotten all their troubles.

Crouse: By the end of the play they didn't want to go back to their world. They would sit in the auditorium. We would turn on the house lights and sometimes it would take half an hour to clear that theatre. Because they had begun to feel the security of those days, and of the family life of that time, and they didn't want to go back to what they knew was a world of bad headlines and all that sort of thing. It was a very curious experience with that play.

Croner: Isn't it terribly difficult working together as collaborators? That is, don't you have trouble deciding who will have the final say?

Lindsay: No, and I think that's probably because of a couple of things. One is the realization of the give and take of collaboration, and I think another is the mutual respect. We have found that if we have a difference one of three things happens really: one of us has an idea that doesn't appeal to the other. Well, sometimes that's dropped. Sometimes afterward—a day or two later—we come back to it and say, "You know, that thing you suggested isn't as bad as I thought it was at the time. Let's use it." Or, to overcome this difference of opinion, we have to keep on digging until we come up with something better.

Crouse: Also, you're leaving out something else, Howard. Let's say that I walk in with an idea which Howard thinks isn't right and says so. That will stimulate his mind, however, and out of that idea will come an acceptable idea. He'll say, "No, we can't do that, but—hey, I'll tell you what we *can* do." And that's why our collaboration is such a free collaboration. We throw everything at each other. I throw things at him and I can see him almost wince sometimes. And it works the other way, too.

Lindsay: It works both ways. But out of this being able to express ourselves fully to each other will come ideas that may not start in that way but may develop into something. It's a wonderful relationship to have that freedom; you can't have it with everybody.

Croner: Well, as far as your personal life is concerned, where does this close contact start and stop?

Crouse: You can't say really that it starts and stops. Our collaboration affects our personal life considerably. We have to see so much of each other and we have so many common interests that we call each other up every night unless we've just left each other. But if we haven't seen much of each other during the day, we'll give each other a ring to see what's happened that evening and what about tomorrow. Things like that.

Croner: Certainly, working so closely together, you've been extremely angry with each other at times.

Crouse: No, we've been impatient with each other or had a minor irritation. We've never had an out-and-out fight; we've never said, "Aw, shut up!" or anything like that. We've never had any serious difference.

Croner: Let's talk about another one of your plays—*State of the Union*. That one won you a Pulitzer Prize, didn't it?

Crouse: Yes.

Croner: I read where Tom Stokes, the political reporter, said that this was a play labeled comedy, but that you two were speaking seriously now. One line in particular seemed to sum up the essence of the play: people who are lazy and indolent are not a free people.

Lindsay: That's right. We were simply trying to say that you get the kind of government you deserve. If you don't take any part in it, in the selection of public officials and all that sort of thing, then you can't blame anybody but yourself for the government that you get.

Croner: How do you make such a strong point in a play, particularly in a comedy such as this, without your characters becoming cardboard people?

Crouse: Well, it's the recognition of the danger of that happening. And that danger, in any play in which you are trying to make a comment, is in the character who represents the author's point of view, because that fellow will talk. You can't keep him from talking. You won't dramatize it, it won't be acted out. This character will just go on talking, and that's the fault of most propaganda plays. In that play, for instance, Grant Matthews was our point of view, but to avoid the danger and make him a real character, we gave him some weaknesses. We made him a little pompous; he had a mistress as well as a wife, he was open to, gradually (as they all are eventually), a bit of temptation.

Lindsay: —and flattery.

Crouse: And also our problem is not to be too damn serious. Howard has a couple of cardinal rules in the theatre to which I certainly

subscribe. The worst things that can happen to you are that people don't believe what you write and that they don't care. If they don't give a damn they wouldn't give a dime to see it and they won't tell other people to see it. They've got to care and they've got to believe.

Croner As playwrights is there any way at all that you can predetermine how successful you may be with respect to these two rules?

Crouse Well our wives are pretty familiar with what's going on. We listen to them, get reactions from them—quite often very helpful ones—and then eventually there's the other big collaborator, and that's the audience. Now it's a difficult collaborator because it always tells you what's wrong and it never tells you how to fix it. But true, it's unerring in telling you what's wrong.

Lindsay And you'd better believe it, too. That's where I think that probably a great many playwrights who're absolutely defiant and say, aw the hell with them.

Crouse Yeah.

Croner You say you depend on the audience to tell you what's wrong—what audience? A single audience, a first night audience or . . .

Crouse No, you wouldn't judge it on the basis of, let me say, one audience.

Lindsay Certainly an opening-night audience, you wouldn't judge it on that basis because the opening-night audience is a freak.

Croner How so?

Crouse I think principally because there are too many friends there, too many people who have seen the show before out of town and therefore are no surprises. And laughter, for example, depends on surprise. Then a lot of people—and this infuriates you and there's absolutely no way of doing anything about it—will come after you have an opening and say, "I was watching the audience." They have no business watching the audience. You see?

Lindsay Also in an opening night audience the actors have a certain number of tickets. That's their due, but the actor's friends are watching one person and they're saying "Gee I think he's got a little too much make-up on," and "Oh gee I wish he wouldn't do that." And they're not watching the show as a whole. They have a special interest. And then you've got agents and agents are saying, "Baby, she'd be great in Hollywood. Now where can I see her tomorrow?"

Croner Then what kind of audience do you use as your gauge—an out-of-town audience?

Crouse Yes, that's right. An out-of-town audience can tell you what you need to know. If a line fails to get a laugh, when you know it's done as well as can be done by the actor, when the feed line is right—which is terribly important—then when the audience doesn't laugh you have to come to the conclusion that it isn't funny. Now sometimes you can rephrase it. For instance there was a line in our present show, *Happy Hunting*, when Ethel Merman said to her former husband Mr. Livingston, "How would you like to be the late father-in-law of the future King of Spain?" It wasn't very funny. Now we switched it and said "How would you like to be the future King of Spain's late father-in-law?" And immediately it's a laugh.

Croner To what do you attribute this?

Crouse The sting is in the end.

Croner Another question about your past—how did you gentlemen manage to get together?

Lindsay Would you mind telling him? I just want to check upstairs and see what calls have come through.

Crouse Well, Howard had been engaged to direct a musical comedy which Vinton Freedley was going to produce which was to be written by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton both of whom were in England. But when the story arrived (it was right at the time of the *Morro Castle* disaster) it was laid on shipboard and with a fire on the ship. Nobody of course would have laughed at that time. Howard was perfectly willing to direct it if Freedley went ahead with it, but he suggested dropping the whole plan. And then Freedley said, "No, I want you to rewrite it."

Croner What was the name of the play?

Crouse It was called *Bon Voyage* but it turned out to be *Anything Goes*. Cole Porter had written the score for it. Ethel Merman, Victor Moore and Billy Gaxton had been engaged for it, so that Freedley found it very difficult to postpone, and he finally persuaded Howard to do it providing he could find Howard a collaborator. He threw several names at Howard and Howard didn't like them. Now to get into my angle of the story. I had done a couple of plays, neither of them successful—I was working for the Theatre Guild at the time—and I had been scheduled to go out to Raoul Fleischmann's house on Long Island for the week end. On the Saturday I was due, I got involved in a poker game which lasted until Sunday morning, and I kept calling up the Fleischmanns saying, "I'll be out, I'm still tied up now, but I'll be out Saturday night for dinner." Finally, at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning I started out there, and when I arrived I found they'd gone to the home of Neysa McMein who was one of our big magazine artists at that time and who used to do a lot of cover stuff. So I went over there and had a very pleasant lunch and I left about four o'clock. About half an hour later Cole Porter, who was also a friend of Neysa's, arrived and told her about this situation; said they were looking for a collaborator and she couldn't think of anybody. He said, "Well if you think of anybody at all between now and tomorrow—because we've got to act fast—call me up." Well that night—this is pretty Freudian in a nice sense—Neysa dreamt about me and she said, "Gee, he'd be a good collaborator with Lindsay." So she called Cole. Cole called Freedley immediately. Freedley got an o.k. from Howard on me—we'd known each other but never planned working together—and then he started out to find me. Well naturally I wasn't home and that was the only number in the book—he didn't know I was with the Guild. So he called all day long trying to get me and about five o'clock in the afternoon he was looking out of his window at the Alvin Theatre and I was looking out of mine at the Guild, then right across the street, and he saw me. He said "Hey, I've been looking for you. Come over here." So I went over to his office and he said "How'd you like to work on a musical show with Howard Lindsay?" And I said, "When do we start?" and he said "Now."

We got in a taxicab and we went down to Lindsay's house and we've been working together ever since. That's how it started.

Croner Now that you have a successful hit in *Happy Hunting*, what are your future plans?

Lindsay There is a project underway—a possible musical version of *Life with Father* to be written with Rodgers and Hammerstein—which would be a very big project. Now we don't want to embark on this until we know it can be done, until we can see one—

Crouse Yes, yes, it was not announced by us. It leaked out.

Lindsay We don't know yet whether our four minds will meet, and whether there is a musical version. You see we can't stay in the house as we did in the play, all through, and until we find that out, we can't go ahead.

Croner Rodgers and Hammerstein will do the music?

Crouse That's right.

Croner Now, would that involve a tremendous reorientation to your material? How do you know what your characters are going to sing, for example?

Crouse That's their problem.

Croner Specifically, who decides whether a part of the play should be sung or acted?

Lindsay That will come out in discussions between the four of us.

Crouse And Hammerstein, I think probably because he writes the lyrics, would have more to say about that—

Lindsay Whether he could express a certain thing lyrically or not, and then Rodgers, of course, would find a way of expressing it musically. There may be certain parts of the play we think we'd have to cut but Oscar might be able to forward the story completely by musical number. It's something that we have to discuss very thoroughly, very carefully, because we can't say that we'll go ahead until we know it can be done and done well.

Croner Is plausibility the criterion for deciding which part of the story to put to music?

Lindsay No. The minute somebody sings a song plausibility goes out the window.

Crouse The audience makes an adjustment in the back of their heads as soon as some tenor starts to sing. They accept that.

Croner Is this called suspension of belief?

Lindsay Suspension of *disbelief*.

Crouse The audience accepts that convention that these two people in these circumstances of life suddenly stop and sing something instead of saying it and the audience accepts this for the pleasure they get out of hearing the music and the lyrics and seeing the movement.

Croner One further personal note. Mr. Crouse, your friends call you "Buck." Do you have a nickname, Mr. Lindsay?

Lindsay No, but a curious thing we've found out is now we're interchangeable. People call me Crouse and Buck, and they call him Howard. They ask my wife about the children—we haven't any children and he has. A lot of people think we look alike. I can't see that. He can't see it.

Croner Well some say that if two people live closely long enough they begin to look alike. How do you feel about that?

Lindsay We accept it. We don't correct people any longer.

Crouse Listen, I accept congratulations for Howard or take messages for Howard and—

Lindsay We don't correct people. Even people who know us both fairly well—

Crouse Yes . . . Eleanor Holm. I've known Eleanor Holm for twenty years. The other day she talked to me at a party for fifteen or twenty minutes saying Howard this and Howard that and then she started introducing me to someone when all of a sudden she said, "Hey, you're not Howard, you're Buck."

Lindsay Maybe it's because we've both got mustaches and look the same age and have worked together so long. You know, I can see the panic set in too when I run into somebody and they aren't sure. But we no longer bother to say you're thinking of the wrong person unless it comes down to where somebody says, you know, tell Ann or Aunt Sophie or . . .

Crouse But usually when somebody starts calling me Lindsay and then suddenly says, "Oh I'm sorry it's Crouse," I say, "Well we're interchangeable."

Croner Well I will say you two people like each other, I will certainly say that.

Crouse Yes. ##

"Now I'm in a real dilemma—I think I'm in love with one of the ushers!"

THE GENIUS OF ETTORE BUGATTI

Half beast, half machine, his cars are the most venerated in the world

by **KEN W. PURDY**

IN 1899 an eighteen year-old Italian named Ettore Bugatti built a four cylinder automobile and drove it forty miles an hour. Ten years later he set up shop for himself in Molsheim, in what was then Alsace-Lorraine, and from 1910 until he died in 1947 Bugatti built 9,500 automobiles, a production that would occupy a Detroit assembly plant for perhaps ten days. Except among connoisseurs his fame was never widespread. His work did not bring him great wealth. But cars of his manufacture are venerated today as no others ever were. When the Bugatti factory announced a new model a few months ago, journalists from all over Europe came running, although only thirty-two Bugattis had been produced since the end of World War II.

Many Bugatti owners cannot be persuaded that any automobile available today is the equal of their venerable treasures. One of them will bet anything you care to name that his car will beat any modern passenger automobile over 250 miles of road. It was a better bet when he first offered it five years ago, but a wise man would think twice before taking it: the world record for miles put into an hour's running was set by a stock Bugatti at 135.42 in 1936, and it still stands! We make much of the fact that our automobiles now commonly produce 200 horsepower and more. Bugatti cars were producing 200 horsepower in the mid Thirties.

Ettore Bugatti patented more than fifty different designs of automobiles, and not one of them was ever rigidly frozen. A Bugatti may be a tiny one-seater racing car made for children, or it may be the most regal motor carriage ever put on the road. It may be a Type 35 racing car, indisputably the most successful racing car of all time. It may be a five-foot-high two-passenger coupé, rakish and arrogant, capable of 130 miles an hour; a fierce, rough sports roadster, demanding a driver who is both strong and expert; a sedate touring car built expressly for women.

Whatever the model, it will do things that no comparable car can do better and few as well. It will run faster, stick to the road better, last longer (a properly maintained Bugatti should last for 500,000 miles). And if its owner is perceptive he may, after a thousand miles of driving, begin to harbor the conviction that the machine is somehow alive, possessed of a personality at once endearing and irritating. Take it into a corner insanely fast and somehow it will get you around. Skid it, and it will straighten out almost before you have done anything to help. But drop a heavy foot on the accelerator before the oil is warm, and a connecting rod may come flying through the hood. On a cold morning it may not wish to start at all. Ettore Bugatti once told a customer who complained of this characteristic: "If you can afford a Type 55, you can afford a heated garage."

Before going into business for himself Bugatti had served a short apprenticeship in a machine shop, built three cars of his own and worked as a design consultant for other manufacturers. The time and the man were well met. France led the world in the manufacture and use of automobiles in 1909 and the cars that sold best were most successful in racing. The standard racing car then was a big-engined monster weighing around a ton. Bugatti's first car was tiny, weighing 660 pounds, and when it ran out on the circuit for its first race at Le Mans, 1911, the spectators laughed. Over 402 miles it finished second, beating cars of four times its weight and five times its power; it skipped around the course as if it were a toy pulled on a string by a child.

When the First World War overran Alsace in 1914, Bugatti had five newly designed racing cars under construction. He hid these and went to Paris to design airplane engines. In January, 1919, he came back to Alsace and entered the five cars in France's first postwar race, Le Mans, 1920. One of them came in first, twenty minutes ahead of the field.

The incomparable 35: it won 1,851 races

Bugatti had a few more successes and a number of failures in the post war years. But in 1924 the Type 35 racing Bugatti appeared, and in the years 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927 this car won 1,851 races. No other automobile has ever remotely approached this incredible total and most authorities believe that the Bugatti has won more races than all other makes put together. (During the thirty years the Bugatti racing cars figured in world wide competition, no driver was ever injured or killed through structural failure.)

The 35 Bugatti was not an enormously powerful car, its eight-cylinder engine produced 130 horsepower and would do about 130 miles an hour. But its fabulous road-holding qualities and ability to take corners faster enabled it to run ahead of cars with greater top speed.

As long as automobile racing was a matter of factory team against

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM WYAN

BUGG

factory team, Bugatti was formidable But when in the mid Thirties the Italian and particularly the German governments began to subsidize racing cars as instruments of propaganda, no independent manufacturer could compete on level terms Bugatti continued to make cars for the big Grand Prix races, but after 1934 he did not win a significant big-car race He kept on winning sports-car races, including the important 24 hour Le Mans race in 1939—at a speed which was the record until 1950

Bugatti's comparative decline in racing did nothing to impair the sale of passenger cars that Molsheim lovingly produced during the Thirties

The Type 57 Bugatti for instance, was a straight-eight-engined car There were five different models, the fastest capable of 130 miles an hour Nothing was stinted in their building A new 57SC sold for $7,500 A really good one is still worth $4 000 The present-day Italian Ferrari, which can be compared with a Bugatti, costs about $18,000

Most of Bugatti's passenger automobiles clearly showed their race-bred background Their engines were noisy, their clutches inclined to "grab" and while marvels could be performed with them by competent drivers, they rarely endeared themselves to women A British dowager said as much to M. Bugatti at dinner one night "Oh, everyone knows you make the best racing cars and the best sports cars in the world" she told him, "but for a town carriage of real elegance one must still go to Rolls-Royce or Daimler, don't you agree?"

A carriage for reigning royalty

Bugatti's reply was not recorded, but early the next morning he was at his drafting table and soon Molsheim had orders to tool up for a run of twenty five new models to be called the Type 41 This was to be a carriage of such mass and elegance that a Rolls Royce would appear insignificant beside it Seven feet of hood concealed an engine more than twice as big as that in a 1957 Cadillac The machinists were to be allowed no tolerances whatever, everything was to be finished to the thousandth of an inch, plus or minus zero The purchaser was to have a lifetime guarantee of free parts and service The car was to run perfectly steadily in high gear at three miles an hour, and accelerate from that speed to 125 It was to be a carriage fit for a king In fact it was type named "La Royale" Bugatti's accountants figured that the chassis and engine alone would have to be sold for about $20,000 The customer could do what he liked about the body It's a matter of record that one Royale convertible cost its purchaser $43,000 Another is said to have cost $55 000

Bugatti finished only seven of his projected run of twenty-five Royales, or "Golden Bugs" as they were called He had begun making them in 1928 and the crash of 1929 spoiled the market for $25,000 automobiles

It was a point of pride with Bugatti that the Type 41 was the biggest and most expensive automobile ever catalogued by a major manufacturer He had also produced, in 1910 the first really good small car Type 13, a four-cylinder machine that sold for $1500

Between the Type 13 and the Type 57, his last design to be produced in quantity, Bugatti offered a bewildering variety of motorcars to his clients Some, like Type 43 and 55, were racing cars tamed for good use and fitted with passenger bodies The Type 44 was a quiet machine designed for women The Type 46 was a scaled-down Royale The Type 50 was a 200-horsepower touring automobile One of the three Bugattis I own is a Type 50 three-seater coupé which will still do 110 miles an hour Like all of the big Bugattis it is fascinating for its dual personality it will run along quiet as a mouse at forty-five or fifty miles an hour, the perfect gentleman's carriage, but drop it into second gear, flatten the accelerator and, with a rising scream from the big double supercharger, it becomes a racing car, blood brother to the Type 51's that stormed the road courses of Europe Big, fast luxurious, expensive —$500 of 1934's Depression dollars—the Type 50 is a classic among classic cars There are twelve of them left in the world

I have a Type 44 too a topless, four-passenger touring car of the kind the factory called a "torpedo" It's amusing to think of this as a lady's automobile, for it seems noisy and hard-riding enough by 1957 standards Its clutch moves so lightly that the weight of an empty shoe is almost enough to put it to the floor The 44 is one of the commonest of Bugatti models there are thirty-six of them

All of the dozens of Bugattis pale before the racing Type 35 and its variants My own is a 35C—a supercharged 35 Of the 3500-odd makes of automobiles the world has seen, this one came the closest to combining aesthetic and mechanical perfection It weighs 1800 pounds, its engine is half the size of that in a Ford, it has room for two men, if they are not big men It is at once complex and simple, delicate and strong In 1927 three 35's took first, second and third place in the car-killing Targa Florio race, six laps of a sixty-seven mile circuit of rock-strewn Sicilian mountain road, 1200 curves to the lap No car had ever done that before, and none has since

For some time before World War II Ettore Bugatti spent most of his time in Paris He had for years considered himself a Frenchman—referring to his Italian birth as "that accident," but he was of course an Italian national It was a circumstance that enabled him to handle the occupying Germans with somewhat more success than might otherwise have been the case He moved the factory to Bordeaux and began to make aircraft-engine parts When Bordeaux was overrun he set up a small shop near Paris He turned one floor of his Paris apartment into an office and a subcenter of the Resistance The Nazis made torpedoes for the German Navy at Molsheim After they had been driven out Molsheim was occupied by Canadian and American troops, and finally by the French The Canadians had an accidental fire which destroyed much of the plant, the Americans, retreating before the last German offensive of the war, removed the machine tools the Germans had left, distributing them in military dumps in France—and lost the identifying papers

Immediately after liberation the French government seized Molsheim as enemy property Bugatti became a French citizen, fought the matter through the courts and won He threw himself into a dozen new projects a cheap trawler to help the French fishing industry get back to work quickly, a new racing car a tiny but efficient small car a sailing boat carrying two light steel tripods in place of a mast He could not find time for half the things he planned but he tried Probably he tried too hard for a man of sixty-six who had had no rest in many years He became ill in May of 1947 and died in August.

The Bugatti factory at Molsheim still operates as if Bugatti were present It now employs 650 people Two schools for training apprentices are maintained, one by the factory and one by the town The old standards are enforced by a core of veteran workmen eighty men have twenty-five years of service, thirty have been on the job ten years longer They are probably the reason why Bugatti owners send their cars to the factory for repairs A few years ago a California devotee had his 1938 coupé crated and shipped to France for overhaul. His repair bill at the factory was $6,500—for mechanical work alone Refinishing of the body, inside and out, plus transportation and incidentals probably brought the total to $10 000 One Swiss customer, Karl Buchegger of Basel has driven the same Bugatti for thirty years Every three months he brings it to Molsheim for a check up "We look at it and it's always okay," says Robert Stoehr, foreman of the repair shop, "but in three months it will be back That car will run forever"

Pierre Marco, who came to Bugatti as a racing driver before World War I, has been in charge of operations since the war As soon as travel was possible in France Marco set out to find the machine tools the American Army had squirreled away He then got in touch with as many of the old staff as he could find put them to work setting up the machines and went looking for work "It was my idea to build the old car again, just as we had done in the days before the war, but that was impossible The immediate problem was to keep the factory alive, to find enough work to pay the people We took subcontracts of all kinds, anything and everything that would bring in a few francs And we stayed afloat, somehow" Ownership of the factory was still in the hands of the Bugatti family Roland Bugatti's youngest son, and his two daughters, Lydie and Ebee, survived the war

In 1950 Marco felt justified in assigning a few men to the building of a new car, the Type 101, basically the prewar Type 57 with a few modifications The first one was shown in Paris to 1952 But the price was very high, almost $10,000 delivered in England, for example, and the cars could be built only as ordered Few cared to spend that much money for a twenty-year-old design and only thirty have been sold Bugatti lovers all over the world saw the 101 only as an indication that the factory was alive, an omen of really good things to come They waited for the infallible sign a new racing car

The new Bugatti: tears and champagne for remembrance

Toward the end of 1955 there were rumors of a new Bugatti Grand Prix car The Type 251, designed by Giachino Colombo, one of the foremost Italian designers, is as radical in its way as Ettore Bugatti's own cars were. It is very small the wheel base only seven feet two inches, and the eight-cylinder engine is placed crosswise immediately behind the driver It has a novel form of springing whereby the thrust of the right hand wheels are taken by the left hand side of the chassis and vice versa There is no visible radiator, of course, but the air intake is shaped in the classic Bugatti horseshoe form. Development cost so far is rumored to be around $2,500 000

The factory has released no figures on the car's performance Pierre Marco did most of the early testing himself, and he was seen driving the car at 160 miles an hour, a respectable but not extraordinary speed Maurice Trintignant, a top-line French driver, drove the Type 251 in its first public tryout at the Grand Prix of France at Reims last July The Bugatti retired after eighteen laps The experts verdict fast, but it will have to be made to handle better Sometime soon the story will be a different one one of the great European road circuits will see a Bugatti winning, and when the little car comes across the finish line, bright in the sky blue enamel of the old Type 35's, tears and champagne will flow like water for, to the many who remember, the Bugatti had a big place in the mosaic of the glory that was France ##

"When you bought it for me I figured there was a catch to it!"

At a recent Museum of Primitive Art opening: Mrs. Bernard Reis, wife of an accountant, joins sculptor Jacques Lipchitz

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ESQUIRE BY BURT GLINN

When Upper Bohemians gather, the liquor is good and the talk usually centers around art, music, books and the theatre

NEW YORK'S SPREADING UPPER BOHEMIA

Bohemia traditionally has been a state of being where free love flourishes in a garret while the soul soars unfettered and the body is sustained with heady swigs from a jug of wine. But these days Bohemians are not so quickly characterized. According to an astute and irreverent observer of our manners and mores, Russell Lynes (inset), they are either Upper or other. In his last collection of essays, *A Surfeit of Honey*, he finds U.S. society divided vertically instead of horizontally. Each element—politics, sports, big business, labor and so on—resides in a nearly isolated pyramid with its particular kind of class structure. Upper Bohemians, however, easily flit from pyramid to pyramid. Whether lawyer, editor, or architect—or even a businessman who is patron of the arts after office hours—they are now the cultural purveyors of our era. Says Mr. Lynes, "We have never had anything quite like them in America before. They are as much at home with the word men of the communications pyramid as with the vice-president in charge of sales in the business pyramid or the professional mentors of the intellectuals, though they feel removed from all of them." As a top tastemaker today, the Upper Bohemian sets the cultural tone of the country. Much of his time is spent in and around the arts where he makes a point of keeping up with their latest dips and sweeps. The Upper Bohemian thus functions as a bridge between the creative artist and the public. Esquire, on these pages, shows some of its aspects in New York where Bohemia is biggest

Gallery director John Myers (center) exhibits many adventurous young artists

Publisher Barney Rosset (l.) offers to print new work of poet Allen Ginsberg

John Houseman will produce TV "cultural vaudeville show," Seven Lively Arts

In new jazz spot, art dealer Michel Tapié chats with painter Grace Hartigan

Surrounded by
modern art,
Upper Bohemians
mingle at
party given by
photographer
Arnold Newman

UPPER BOHEMIANS ACT AS BRIDGE BETWEEN CREATIVE ARTISTS AND GENERAL PUBLIC

The Upper Bohemian, according to Russell Lynes, "is culturally hep, but he is not a cultural hepcat." He knows, for instance, who is showing in the art galleries, which young poets are currently exhibiting the most promise, what plays are worth viewing. For the creative artist, Upper Bohemians serve notably in two ways. They count among his first appreciators and they spread the word. As a result, the name of a young painter like Helen Frankenthaler (see left) becomes increasingly familiar. Or, under the able direction of John Houseman, the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre opens its third summer season June 22 with a greater following than ever.

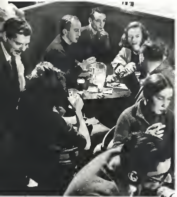
Helen Frankenthaler, young abstract expressionist, has recently sold paintings to Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art. *Partisan Review* editor William Phillips (r) attends her last exhibit

Actresses from Shakespeare Festival Theatre ballyhoo new season in Stratford, Conn. After summer's run, company will tour nationally

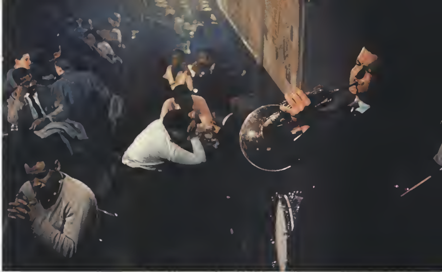
On Washington Park bench, Barney Rosset (r) reads poetry of Gregory Corso while fellow-poet Ginsberg looks away. From a wealthy Chicago family, Rosset launched new *Evergreen Review*

UPPER AND LOWER BOHEMIA MEET AT NEW JAZZ SPOT

Latest Manhattan hangout for Bohemia is the Five Spot just off the east side of Greenwich Village above the Bowery. The Five Spot's change-over from a bar where derelicts boozed to a rendezvous for Bohemians, Upper and Lower, came about accidentally. After the Third Avenue "El" was razed, bringing an end to the city's old Skid Row section, owners Joe and Ignatius Termini redecorated the premises and then installed a modern jazz quartet. One evening at Herman Cherry's studio across the way, artist Cherry and David Smith, the sculptor, heard the music. "It sounded good," says Cherry, "so we went over for a couple of beers." They touted the place to other artists and now nightly from eleven on, against a backdrop of art exhibition posters, it becomes jammed with New York *avant garde* and friends



In a corner of the Five Spot (left to right) are sculptor David Smith; Frank O'Hara, a poet; Larry Rivers and Grace Hartigan, both artists; an economist, Sidney Rolfe; dancer Anita Huffington, and Bill Hunter, a neurosurgeon. Bar jumps till four a.m.



Dave Amram leads his jazz group at the Five Spot. Peak crowd is about midnight. In quieter moments, a poet will sometimes read his verse to the music

Art dealer Tapié (center rear) had two Paris galleries

Tapié halts art talk, spends an hour on the bass

Dancer Huffington breaks bread with hungry friend

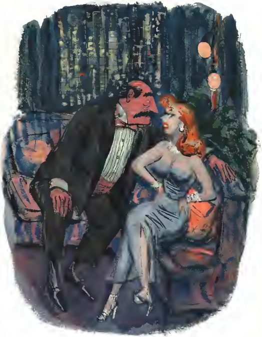
STRENUOUS LIFE OF THE AVANT-GARDE

Anita must model for money. Here, she poses for photographer Michael Tabb

Under eye of teacher Cunningham, she leaps through dance exercises

Exhausted after class, she says, "You have to expend yourself to the limit"

While he leads a life of studied informality, the Upper Bohemian is unwilling to flout convention completely. This still remains the province of traditional Bohemia. Sometimes it is simple affectation. Otherwise, for the newcomer, it requires a strenuous dedication and personal privation with only problematical chances of success. For a 22-year-old aspiring modern dancer, Anita Huffington, it means living in a sixth-floor, cold-water walk-up which she rents for $22.48 a month while figure-modeling to earn enough for lessons under teachers like top-dancer Merce Cunningham. Her goal: "To dance the way I want. That's the main thing, to dance"



"I may be good for nothing—but I won't be bad for nothing"

"Did I have trouble getting out of that sand trap—and I don't mean with the ball!"

another country

In Italy, many an American girl meets her first love

A Short Story **by MARK SCHORER**

Lunch would not be served for another hour, but the impossible Greek boy, Nello, who wolfed his food in a disgusting way, was already waiting for it. He was playing his guitar and singing, sitting on a stool in a low arbor where enormous bunches of green grapes nearly touched his hair How she despised him! She was fourteen and full of fury She had just started a letter to her best friend in the *Stati Uniti* (*as they* said) and she had written the following "Dear Mary—Why does this have to happen to me? The crossing was fun, there was a swimming pool and lots of Americans, but here there aren't any but us and I hate it. I mean here in this house." Then she had stopped writing to listen impatiently to the outrageous Greek boy, Nello, they called him, and she said with quiet rage but almost hoping that he would hear her, "*Mi non piacere*" Her Italian had not advanced beyond infinitives

Her name was Suzanne, but they all insisted on calling her Susanna, so unfamiliar in its sound that half the time when they addressed her she did not respond at all, simply not knowing Susan-*na*! How she hated that! And then a whole string of words came after her name, with little moans and groans *carina, carinissima, bellina, biondissima*! And then they almost always made it worse by doing that outrageous thing that Italians do to children to show, she guessed, affection they would seize a piece of her cheek between the knuckles of their first two fingers and pinch and pull and even twist. When Nello did that, she could spit at him, or die! Ye gods! she exclaimed to herself, and impatiently shifted her position on the broad beige marble steps that led from the dining room into the garden She wrote that phrase in her letter "Ye gods!" and continued "We are living in what's called a *pensione* The city is Perugia, it's in the province of Umbria" Then she put both the pen and pad on the steps beside her, and, her elbows on her naked knees, she propped her chin in her hands and stared out at as much of Umbria as she could see Nello's Greek song grew distant in her ears, and since she was not now looking at him, not even at the back of his abominable head with all that hair, things did not seem quite so bad and her little rage began to subside

Signora Pacetti's house was new and stood outside the old walls Up above it the cluttered grey city labored to its peak, but below it the country began at once, first falling steeply away through orchards to a stream, then rising and falling gently through miles of golden October mist: grey-green olive groves, tidily terraced fields of brown and green and yellow, and nearly chartreuse vineyards clinging to the hillsides But over all these patterns and colors lay the golden air She saw it now whenever the sun shone, ever since a recent Sunday when a guide in the municipal museum had explained to Suzanne and her mother that if you could not recognize a landscape by Perugino in any other way, there were always two marks to identify him the *Lago Trasimeno* would be somewhere in the picture, probably in the middle distance, and the over all tone would be golden, "our Umbrian gold" She sighed as she stared out at the country, and she drifted into a mindless reverie from which only the voices of her parents, coming from the balcony off their bedroom directly above the steps where she sat, at last aroused her

"I wonder what the ulcer rate is here," her father was saying vigor

ously as though he were asking an announcement.

"Nonexistent, I'm sure," her mother answered, "but they have liver trouble instead."

"That's diet, not nerves."

She waited for more words from the low balcony, but none came. She knew exactly what they were doing and how they looked: they were sitting in deck chairs with two glasses and a flagon of Orvieto wine on a round table between them, they were both wearing their new Italian sunglasses, and each held a book (Suzanne could give their titles if she were asked) in which they read a little between sips. Presently they would exchange a few short sentences again, but for the moment, nothing. Even Nello had stopped singing, his fingers plucking softly and infrequently on his strings as they aimlessly searched for another tune, and all one really heard was the warm buzz of noon, as if the sunlight itself had the voice of bees.

She leaned back on the steps and lifted her face to the sun, and now she was as content as a cat. She wondered vaguely which sounds would break this spell—the neutral voices of her parents, the mocking wail of another of Nello's songs, or, worst of all, the shrill scream of the Signora as she called to her wretched maid—"Marissa!"

Noontime murmured on, and into that vague hum Nello's plucked notes thudded softly and were absorbed, like stones falling into a deep well. Then there was an abrupt little skirmish of sound and his voice started up again, the incomprehensible Greek words gurgling lavishly in his throat. She looked toward him and she saw that he had turned on his stool and was facing her, leering as he sang. Instinctively she tried to cover her legs, but she was wearing shorts, very brief young American girl shorts, and she could not. Her own gesture outraged her. She knew that her face was burning red, and she straightened up indignantly, seized her pen and pad, and began to write with angry purpose in rapid strokes, her careful back slant disappeared as she told her friend about the inhabitants of the *pensione*. There were the signora and her two silent sons who were studying to be doctors and whose father had been killed in Africa in the war. There was an old judge with a white beard whom everyone called "Commendatore," which was a kind of title. There was a "doctor" from Amalfi who was really an engineer working on some project for the city and whose thick Neapolitanese she was completely unable to understand even as she was beginning to understand the others. There were two mousey Swiss girls who studied at the University and spoke about six languages. They all sat at one long table.

Oh, and there were two Greek boys studying to be veterinarians, about eighteen years old, one an outrageous creature named Nello with yellowish, crowded teeth and masses of tightly crinkled hair that came right down around his ears and down into his collar on the back of his neck, and who, before he would let her begin her food, always made her give the Italian words for table objects he held up or pointed to. "Susanna! *Come si chiama, questo?*" And then: *la forchetta, il coltello, il cucchiaio, il piatto, il tovagliolo, il bicchiere, la caraffa, il vino, l'acqua, il sale, il pepe, il pane*, the whole long series at every meal, and always leering, while her parents sat on either side of her smiling their approval.

"Really, Mary," she wrote, "if it weren't for this great oaf, I'd have a chance to enjoy Italy. There is much to enjoy. The country is lovely even though the people are very poor, or most of them—strange and different and often inconvenient, but exciting. Oh well, we have only three more weeks in this house, then we have an apartment in Florence—" She looked at the last word she had written, crossed it out, and wrote "*Firenze*" instead, and added, "—for the winter, and I'll be in school again, although a different one from ours."

Her father was a classicist with an archeological interest, at work on an Etruscan project, and he was spending his first five weeks in the Etrusco-Roman Museum in Perugia. Then he would have to move about to many places, but she and her mother would settle in Florence for the winter. Nello's song thumped to a stop and when she permitted herself to glance in his direction she saw that the stool was empty, the guitar with its purple ribbon leaning against it, and Nello deep in the arbor, wolfing a bunch of grapes. She turned sharply away. In Florence, she would not ever have to think of *him* again, she consoled herself, and started when, at that moment, she heard her mother's sharp laughter above her. It was almost as if her mother knew what was in her mind, for with that same laugh she had on several occasions in the past few weeks dismissed Suzanne's expressed distaste for Nello. But now the laughter was in fact about something quite different.

"What is it?" her father asked in his clear, metallic voice.

"I like this. It's very nice."

"I've warned you that one can't take that book seriously."

"Perhaps not. But this is very nice."

Yes, Suzanne said to herself, the paper-covered book, *Etruscan Places*.

"A lot of Lawrentian nonsense," he said firmly but mildly, and then Suzanne let herself miss a brief interchange as she speculated on the fact that it was precisely such a difference of opinion as this which, a year ago, even two months ago, would have had them quarreling. They never quarreled any more. For a year, perhaps two years, there had been some kind of struggle going on, then suddenly they had declared an armistice. They were always mild and polite now, as if, in another country, something had happened to them, but she thought that she preferred them as they were before, even when, night after night at the dinner table, there would be sharp little disagreements if there were not actual scenes. Now it was as if they were unentangled, as if they had gone away from one another. Her father kept his clear, stentorian tone of voice, a kind of public voice, but the anger that used to swell it was gone, it was like a shell, just an old habit that hung on. And her mother's voice never rose to shrillness any more, it became only more secretive, and was given to saying more and more mysterious things. It was saying them now.

"Which passage? This, about how they planned their cemeteries. On one hill the living city, on another hill, opposite, at which they could look, the city of the dead. It's such a forthright view."

"In fact, of course, untrue."

"Perhaps. But if it's untrue, I'm sorry. I can believe they were that way. We should be."

"How?" her father asked.

"How? Always know which city we're in. Not think we're in the living city when we're really in the shadow city."

"When you say 'we,' whom do you mean?"

"I'm not, dear Will, talking about civilizations."

"I didn't think so, but it's still untrue. There are no such sharp lines in the realities of personality, either. We're always crossing back and forth. Things change. They will again. I think I will, if you'll help a little. I'm not fifty yet."

"*Speriamo!*" she cried out almost derisively. "I'm not yet forty!" And her father did not answer.

Suzanne hugged her sides. If only he went on now, or if only her mother would say something more! She felt that she was on the very edge of understanding something, they were almost, for a change, making sense to her! But they were silent, and the more she strained to hear, the more firm their silence seemed to grow, as if not only their words but their very selves had disappeared into the noontide hum. Not words, but slow steps on the gravel roused her from her strained intentness. She turned quickly and saw Nello approaching, his guitar under his arm, his shoulders swaying. He was wearing a red and white striped shirt and silly, tight cotton trousers. She made herself relax.

"*Come stai, Susanna?*" he asked quietly as he slouched down beside her, smiling his yellow smile and gently putting his guitar down.

"*Non c'è male,*" she said doggedly, hating him, repeating one of the phrases he had made her learn.

He looked intently into the still darkened dining room as if to make sure that no one was there, and then he said tauntingly, softly, "*Carina.*"

She shrugged her shoulders, tossing off the word, and turned away from him as she saw his hand lift. Now would come that damned cheek pinching! She grew rigid in preparation. But something else happened. One arm slid softly behind her shoulders, and the other hand did not pinch her, but, palm open, laid itself coarsely on her cheek. "*Bellina,*" the throaty voice murmured in her ear, and her stiffness turned to a shudder. The rough hand stroked her face and she could not move, she could not cry out, she could not look. Her eyes were clamped shut. Terror held her. The hand moved down to her neck. She felt his breath on her face like a hot, sluggish wind. She tried to scream, but she only moaned. The hand slid to her small breast. "*Carissima,*" the voice whispered, and she shook violently in the hot sunlight under the hand on her breast.

Then abruptly, somewhere in the house, the Signora screamed, "*Marissa! El tavola!*" Only that, but the ear-splitting command made Nello leap away from her like a frightened animal. Before Suzanne had opened her eyes he had snatched up his ribboned guitar and fled. Then instantly she seized her pen and paper and ran, too. She ran into the grape arbor and, so that she would be out of her parents' sight, around the side of the house. Under a peach tree was a wooden bench. She sat down on this abruptly, as if hands had pushed her on it. She could not stop trembling, even as, once more, she felt her familiar rage, but heightened now, and felt her face red hot with her indignant blushing. She gripped the edge of the seat in an effort to control her body, and slowly her shaking stopped. Then, preparing to gather herself together and go to her room, she looked at the pad in her lap and read her half-finished letter. She tore the sheet from the pad, crumpled it into a ball, held it a moment, and tossed it under the bush that, all pompously groomed, rounded and waiting, seemed to expect such a letter as it stood beside her. Then looking out at the field and hills and vineyards across the valley, foolish tears that she could not stop rose to her eyes, but she kept her eyes open and tried hard and in vain to keep that landscape clear, to keep it from dissolving into the golden blur that it already was. ◆

Letter opener, lighter, calendar scabbard, $17.50, Hess

Golf Oasis fastens to bag, holds your drink, tees, $10, Abercrombie & Fitch

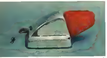
TOSH MATSUMOTO

Electric portable typewriter has standard 88-character keyboard, light in weight, $217.25, Smith-Corona

paternal beneficence

Weather balloons record pressure, temperature, humidity, $69.50, Peter Pepper

Liquor labeled lighter, $12.95; ash tray, $6.95, in red, green in black trim, by Loyal at Saks Fifth Avenue


Buff-all shoe shiner can also be used for polishing silver, $29.95, Abercrombie & Fitch

Fire bucket of leather is used for ice, $50, Bergdorf Goodman

Captain's decanter, designed not to tip, holds over a quart, $10, Hammacher Schlemmer

Bar, on rollers, made of brass, glass, walnut, won't stain, $200, Bergdorf Goodman

Dictating machine is portable, lightweight, perfect for home, office, traveling businessman, $359.72, Thomas A. Edison

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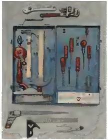
Grenadiers, in full modern dress, of walnut and brass done in high relief on white wood, $16 each, Peter Pepper Products

Rugged portable can be used four ways, $129.95, from National Co.


Tool kit, designed for home-maintenance chores, holds twenty-two tools in fitted steel case, $35.89, Millers Falls Co.

maritime midas

Or how to make $300,000,000: an inquiry into the successful ways of Aristotle Onassis, including the disappearing ink

by HELEN LAWRENSON

SABINE WEISS—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

A FEW years ago, a small but fascinating news item appeared in the press. A man with the irresistible name of Aristotle Socrates Onassis was sued for $14,210,000 by one Spyridon Catapodis, on the grounds of breach of contract. The beguiling feature of Mr. Catapodis' plaint was his claim that the reason he could produce no proof was because Mr. Onassis had taken the precaution of signing the contract in disappearing ink.

This incident could be said to epitomize the fantastic touch which is characteristic of everything in the life of "Ari" Onassis, a jet-driven Greek who came out of Asia Minor with stratospheric aims of wealth and power and, in the process of achieving them, has personally tangled in more imbroglios with various governments than any other man now alive. Actually, his whole existence to date has resembled nothing so much as a wildly imaginative daydream. From a stateless and impoverished refugee, he has become a formidable titan of world shipping, whose fortune is usually estimated at around $300,000,000, and who manages to pass almost as much time spending it as he does making it. Toil, frugality, routine, moderation, caution—those hoary and well honored stand-bys of the traditional self-made man—are words notably absent from his own bright lexicon. He has made his money by playing hunches, by gambling on history, by rushing blithely in where others were either too fearful or too squeamish to tread, and by a spectacularly unabashed reliance on the theory that, in this best of all possible worlds, it is a rare man who does not have his price.

At the age of fifty, Onassis looks like a well-groomed stormy petrel, lives like a streamlined Kubla Khan, and has learned to hide the machinations of his subtle, involute mind beneath the gay, bland domino of an International Good-time Charlie, living it up with the glitter set. He owns the world's most luxurious yacht, on which he entertains so many celebrities, from Sir Winston Churchill to Greta Garbo, that it has become sort of an annex to the Riviera, a social must for anybody who is Anybody ("Did I meet you at Antibes or on Onassis' yacht?" asks one chic character of another in a recent novel), and the scene of some of the most flamboyantly expensive parties this side of the Hindu maharajas, who can outclass Onassis when it comes to elephants, but not much else.

His activities are peripatetic and far-flung. He has elaborate homes in three countries, offices in seven, and thinks nothing of commuting 100,000 miles a year to direct the operation of the thirty-odd companies of which he is head man. He controls more than two million tons of shipping, and keeps building bigger and better vessels, which he hires ex-royalty to christen. Although the sea is his main thoroughfare, on occasion he branches off. Last summer he signed a twenty-year contract to run the Greek national air line, and in 1953, when balked in an attempt to rent office space in Monaco, he solved the problem by buying control of Monte Carlo, where he subsequently amused himself by putting on so distracting a side show during last year's celebrated nuptials that at times it almost seemed as if it were he, and not the royal bridegroom, who was stage-managing the Rainier-Kelly wedding.

Unlike most business tycoons, Onassis does not merely transact deals; he becomes *embroiled* in them. As a result, he has been sued for $20,000,000 by the United States Government and for $15,000,000 by the government of Peru. Norway and Holland have both fined him substantial sums, and from time to time different countries have seized one or another of the hundred ships which comprise his vast fleet. Yet nothing seems to faze him, and for Onassis there is always a way out. The route may be labyrinthine, but at the end of it there inevitably awaits a new triumph for him—and a pot of gold.

Golden Boy: even his contract ink transmutes

The "disappearing-ink" caper occurs in connection with one of his boldest coups. Although the accusations made in the lawsuit were never proved, the story is worth repeating because it is so typical of the atmosphere of extravaganza and mysterious embranglement in which Onassis operates.

Spyridon Catapodis is an adventurous sea captain with a colorful background; for years he was well known in the ports of Asia Minor and North Africa. Bear in mind that this version of events is his own.

His suit against Onassis, which was filed in courts in Paris, Washington and New York—and dismissed in all of them—charged that Onassis retained him in August, 1953, to negotiate a contract with King Saud of Saudi Arabia, whereby Onassis would be given a near monopoly in transporting that country's oil.

According to Catapodis, he went about this delicate mission by contacting some Arabian bigwigs then in France: Mohammed Alireza, at that time Arabian Minister of State, his brother Ali, and Sheik Abdullah Al-Sulaiman, who was Saudi-Arabian Minister of Finance. The idea was that they were to use their influence to persuade the King to okay the deal. At first, said Catapodis, Mohammed asked for $1,000,000 outright for himself, plus seven cents for every ton of oil carried by Onassis tankers, with a guaranteed minimum of $168,000 a year. After some spirited sessions of typical Mid-Eastern bargaining, this fee was substantially reduced.

At that moment, the plot thickened.

Just as everything was going tickety-boo, with the Arabs reeling from visions of sugarplums dancing in their heads, Catapodis claims that Onassis pulled a fast one by hiring Hjalmar Schacht, the German financial wizard, to negotiate the deal. Catapodis and his Arabs, in a snit at being by-passed, staged a turbulent brouhaha, and for a few days the fur really flew. Then, says Catapodis, Onassis apologized, calm prevailed, and an agreement was finally worked out which called for the payment of $350,000 to Mohammed, $280,000 to Sheik Abdullah, and several hundred thousand dollars more—the reported sums vary—to unnamed "palace officials."

The Arabian Nights: was the first tanker the Scheherazade?

In return for his efforts as a hard-working go-between, Catapodis claimed that his own contract with Onassis stated that he was to receive $350,000 when the King signed the contract, $210,000 more when the first Onassis tanker sailed from an Arabian port under the contract, five per cent ownership of the company to be set up, and a two per cent commission on the gross freight carried. Instead, he never got a red cent, and when he took a look at his contract he discovered to his horror that Onassis' signature had vanished. Unfortunately, he couldn't even produce the contract in court, although he tried to explain this by saying that Onassis had taken it away from him and promised to send him a new one the next day.

Furthermore, said Catapodis, his was not the only contract signed with disappearing ink in this Arabian Nights tale. Mohammed Alireza discovered that Onassis' signature on his contract was beginning to fade, but since this occurred just before the deal went through, the Arab demanded, and got, a new contract with a permanent signature. (Catapodis apparently failed to take warning from this incident, probably chalking it up to inferior French ink.)

Onassis categorically denies everything. Queried today about the vanishing signatures, he smiles his easy smile and asks disarmingly, "What do you think—I go around with disappearing ink in my pen?"

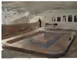
In America his lawyer successfully fought the suits on the grounds that neither party was a United States citizen, and the case was tossed out as beyond our jurisdiction. Catapodis fared no better in France. His suit was also dismissed there, and Onassis now refers to him as the luckless cat's-paw of Onassis' jealous business rivals, of whom there are plenty, all hating Onassis like the devil hates holy water.

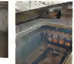
However, no matter who did the spade work, and no matter who paid whom, or why, an oil-carrying agreement was signed between Onassis and the Saudi Arabian government. The British and the United States governments protested. Aramco (the powerful Arabian-American Oil Company) complained that its own interests were damaged, and the other tanker-shipowners were understandably irate. The agreement has since been modified and is still under study by various world courts, but even under its present terms, it could eventually net Onassis a very cool $40,000,000 annually.

The personal saga of Onassis is veiled by mists of legend, hearsay and rumor. For example, take his fortune. There are probably few people who know how much money he really has. It is generally conceded that he came out of World War II worth $30,000,000. Since then an

DENIS BRIHAT

Among the material possessions of Aristotle Socrates Onassis is the $2,500,000 *Christina* (above). Interior of the yacht includes the security of an operating room, the luxury of gold plated faucets, the comfort of the Chios room, the convenience of ship-to-shore phones.





The *Christina's* mosaic-tiled dance floor. At the touch of a button, the mosaic descends to a depth of nine feet and converts into a swimming pool with underwater lights.

other zero got added to the tabulation, which, of course, is only a difference of some $270,000,000. Since he was virtually unknown to the public until he bought Monte Carlo five years ago, we can assume that he was busily, if quietly, adding to his nest egg—a million here and a million there. Newspapers have on occasion referred to him as "the richest man in the world," and while this is undoubtedly a long way from fact, it is also quite possible that some fine day he might make the grade. After all, the last claimant to the title, Calouste Gulbenkian (who also found fortune in a potpourri of oil and Arabs) was eighty-six years old when he died in 1955, so that Onassis, now a fit and dynamic fifty, still has plenty of time to catch up. Whatever the sum he has accumulated to date, it is a safe bet that, as we used to say back home, he is comfortably well off.

Nor is he yet the world's biggest individual shipowner, which he has also been called. According to his own judgment, that title belongs to Daniel K. Ludwig, the American Midwesterner who owns the National Bulk Carriers Company. A constant jockeying for the spot of runner-up goes on between Onassis, his brother-in-law Stavros Niarchos, and his father-in-law Stavros Livanos.

The running rivalry between the two brothers-in-law has all the elements of a deliriously overwritten farce. Whatever one does, the other is right there with a "Me, too!" and each claims the other is a copycat. When Onassis bought Monte Carlo, newspapers began referring to him as The Golden Greek. Shortly thereafter, interviews with Niarchos popped up in which he, too, was called The Golden Greek. Onassis bought an El Greco painting, Niarchos bought an El Greco. To match Onassis' fabulous yacht, the *Christina*, Niarchos purchased the world's largest privately owned sailing vessel, the *Creole*. Onassis promptly bought the *Phantom*, a sailing ship twice as big as the *Creole*. "Phooey!" said Niarchos (or at least the Greek equivalent of "phooey"), the *Creole* is a thoroughbred race horse. The *Phantom* is a mule." When society chroniclers in New York, London and Paris began to feature stories on Onassis' hoity-toity yachting parties, Niarchos rustled up Elsa Maxwell to run a well-touted Mediterranean junket in one of *his* ships, complete with movie actresses and Aly Khan.

The Rivals: They love ships, El Grecos and a father-in-law

Each one claims to have pioneered in the shipping field, but the chronology would seem to favor Onassis. It is a matter of record that he bought his first ships in 1930, whereas it was not until 1939 that Niarchos set up his own shipping company, although he claims he was instrumental in 1935 in persuading his uncles, for whose flour-milling company he worked in Greece, to purchase their own ships in which to carry grain from Argentina. At any rate, in 1946 Onassis married the beautiful sixteen-year-old Athina Livanos, daughter of wealthy Greek shipowner Stavros Livanos, and a year or two later Niarchos married her sister Eugenie. Onassis saw to it that his wife became a naturalized American, and both his children—Alexander, now eight, and Christina, six—are native-born Americans. Mrs. Niarchos also journeyed to the United States to bear each of *her* two children, Philip, now four, and Spyros, two. It is probably not unintentional that all the children are thus eligible to own stock in companies where American laws prohibit the participation of their fathers, neither one of whom is a United States citizen.

The sharpest race between the two men is in the construction of oil tankers. Onassis claims to have been the first shipowner to develop the super tankers, following World War II. Prior to that time, the largest tanker afloat was 18,000 tons. Onassis jumped this to 30,000 at one fell swoop. In 1951, Niarchos claimed the world's biggest, the 31,745-ton *World Unity*, and from then on, the two Greeks have played ticktacktoe with tankers. Onassis built one of 32,000 tons; Niarchos built the *World Glory*, 45,509 tons. Onassis came up with the *Al Malik Saud Al Awal*, 47,000 tons. Last year, Niarchos launched the 47,750-ton *Spyros Niarchos*. Daniel Ludwig then stepped into the game and almost broke it up with his *Universe Leader*, 85,500 tons. Onassis rallied swiftly and, late in 1956, placed his order with Bethlehem Steel for a behemoth of 100,000 tons, slated for delivery in 1960. Then, early in January of this year, Niarchos placed an order, also with Bethlehem, for a tanker of 106,500 tons, to be delivered in 1959. Onassis, of course, can still make changes in tonnage and delivery date.

A source close to Onassis explains the feud on psychological grounds. "Onassis loaned Niarchos the money to get started in shipping," he says, "and helped him along the way both in his business and his personal life. Well, you know the old saying, 'No good deed ever goes unpunished.' Niarchos has resented him ever since."

Onassis, himself, is philosophical about it. "I have suggested to Niarchos," he told me, "that the way he can get over this is really quite simple. He should do something nice for *me!* But for Niarchos that is very hard."

That this situation is productive of some lively marital debates in the respective households is easily imaginable. Nevertheless, the two couples are frequently thrown together at the same gay and opulent gatherings in various world capitals, and their outward demeanor is suave and debonair, no matter what emotions may be seething underneath or whose husband just built the biggest tanker.

Printed accounts of Onassis are fond of referring to him as the hero of a rags-to-riches adventure story. It has been said that he started as a penniless bellhop, as a dishwasher, as a common laborer. According to him, much of this is fiction.

"They say that I was born in Salonika," he says. "I wasn't. I was born in 1906 in Smyrna where my father was one of the wealthiest tobacco merchants in the city. After I graduated from high school I was all set to be sent to Oxford, when Kemal Ataturk moved in on the Greeks in September, 1922. I have read accounts that my father and brothers were killed by the Turks, but that isn't true either. I didn't have any brothers. However, my three uncles were hanged, and my father was imprisoned, but after a few months we were able, through influence, to have him released. The family decided that I should go to Argentina. The Smyrna Greeks were then without a country, so I traveled on what was called a 'Nansen passport,' named after the Norwegian explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, who was chairman of the Norwegian Association for the League of Nations—he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1922—and who arranged for stateless refugees to emigrate to other lands.

"I made the trip to Argentina with a thousand other emigrants on a ship which ordinarily would have carried no more than two hundred passengers. It was quite a trip. I landed with $60 in my pocket. I was sixteen years old. I got a job in the Buenos Aires telephone exchange, working nights until seven in the morning. I used to listen in on the calls and I picked up a lot of Spanish that way. In the daytime, I took around tobacco samples from Greece. After six months, I made a tobacco sale for $20,000 and got a five per cent commission. I kept working at the telephone exchange nights for a year and sold tobacco in the daytime. Sleep? Who needs sleep?"

Apparently a pawky, personable lad, with his eye on the main chance, Onassis soon became an extremely successful tobacco importer around South America. The year 1930 to most people meant world-wide depression, but to Onassis it spelled opportunity. He learned that in Montreal the Canadian National Railways were putting up some freighters for sale. Each ship had cost $2,000,000 to build only eleven years before and was now going for $20,000. Onassis took a gamble and bought six of them.

"I kept them in port for a year," he recalls. "Then I sent one of them to England, loaded with a shipment of Canadian paper for the London *Daily Mail*. I held my breath until that ship got there! But everything went off all right, and from then on I knew what I could do. The next year I was twenty-five, and had made my first million."

Thenceforth it was to be his destiny to take *many* a risk and reap a windfall. If he had any motto at all, it might well be, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"I was the first Greek to go into oil tankers," he says proudly. "None of the others would touch them. They all waited to see how I made out. I had three oil tankers built in Sweden in 1935. It wasn't until 1948—thirteen years later—that the other Greeks decided it was safe enough for them, too."

International Sets: He loses a set but wins the game

During the war he ran his ships for the Allies at a tidy profit. Because he foresaw the enormous future demand for oil, his was the first postwar order for tankers in the United States: six 28,000-ton jobs built by Bethlehem at Sparrows Point for a total cost of $34,000,000. Gambling on Germany's comeback, he placed an additional $70,000,000 order with shipyards in Hamburg and Kiel, and he also picked up a fleet of surplus U.S. warships. Late in 1954, the Justice Department charged that he had illegally acquired twenty-five of these ships (our shipping laws forbid control by aliens of ships under U.S. flags, and Onassis holds dual citizenship in Greece and Argentina), seized sixteen of them, and sued him for $20,000,000. For a spell there it looked as if he were in trouble. No one knows better than Onassis, however, that there are more ways than one to skin a cat. After a series of highly complicated negotiations, he paid a fine of $7,000,000, and swore out an affidavit before the U.S. Consul in Nice on March 12, 1956, in which he said that he had no ownership, direct or indirect, in any of the corporations operating the U.S. ships. The American government was satisfied. Later on, when he negotiated the $55,000,000 contract for construction of the forthcoming 100,000-ton tanker and two smaller ones, he reached an agreement with the government whereby he will be permitted to transfer an undisclosed number of his older tankers to foreign flag operation. The new giant will sail under the American flag, and will be operated by a company set up in behalf of Onassis' two small children. So that fixes that.

Onassis at one time owned a nineteen-ship whaling fleet which employed a thousand men. In 1954 a group of these vessels sailed from Hamburg to hunt whales off the Peruvian coast. Somehow or other—in Hamburg, curiously enough—the word leaked out that the whalers were

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hunting within the 200-mile offshore Peruvian limit. The Peruvians, however, paid no attention until someone saw to it that the territorial poaching was pointed out to President Manuel Odria, who then ordered patrol planes out in hot pursuit. The planes captured four ships, machine-gunned two and forced a factory ship into port by dropping two bombs close by. The Peruvian government demanded $15,000,000 as a fine. By a fortunate coincidence, Onassis had taken out $15,000,000 worth of anti-confiscation insurance with Lloyd's of London before the fleet left Hamburg. The case was settled when Lloyd's paid Peru $3,000,000 and another $1,000,000 to Onassis for lost time.

You Can't Take It With You: What's a mere $3,000,000,000?

Around the same period, the Norwegian government claimed that Onassis' whaling fleet not only had exceeded its quota for several seasons, but had also caught sperm whales in the Antarctic out of season, and furthermore had caught undersized whales and apparently forgotten to throw them back. In connection with this beef, a West German court ordered the confiscation of the $2,000,000 whale-oil cargo of the *Olympic Sun* and another ship, the *Olympic Challenger*, was seized in Rotterdam by Dutch authorities who ordered Onassis to pay $446,000 for its release. Onassis finally solved everything by paying $430,000 into a new fund for the benefit of the Norwegian whaling industry, and selling the fleet—kit and caboodle—to a Japanese whaling company for $8,500,000. "It got to be too much of a gamble," he explains laconically. "You might make $11,000,000 in a season, and again you might make only $3,000,000—or maybe even as low as $1,000,000 or $2,000,000," he added. Sounds reasonable.

One of the least impressive of Onassis' ventures, from a financial point of view, but one of the most fanciful and amusing is the whole Monte Carlo deal, a real-life, old-style operetta which the Shubert brothers would have loved. (In fact, if they had put it on, it would probably have outrun *Blossomtime*.) A corporation with the quaintly archaic name of *Société des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers* controls the famed gambling casino. Ten per cent of the take goes to Prince Rainier and provides his income. Late in 1952 business was bad and Rainier sent three directors of the organization out scouting for a loan. During their absence, Onassis, who had decided that tax-free Monaco was an ideal spot in which to locate his headquarters, had tried to rent a building for office space and had been turned down. He wangled a luncheon date with Rainier and shortly thereafter the Prince, who is boat-crazy, found himself the proud and happy possessor of a 137-foot diesel yacht. The cost was a piddling $135,000, and Onassis insists that all he did was the shopping and that Rainier paid the bill. Many people, however, choose to believe that it was a thoughtful gift from Onassis, who could afford it. At any rate, the Prince in 1953 approved Onassis' plan to buy control of the corporation from 31,000 stockholders for a bargain price of $1,000,000. At that moment the three absent directors came bustling back to Monaco happy as sandboys with the news that four of the largest French banks had agreed to put up the money needed by Monte Carlo. To their dismay, they found that the palace gates were closed to them and guarded by splendidly costumed *carabinieri*. They resigned in a huff, and their places as directors of the *Societe des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers* were promptly taken over by Onassis men.

Scuttlebutt rumor has it, however, that the Prince has not been entirely joyful over the way things have since turned out. For one thing, as the talk of Monaco, he is said to be considerably miffed by the constant references to Onassis as "the man who bought Monte Carlo" and "the man behind the throne." For another, there is the matter of Onassis' own yacht.

In June, 1954, Onassis bought the 322-foot Canadian destroyer-escort *Stormont*, built in 1943 in Montreal. He sent it to Kiel and had it rebuilt at a cost of $2,500,000. Powered by twin Vickers-Armstrong reciprocating engines, it can do 18½ knots. It carries on board a Mercedes speedboat which will do 60 m.p.h., an Italian twin-engine hydroplane which can do 200 m.p.h., eleven lifeboats and a 6-ton sailboat fitted out with a transmitter and a refrigerator. It has a telephone system capable of communicating with any city or ship within 5,000 miles, a radar system, and full air conditioning. It also has a complete doctor's operating room, a broad spiral staircase serving three levels of the ship, a working fireplace built of lapis lazuli, and a mosaic-tiled dance floor which, at the touch of a button, lowers nine feet to become a swimming pool, with colored underwater lights.

The rest of the yacht is furnished in appropriately lavish style. In the bathroom of Onassis' own four-room suite, for example, the faucets are all gold-plated solid-silver dolphins, and the sunken tub is lined with mosaic tile. In the bar, the foot and hand rests are made of engraved whale's teeth. Beneath the bar's glass top lies a fleet of tiny models representing ships of all types, ancient and modern, which are drawn along by electromagnets and button-controlled. The bar stools are covered with white leather from the underbelly of whales, or, to be more anatomically exact, from whales' testicles. There are eight guest suites and a separate suite for Onassis' children, in addition to the crew's quarters, the kitchens, dining rooms and the various lounges adorned with such knickknacks as a $25,000 jade Buddha whose head and arms move, and an especially designed phonograph which automatically adjusts to the rolling of the ship.

In short, there is no getting around the fact that, when put beside the

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Christina, Rainier's yacht looked like a dinghy. Furthermore, until Rainier sold his yacht, they were anchored side by side in the Monte Carlo harbor. When Grace Kelly and her future husband sailed into the harbor on Rainier's little yacht, the attention of the waiting crowds was distracted from the lovers by the giant booming of the *Christina's* horn. At the same time Onassis' bright yellow seaplane bombarded the startled pair with five hundred carnations, while from the *Christina* there shot up a rocket which burst forth in a parachute carrying the American and Monacan flags. From then on the name of Onassis figured prominently in newspaper accounts of the wedding festivities. Columns of ecstatic prose were devoted to the dazzling details of the fabulous party he hosted for the royal pair at a reputed cost of $500,000, and his lavish gifts: a $30,000 Rolls Royce for the Prince, and for Grace a tiara of diamonds and rubies which comes apart to form necklace and clips, plus a plain diamond bracelet which she can wear with anything, and a $110,000 emerald necklace. Whether or not Onassis actually made all these gestures, the newspaper accounts gave him credit for them and, for a while there, Rainier must have felt somewhat like an actor who finds himself sharing his big scene with a rambunctious and super-endowed child star.

Night and Day: The man who plays with power

The Onassis who is seen dancing at El Morocco night after night, lunching at the Colony and acting the genial host in his Sutton Square home, gives little indication of being other than a sleek, gregarious pleasure-seeker, a big spender, a lighthearted sybarite. Better looking than his photographs, he has black hair touched with grey, fine dark eyes, a fierce aquiline nose, and a mouth of singular and unexpected beauty. His build is slight but very strong. In his youth he was quite an athlete and even today he enjoys such exhilarating sports as water skiing behind a hydroplane. He talks easily and directly; his manner is courteous and friendly. It is only when you talk to him alone, against the background of his office, that you sense the kinetic tension, the dangerous and smoldering excitement of a man who plays with power.

Where does he really want to go and what does he want? In one of his sworn depositions, Catapodis said: "Onassis told me that he would play an important part in the development of the natural resources in Saudi Arabia which would make him the most powerful man in the world."

The brief prepared by Catapodis' lawyer referred to Onassis' "intrigues in both hemispheres, his 'money talks' philosophy, his ruthlessness, his debonair abandon, and his utter disrespect of constitutional authority and the sanctity of the judicial process."

Onassis himself does not deny his drive for power. "It is not a question of money any more," he says. "After you reach a certain point, money becomes unimportant. What matters is success. I know that the sensible thing would be for me to stop now. But I can't do it. I have to keep on. Not for the money, but for the thrill. I must keep aiming higher and higher"—he pauses and shrugs his shoulders—"even though I know how silly it all is."

The Man of Many Countries: He buys flags by the gross

In the past, Onassis has operated most of his ships under "flags of convenience"—Panama, Liberia, Costa Rica, Honduras and Saudi Arabia. In this way he has been able to cut costs by paying only picayune taxes and employing non-union crews who are paid less than a third of the U.S. scale. Many of his tankers were built without his laying out an initial penny. His method was to approach an oil company and offer to carry a specified number of tons in return for a long-term contract. He would then take the contract to an organization like the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company or the First National City Bank and, on the strength of it, get the money to build the tankers by mortgaging them in advance. Thus he has been able to net profits running as high as $45,000,000 a year before amortization charges. He has said: "As a Greek, I belong to the West. As a shipowner, I belong to capitalism. Business objectives dictate the details of my operations, and my favorite country is the one that grants the maximum immunity from taxes and trade restrictions."

His giant new vessel, however, will be operated under the American flag on the U.S.-Persian Gulf run. She will have a 26,000-mile cruising radius and be able to make better than 17 knots. She will be 940 feet long, with a height from keel to main deck equal to that of a seven-story building. She will carry more than 825,000 barrels of oil, or enough to fill the tanks of 2,150,000 passenger automobiles. If Onassis can help it, she will be larger than any vessel now afloat.

It is conceivable that many problems may arise in connection with this colossus of the seas. It is equally inconceivable that Onassis has not already thought of them and made plans to surmount them. The history of his life has shown that no matter what the hassle, he is always ready for it: tough, imperturbable, foresighted, daring—and slick as a mitten. To every undertaking he brings his own intense flair for the dramatic and the colorful, plus a genius for intrigue as dashing and garlanded with fable as that of the wily Odysseus, and an apparently insatiable passion for skating on the razor-thin ice of international maneuvers. Whatever the ultimate comment on his life may be, one thing is already obvious: there have been comparatively few dull moments in it, either for Onassis or for anyone who comes within his radius. ###

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WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT

Never insult a lady by offering her an honest proposition *A Short Story* by **NATHANIEL BENCHLEY**

FROM his seat at the bar, Austin Perkins could see everybody who came into the restaurant, and from five-thirty until seven he watched every new arrival without seeing one celebrity—or at any rate a celebrity he recognized. It was of no real importance to him, but whenever he returned from his infrequent trips to New York (one every four years was the average), his colleagues at the university always asked him if he'd seen anybody famous, and he would have liked to have been able to say yes. He never would have admitted that he was on the lookout for celebrities, however, because he considered such a pastime as being about on a par with autograph hunting. And if he had seen Greta Garbo he wouldn't have told his wife about it, because she was not one of those who asked, and she wouldn't care one way or the other. All she cared about was that he remember his position at the university and behave accordingly. He had never given her any cause to worry.

He slid his empty glass toward the bartender. "Another highball, please," he said. "And make it light." He had had two highballs in the hour and a half he had been there; two was normally his limit for an evening, but he reasoned that if he took the next one slowly he couldn't get into any trouble. The bartender refilled his glass, then took his check and stamped it in the register and returned it to him.

"Things pretty slow tonight?" Perkins asked as the bartender began to wipe an empty glass.

"It's early yet," the bartender replied. "Seven thirty, eight o'clock, and it'll be jammed."

Perkins sipped his drink. "Where I come from, everybody's finished dinner by quarter to seven," he said.

"You from out of town?" the bartender asked.

Perkins nodded. "You've probably never even heard of the place," he said. "A small university town out in Indiana."

"I wouldn't know it," said the bartender. "I never been farther west than Trenton. Except of course, in the Army. And that don't count."

"I guess not," said Perkins, and smiled. "But I wouldn't know about that, either."

"What do you do?" asked the bartender. "You teach?"

"Yes," said Perkins. "More or less." The bartender looked up at him, and Perkins explained. "I'm head of the sociology department. In that field there's as much research, experimenting and learning as there is teaching."

The bartender put down the glass and picked up another. "I always thought the professors knew all the answers," he said.

Perkins smiled again. "Not by a long shot," he said. "That's why we have conventions every so often, to exchange ideas, get new thoughts. If we kept the same answers all the time, we'd never get anywhere."

"I'll be damned," said the bartender. "No wonder my brother flunked." A couple sat down at the far end of the bar and he moved off to serve them.

Perkins looked around the room, which was beginning to fill with people. A couple was talking with the headwaiter, and Perkins was surprised to see that the man had one arm around the headwaiter's shoulders. The man was tall, and wore a violent yellow tie that hung outside his jacket, and his shoes were an elaborate mixture of brown and white. He seemed almost to be leaning on the headwaiter, but after a moment he straightened up and took the arm of the girl with him and headed for the bar. The girl was short and blonde, and wore what looked like a silver fox cape. Perkins didn't notice any more, because the couple sat on the seats next to his, and he turned and looked into his drink. He didn't intend to eavesdrop, but it was impossible for him not to hear.

"We'll get a table soon," the man said. "I gave him ten bucks."

"Wasn't that a lot?" the girl asked.

"Listen, baby, I don't care what I spend," said the man. "This is going to be the best little old evening you ever had. The best little old evening and the best little old night, and the best little old week end. Anything you want. What'll you have to drink?"

"Oh, a rye and Seven, I guess," she said.

"A rye and Seven and a rye and ginger," the man said to the bartender. Then to the girl he said, "All I want to know is how come I'm so lucky. Why should this happen to me?"

The girl shrugged and looked at the back bar. "Who knows?" she said. "Maybe you're born lucky."

"There's only one little thing I'd like to know," said the man. "You don't go to that place often, do you?"

"I told you already," the girl said. "Sometimes I go there for lunch or something during the daytime, but I almost never go there at night. The only reason I was there tonight was I was to meet a girl friend, and she didn't know any other place. That's the only reason."

"That's good," said the man. "That's no place for a girl like you."

"I keep telling you I don't go there. Not at night, at any rate. It was only because this girl friend—"

"Okay, okay," he said. "I just wanted to be sure. Let's forget about it."

"I mean, it isn't as though—"

"Look—let's forget it. If you hadn't been there I wouldn't have met you, so it's lucky all around. I just wanted to make sure."

"Well, I told you already."

"I know you told me. Now we're going to do whatever you want to do. We'll have a good dinner here—the best they got—and then we'll go dancing, or to a club or something—say, you know what? We could go down to Atlantic City for the week end. How would you like that?"

"Well, I'll have to see," she said slowly. "I kind of promised some people I'd be here Sunday night."

"Call 'em up and tell 'em you can't make it."

"I'm not so sure if that would be good. Maybe I better think about it."

"Take all the time you want," he said. "All the time you want. First thing we do is get dinner." He looked at the bartender. "Say," he said, "ask that captain what happened to my table, will you?"

The bartender made no acknowledgment, and moved down the bar. *If I listen for a hundred years*, Perkins thought, *I'll never hear anything like this again.* He turned his head so as to hear better, and pretended to be studying the opposite wall.

"All I want to know is how I could be so lucky," the man was saying. "Imagine a guy like me having all this luck."

"You're sweet," the girl said, in a distant sort of way.

"Look, baby, you don't know anything. We're going to have the

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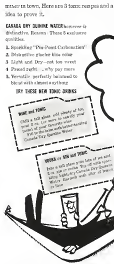

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CANADA DRY

QUININE WATER

best little old week end you ever had in your life. Anything you want you just speak up and it's yours. Anything at all."

The girl sipped her drink slowly. Out of the corner of his eye Perkins noticed that she had drunk almost none of it. *She's got a long road ahead of her,* he thought, and smiled. *She knows how to pace herself.*

"Say, I've got an idea," the man said. "How would you like to go on a boat tomorrow?"

The girl looked at him. "What kind of a boat?" she asked suspiciously.

"You ever heard of George Craddock?" he asked, and she shook her head. "Well, he's a good friend of mine. He's got a cabin cruiser he keeps up the Sound, and he says whenever I'm in town all I've got to do is call him and ask him if I can use it. How would you like that?"

"I get seasick," she said.

"Not on this, you wouldn't. Hell, you can't get sick on the Sound. And if old George comes along, we'll have a million laughs. I guess I never knew anyone who could drink like George. Laugh! I almost died.

"Look, baby, I'm not trying to run your life for you," he went on. "You don't want to go boating, we don't go boating. It's as easy as that. Maybe Atlantic City would be better, anyway, if you know what I mean. It's whatever you say."

"Let's think about it for a while, should we?" she said.

"Whatever you say."

"I MEAN, there are these people I told I'd be here Sunday night, is what I mean."

"We'll let Sunday night take care of itself," he said. "We just see what happens between now and then."

"I think that's the best idea," she said.

"Whatever you say. I feel so lucky I'm agreeable to anything."

"Excuse me a minute," she said. She got off the bar stool and went into the back of the restaurant, and Perkins noticed that her shoes had heels of transparent plastic, which made a sharp clicking noise as she walked. The man leaned over and nudged him.

"This is going to cost me at least three hundred bucks," the man said, and smiled. "Worth every nickel of it."

Perkins swallowed, and tried to smile back. "I guess so," he said.

The man leaned closer. "I mean, what the hell—it's expense account," he said. "And when you think what I spend back home—of my own money—just to keep peace and quiet around the house, this is nothing. Nothing." He snapped his fingers, then looked almost into Perkins' eyes and said, "Do you know what I spend in one month? In one lousy month, just on food and clothes and all that junk?"

Perkins took a big swallow of his drink. "No," he said. "What?"

"Fifteen hundred bucks," the man said. "Fifteen hundred lousy bucks, and nothing to show for it. Nothing. All down the drain."

"Well," Perkins said, and tried to think of some comment, "That's the way it goes, I guess," he could laugh.

"You bet your life it is," said the man. "That's just the way it goes." Perkins had begun to perspire, and the man went on. "So what's a little three or four hundred bucks on the expense account? Nothing!" He snapped his fingers again. "You on an expense account, friend?"

"No," said Perkins. "I mean—yes. In a way." He finished his drink and nervously slid his glass toward the bartender.

"Put that on my check, Mac," the man said, as the bartender refilled Perkins' glass.

"Oh, I couldn't," said Perkins. "I mean—"

"What's the difference who pays?" said the man. "Next round you can buy. It's all on the company anyway."

"Thank you," said Perkins, and the man raised his glass and they both drank. Perkins' hand was trembling slightly, and he took an extra swallow to steady himself. A warm glow began to spread behind his ears.

The girl came back and sat down at the bar, and the man turned to her. "What do you say about eating now?" he asked. "You hungry?"

"Sure," she said. "If you want to."

He snapped his fingers at the bartender. "Hey, Mac," he said, but the bartender was busy and didn't hear him. "You!" the man shouted, and this time the bartender looked up. "Tell that captain I want to talk to him." The bartender hesitated, and the man said, "Get him over here. Right now." The bartender moved to the end of the bar and said something to a waiter. The man turned back to the girl. "You gotta keep after these guys all the time," he muttered.

The headwaiter appeared. "Yes, sir," he said, quietly. "It'll be just a few minutes."

"It's already been a few minutes," said the man. "It's already been a goddam half hour."

"I'm sorry, sir, but there's nothing yet."

"Well, see that you get something. And I don't want any of those tables out in the middle, either. I want one along the wall."

The headwaiter didn't change his expression. "I'm sorry, sir, those are all taken," he said.

"What do you mean they're all taken?"

"Just that, sir. They're all reserved."

"You mean I'm not going to get one?"

"That's right, sir. They're all taken."

The man slid off his bar stool. "Well, the hell with this," he said. "I don't have to put up with this kind of stuff. Bartender!" He reached in his pocket and brought out a roll of bills. "Give me my check." He stripped three bills off the roll and tossed them onto the bar. "There are plenty of places around town better than this where I can get any table I want, and don't you forget it either, buster." He glared at the headwaiter, then turned to the girl. "Come on," he said. "Let's go." She didn't move, and he said, "I'm getting outa here. Are you with me?"

She looked up and stared into his eyes. "No," she said.

There was a silence of about three seconds, and then the man spun around and walked quickly out of the restaurant. The headwaiter returned to the tables.

For several minutes, Perkins didn't dare look up from his drink. He was aware that the girl was sitting one stool down from him, and he was afraid that she might be looking at him, and that he might have to say something if their eyes should meet. He finished his drink—he couldn't remember whether it was his third or his fourth, but it didn't seem to matter—and held out the glass to the bartender. As he did, he glanced quickly at the girl, and saw that she was staring into her glass, from which she had drunk no more than the last time he had looked. All at once he felt curiously sorry for her. *Here she's thrown away a whole week end,* he thought, *and she didn't even get dinner out of it. One drink that she isn't drinking, and that's all. It would have been a grueling week end, but still . . . What is she going to do now? Probably go to an Automat for dinner, and then home. By God, you had to give her credit, the way she answered back to that man. She'd showed him, all right. And not even a dinner did she get for it; if she'd wanted to, she could at least have waited until after dinner to tell him off.*

Slowly an idea began to take form in Perkins' mind, an idea so preposterous that for a few minutes he didn't consider it seriously. *Suppose,* he thought, *just suppose I were to offer to buy her dinner—just dinner and nothing more. Make that perfectly clear at the start. Buy her dinner, and then drop her off wherever she wants to go. It would probably be the first time in years anybody had done a thing like that for her—maybe the first time ever. I wonder if she'd loosen up and talk a little. She probably would. And if she did, just imagine what a story she could tell. It would probably be a relief to her, to talk to someone who had nothing in mind. It might even be the basis for a strange and rewarding friendship . . . Come on, Perkins. Don't be crazy.*

He finished his drink, and signaled for another. *All right, what's so crazy about it? What's the matter with taking a girl to dinner? Not at this restaurant, of course, but somewhere else, where it wouldn't be too public, and there would be no chance of being recognized by other men from the convention. The least the girl deserves is a dinner, after the way she stood up to that guy . . . All right, Perkins, are you a man or aren't you? All your life you've wished you'd done things you didn't. Now's your chance. You've got absolutely nothing to lose. Go ahead, or you'll be too late. Once again, you'll be too late, and you'll always wonder what it would have been like. Just for once, why not do something you want to?*

He turned on his stool and looked at her. "I beg your pardon," he said. "May I suggest something?"

Her eyes met his, and there was no expression in them. "What?" she asked.

"I should like to suggest that we have dinner," Perkins said. "Dinner and that's all. Nothing else. We'll have dinner, and then I'll drop you off wherever you want to go."

SHE looked at him as though he were speaking a foreign language. "Where do we have dinner?" she asked.

"Oh—any number of places," Perkins said. "We could go to a Childs, or—or there's a place I heard of in Greenwich Village, or—or any quiet place. You know."

"Yes, I know," she said, and her eyes hardened. "And I'll tell you something, you condescending son of a bitch. I could eat here if I wanted to. Right at a table in this room, and by myself. How do you like that?"

"I'm sorry," Perkins stammered. "I didn't mean to—"

"You didn't mean to do anything." She sneered. "Oh, no. You're all alike, you pompous snivelling bastards. You go eat at Childs yourself, if that's what you want."

Perkins put his hands to his ears, and felt as though he were choking. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry I spoke. Forget it."

"You bet I'll forget it," she said, her voice rising. "And I'll forget you, too, so quick it'll make your head swim."

"All right," said Perkins. "All right! I'm sorry!" He got off the stool, and dug frantically in his wallet for some money.

"That's it—run, you punk!" she said. "Run out of here quick, before somebody sees you! Shoo!"

She laughed a throaty laugh, and Perkins scattered money on the bar and hurried from the room, aware that several people were looking at him. He was out on the sidewalk before he realized that he had left his hat in the checkroom, but nothing could have made him go back inside. He breathed deeply the night air, and when his head stopped spinning, he started slowly to walk to the corner. *I'll get the hat tomorrow,* he said to himself. *I can go back and get it tomorrow noon. Or, even better, send a boy around from the hotel and have him get it. That's the best way. Get a boy to do it, so that nobody could possibly recognize me again. I'll probably have to tip him a dollar, but it will be worth it. If it's only a dollar, I can put it on the expense account, and nobody will be the wiser.* ###

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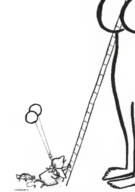

BOSOMS AWAY

A disturbing inquiry into the American man's flight from female nudity

by BEN HECHT

If you want proof that the American male is becoming infantile, look at his canonization of the female breast. It—they—are his fairyland.

Our citizen will glow a bit at a pair of fine gams. A basketball *derrière* draws a fond leer from him. A pair of wheat-cake lips painted a bright red will put a glint in his eye. But these are minor responses compared to his oriental salaam before four extra inches of bust measurement.

Confronted by such a bulge of blouse or sweater, the American male snorts like a caribou in the spring thaws. When an actress with cantaloupe contours appears on the screen, Marines stomp their feet, husbands tug at their leashes and college boys roll their eyes like Tristans. Even critics (some of them) sit artistically enchanted.

This kowtow to enlarged female glands is a new American characteristic. Even twenty-five years ago an overpronounced bosom was considered embarrassing by its owner and escort alike. "Nursing mother" and "opera singer" were disparaging names for a bosomy girl.

On the movie screens, vampires and invaders of virtue were officially flat-chested. If not so by nature, their costumes put over the illusion of buds rather than balloons. In that day legs were the thing, and a glimpse of complex lingerie. Today legs have been devaluated and a bulbous front will make a star quicker than Pavlova's face or Dietrich's pins.

England recently sent its most publicized bosom to Hollywood. Oddly, the Albion wonders did not stampede the American male. It couldn't have been because they were alien. Italian bosoms have replaced Christopher Columbus and Michelangelo in American esteem.

I think that the trouble with the British entries was that they were not surreptitiously presented. They were publicized like art imports and one had the feeling the fair owner had even paid a large duty on them.

The American male likes his mammary fetish a bit under cover. (His mother was no exhibitionist.) Unlike the Frenchman, his libido shies from a line of fifty unbrassièred beauties. Englishmen and Frenchmen halloo at this sort of blatant mass eroticism. In London and Paris a musical number will wind up with the chorus naked above the waistline, looking as if awaiting their turn under the shower. The audience gets a five-minute study period with a dozen spotlights helping out.

In the U.S.A. this is bad showmanship. Nudity must be furtive to win our male huzzahs. For his special area of interest, the American insists on a sweater or a tight blouse. He likes his fairyland under veils. His erotic response, if it is an erotic response, is increased by the innocence of the seductive one. Since women have taken to exposing publicly all but nine square inches of their bodies, uncovered legs and midriffs have lost their sensual status. Aware that these areas have become old hat to the balcony as well as the bald-headed row, musical show producers are presenting their chorus as fully clothed as churchgoers. Part of this revolution is due to the Americans' new obsession that the female El Dorado begins above the waistline. A flash at the end of a striptease which uncovers six of the nine tabooed inches will bring a salvo from one American today. But he wants only a flash.

Allowed a good look, he will twitch with embarrassment. The Mother Image at the bottom of his bosom hunger has been violated. Show him a completely bare woman and he will most likely turn his head away. Mother wouldn't stand around showing everything like that.

When you stop to ponder that a woman's breasts have no sexual function other than advertisement, that they are not designed for adult diversion but for infant sustenance, you get scientific insight into our national mammary worship. The average American who takes unto himself a small-breasted woman feels secretly swindled. She may be as eruptive as Mount Etna, as responsive as Wyatt Earp's trigger finger, but he will feel, nevertheless, out of the money. The sight of a busty wench will make him sigh for the might-have-beens of amour.

Obviously the whole thing is psychic and even political. (I'll get to the politics shortly.) Since the female bosom is of no practical use in the art of love (at least, not in the Western Democracies) and contributes to actual pleasure hardly more than the lady's pompadour, it must make some deep psychic signal to the male. There is no mystery here. As I have already hinted, the deep psychic signal involved is mama's call to her infant to come and get it.

This newly hatched American infantilism is not confined to cooing over large bosoms. It shows itself in the way the new American buys things. His home has become a play pen full of useless objects or objects he could do without and he must keep dithering for more. It shows itself, also, in his response to the new barrage of television advertising. He listens to the commercials with the glassy, petrified eye of infancy. He dotes on reiteration. The success of television advertising—the most successful raid on our piggy banks since the Mississippi Bubble—is based on the American's babyish delight in hearing and seeing unvarying grimaces and sounds repeated over and over.

Whatever television has done to squash our cultural tastes seems to be unimportant. People who will look at idiotic television shows (or movies) are already scraping cultural bottom and not much injury can be done to them. The damage, if damage it be, is the infantilism spread by television commercials—spread, deepened and possibly made chronic.

Occupying the foreground in the American mind today are realistic

Subject for today is precision, specifically as related to the reproduction of music. "Transducer" is the technical word for a precise loudspeaker. In our high fidelity sound system made with components—separate, independently produced loudspeaker, power amplifier, radio tuner, so on—we are using the best means at our disposal to reproduce music precisely as generated in the original live performance. Stands to reason that the loudspeakers which are to reproduce physically the complex sound wave-forms precisely as recorded and amplified must be made with the most exquisite precision. Whenever the words "precision" and "sound" and "loudspeakers" are stated on one side of an equation, the terms "JBL Signature" and "The Hartsfield" and "James B. Lansing Sound, Inc." comprise the most accurate corollary. James B. Lansing Sound, Inc. specializes in the manufacture of precision loudspeakers and loudspeaker systems. They make The Hartsfield—a masterpiece of precision acoustical craftsmanship. The Hartsfield is a speaker system made with massive, carefully formed, precisely fitted precision drivers, a long folded horn, an acoustical lens. Its superiority has been widely acknowledged by objective observers writing in national magazines, both popular and esoteric. The difference in precision between The Hartsfield and an ordinary speaker is the same as that between a navigational chronometer and a drug store alarm clock. The Hartsfield is the finest loudspeaker system for the home made anywhere in the world today. Thus, unfortunately, not everyone can own one. Fortunately, however, there are many variations on the theme of JBL Signature precision—other low frequency units, extended range speakers, high frequency units, big enclosures, small enclosures, reflex and folded horn. There is a JBL Signature speaker system just right for everyone's needs. Send for free catalog. And to hear the difference precision makes, also ask for the name of—and visit—your Authorized JBL Signature Audio Specialist.

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pictures of commodities which, with the kitchy kitchy-koo words of seduction that go with them, have been stamped into the American brain by a billion dollars' worth of television advertising.

I am certain when our inwardly tattooed citizen dreams idly in his warm tub no poetry or memories of art or even of love and adventure drift through his noggin. He sees instead beer bottles, deodorant bottles, hair-dye bottles, iceboxes, lipsticks, aluminum pots, cake mixers, cigarette packages, polished automobiles—with their chin-chucking slogans echoing around them. A genuine infant in its warm tub is similarly preoccupied with the wonders of its rubber duck and whatever other material objects are dear to the dawning soul of babyhood.

Infantilism is nothing new as a consumer impulse. Foolish acquisitiveness is a babyhood hang-over since the beginning of bargain hunting. Nor is infantilism new as a male sexual characteristic. The psychoanalysts have been coping with it for sixty years, and before them the historians. The newness lies in its becoming a national trait. And here we come to politics. I hold that the political jabberwocky sounding out of Washington and all the other capitals of our fog-headed world has fanned up a neurosis in my fellow Americans. Unable to make sense out of the adult world whooping and caterwauling around him, the American heads back for his cradle and its area of milk and honey. His mother's breast was an economic system that gave him no headaches. And people weren't always threatening to blow him off the earth. In fact, they were very nice to him—careful not to raise their voices in his presence.

A number of doctors tell me that the unending gabble of atom bombs, fall-out, mutations, et cetera has doubled the percentage of sexually frigid women in the U.S.A. One professor up on these matters assured me (assured is hardly the right verb) that at least sixty per cent of American women today were total strangers to sex sensations of any sort. You have to take such statistics without proper laboratory proof, but they sound plausible. Sex frigidity would explain the overactivity in other fields which seems to bring chiefly boredom and neuralgia to the ladies.

Our male infantilism is very likely a symptom of similar mishap threatening our masculinity. Bosom worship may be a halfway station or, more happily, a detour away from it. Of this I have no information. The acrobatics of the libido are an old tale. However involved, they have usually ended in nature's lap with no harm to the birth rate.

The kinship of bosoms and politics

But I recall an event that throws a small light on the odd kinship of bosoms and politics in the U.S. The event was a Hollywood party. There were a dozen fine-looking, bright-spoken girls at this party. And there was one wench with a bulging façade and some visible cleavage. She was a dull narcissistic girl so fascinated by herself that she was able to talk only of her creams, lotions and diets. It was known of her, also through the psychoanalytic grapevine, that she was as averse to sex as to splinters in her thumb. Yet nearly all the males were plastered like moths at her side and seemed ready to jettison their wives for her favors.

Watching this scene of mass seduction I knew it was untrue. The men involved were fine moral husbands—meaning they might stray into a secretary's hideaway apartment but they would no more take off with so publicized a siren than stick up a bank. The girl's bowling-ball front had signaled their id and beckoned them back to the blithe, stressless hours of their unweaned existence.

While I was sipping my drink and brooding on these matters, our hostess announced that President Eisenhower was on. She turned up the television sound and Mr. Eisenhower's eager and petulant voice filled the room. The bosom fanciers took their places in front of the set. They seemed to have the same look of gratitude for Eisenhower that they had lavished on the busty siren. All were devout Eisenhower men and had contributed time and money to his campaign for re-election.

Looking at Mr. Eisenhower on the TV glass I remembered the fretful explanations offered by the Democratic Party for the 1956 Eisenhower landslide. Nearly all the explainers, including the sapient Max Lerner, had it that Ike was a Father Image and that a frightened and befuddled citizenry had embraced blindly a seemingly all-knowing parent.

As I watched our President this finding struck me as completely upside down. No Father Image was addressing our nation, but as obvious a Baby Face as I have ever seen on an adult.

But my present interest is more in the psychological picture puzzle offered by the new back-to-the-cradle American. He will swoon on mama's bosom but he wants no papa around.

Some instinct, it may even be evolutionary wisdom, warns him that papa is a danger. Among some species papa has an on-and-off habit of devouring his young. Or it may be merely that an adult vocabulary with its accompanying ironies, recondite ideas and high-class perspectives irritates his new cradle dream. Whatever the reason, obviously the new American deems it safer to have one of his own kind in charge of his country—and the world. A Government of, by and for the Innocents. God knows, it may turn out fine.

I apologize for deserting so instructive a subject as bosoms for politics—a transition I am sure I would never have made in my earlier writings. On the other hand, everything today leads up to politics. No lunch, no essay, no amour is completed in our time without a bit of political fog.

However, my purpose in writing these pages was not to examine our political scene. It was only to offer to the genuine female with normal bosom the small assurance that at least one man knows the score. #

Empress Chinchilla by Lee Rille

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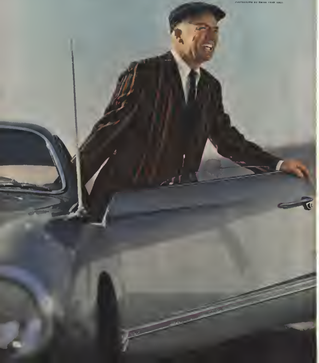

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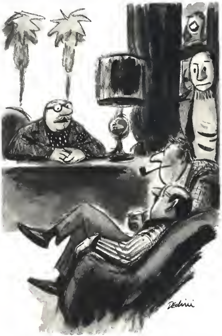


"It's time I cleaned out the 'yes' men in my orgonization—right, boys?"

Laurie in the dell

Lovely ladies who dreamed away their days in bosky dells some four hundred years ago were risking the auto-da-fé. But not Laurie Mathews—though she is definitely a sorceress, replete with beauty mark, enchanting spells and the dangerous fascination of eyes perilous for love no less than witchery. Like a latter-day sibyl listening to whispers of the future, Laurie can augur a cooler destiny for herself as she begins her modeling career

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARTER JONES

THE CASE FOR SEPARATE HUSBAND-WIFE VACATIONS

by EDITH EFRON

The American husband and wife, because they spend more time together than the couples of any other civilized nation, have finally become the Bobbsey Twins set of the Western world. They resemble each other more closely in clothes, activities and attitude than the married folk of any other culture anywhere.

Partly, this toxic co-existence is due to the fact that American males spend more time at home than the workingmen of almost any other nation. More importantly, however, it is due to a flood of marital propaganda in all communications media which portrays the inseparable couple as the only possible form that happiness can take in our monogamic society.

Tender pairs of males and females, hired by the hour, are selling wedded bliss on television commercials along with piston rings, aspirins and frozen soups. Symbolic brides and grooms bare their gleaming white teeth from thousands upon thousands of highway billboards.

Husband-and-wife breakfast shows, husband-and-wife quiz shows, "family" dramas, "family entertainment" (once defined by John Crosby in a sour moment as "that entertainment which bores the *whole* family"), "family" magazines have preached, pressured and panicked American wives and their dazed spouses into perpetual proximity which is steadily growing more loathsome to its practitioners and more ludicrous to the world at large.

By now the American husband's craw is jam full of "his and hers" bath towels, matching pillow cases, matching aprons, and matching milk mugs. He has had it up to the eyebrows with cooking, diapering babies, washing dishes, attending PTA meetings, community sings and folk dancing groups with his wife and children.

Convention plus wife equals a most conventional time

He cannot seek refuge in his job: if he is a young executive, his wife will be screened along with him when he is interviewed for his job. He cannot take off alone to a college reunion or a professional convention. The latest invitations all read "Bring your wife."

Even his vacation holds no hope of relief. His annual two-week rest is destined to be more of the same. He will be trapped in an automobile (the American Automobile Association has coyly called it "The American Home on Wheels") with frau and brood, seeing America first. Robert Benchley once wrote a bitter essay on traveling with youngsters, which, he said, "corresponds to traveling third class in Bulgaria." American fathers see no reason to disagree with him. The American vacation, like the American home, has become a nightmare of "togetherness."

But the tide—and apparently the worm—is about to turn. A few voices are already complaining loudly to the connubial wilderness. They are following the lead of Philip Wylie who first cried havoc a decade ago in his *Generation of Vipers*, in which he shot out a barrage of brutal verbiage at "Mum" who holds her mate in thrall. And the rebellious mutterings are not coming solely from the lunatic fringe.

The family magazines themselves appear, suddenly, to be struck by the damage they have helped to wreak in the American home. For the first time, they are cocking a critical snook at the ever-loving American couple—their own Frankenstein.

Life Magazine, in a recent issue devoted to the American woman, printed a symbolic lead photograph, a composite of a husband and wife—you could hardly tell where wife left off and husband began—and allowed a stable of psychiatrists to rave briskly away on the subject of the newly "feminized man" and "masculinized woman."

Even more surprising, *The Saturday Evening Post*, favorite bedtime reading of the lower-middle, middle middle and upper middle classes—has added its conservative voice to the hue and cry. Attracted by a large black cover blurb, astonished readers turned to *Husbands Can't Live in Captivity*—a vigorous article by a lady writer insisting that they let their husbands off the leash, and even put up with it should they stray into other pastures. An extraordinary document to appear in this land of marital diplopia.

Anthropologist Margaret Mead in the New York *Times* pointed out that this trend toward indistinguishability between husbands and wives is really on the skids. Future generations of American husbands and wives will lead more separated but compatible lives.

But what can you as a husband do about this problem *right now?*

You can do something very simple and very old-fashioned. You can go away, alone, for a few weeks, on a separate vacation.

A separate vacation sounds revolutionary today. However, some husbands—celebrities on tour, traveling salesmen, sailors, soldiers, journalists, buyers for corset houses, and senators—already have them all the time.

But the average husband is not a mobile worker: he is fixed to his office chair and commuter routine. For him, a separate vacation is vital because a separate vacation is good for marriage. It counteracts the petty monotonies of life *en famille*—the stock conversations as predictable as death and taxes, the classic quarrels, the substandard jokes, the succession of Junior's lamentable report cards, the chocolate fingerprints on the new LP's, the morbid pandering to baby sitters, the daily pryings of one's in-laws, the overwhelming lack of privacy. It provides a welcome break in the routine of life.

"The horror of marriage," Arnold Bennett once said, "is its intolerable dailiness." (Is it any wonder that we have the world's highest husband-wife murder rate, the world's highest divorce rate?) A separate vacation is a healthy antidote to this "dailiness."

A husband who has taken off for the hills—or for any emotional equivalent of the hills—looks and feels like a different man immediately. New York artist Bill Charmatz, who drew the map illustrating this article and who has studied vacationing husbands on two continents, remarked:

"There's a whale of a difference in the looks of a husband vacationing with his wife, and one vacationing alone. I'd draw the husband with wife as a series of vertical lines. Something like a procession of milk bottles on a conveyor belt—definitely at right angles to the ground. The husband on the loose without his wife I'd draw as an S curve. He's snaking along like a double-jointed banana.

Vacation plan of husband-minus-wife: just looking

"There's something new about his eyes. They're not glazed any more. The automatic blinder is gone, he's *looking*. And his look is deeper and longer—longer maybe by a fifth of a second.

"Also, there's something different about his mouth. When he's with his wife, his mouth is pursed. Alone, his lower lip slackens.

"Then, too, his head sits differently on his shoulders. The muscles that knot up in the back of his neck relax, and his head lolls back. It floats free, like a captive balloon."

Depending upon the husband, he will float free in different ways.

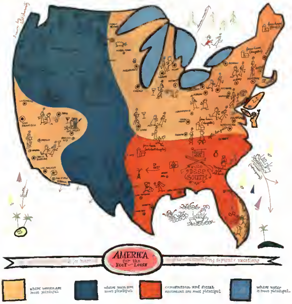
A discreet bull session of eight husbands in New York City—a poet, a writer, a singer, a television announcer, and four businessmen, all with a small degree of fame, if not notoriety—revealed that each had his own innocent dream of how he would use two weeks of freedom. The dreams were these: going off to Boston to research a family tree . . . wearing sloppy clothes and looking like a bum for two solid weeks . . . holing up in the woods with twenty good books . . . sailing on a banana boat to Central America . . . working on a novel . . . going to see a college friend . . . lying on a beach without moving . . . learning Greek!

There are others, millions of them, whose fantasies will command them to head for the cool, clear lakes and splendid grandeur of America's hunting lands. There is nothing, true huntsmen report, like the trumpeting of a moose to dispel marital ennui and make everything all right with the world! Quieter folk favor the gentle splash of a fish tail in northern waters. One of America's most noted sportsmen, author of several highly regarded books on trout fishing, confessed that his great love was neither the thrill of the catch nor the zest of the great outdoors.

"I just like being alone every once in a while," he said, smiling wistfully as the happy shrieks of what sounded like a generation of small vipers penetrated the piney panels of his study. "You cast your line and it murmurs softly as it settles on the water. A bird chirps, a leaf rustles, and that's all. No human voices."

There are those who yearn for the company of a mute Canadian guide in some primeval forest fastness or for the joys of sea spray in the face and the company of a talkative Floridian captain who knows where the big ones are. And there are those who feel at peace with themselves only in the deep heart of the Rockies, staring along the barrel of a shotgun into the eyes of an enraged grizzly bear. It takes all kinds of husbands to make a world. And they would take all kinds of vacations if they could. The single thing all these vacations have in common is an absence of women.

Or rather—to be precise—an absence of wives. Their own wives. The manly joys of the wide-open spaces are great indeed. But even the


DEEP SOUTH
AMERICA
for the
FOOT-LOOSE
separate vacations
where women are most plentiful
where men are most plentiful
convention and social restraint are most plentiful
where water is most plentiful.

enchantment of standing hip-deep in surf at Montauk Point outwitting the wily striped bass, can pall after a while. And many husbands—decadent urban types, no doubt—can genuinely relax only in smoke-filled bars, with soft lights and music, and two-legged game in view.

The late Doctor Kinsey shocked the nation with the news that every husband in America dreamed of being unfaithful to his wife—even if only fifty per cent had actually done so. The latent desire is unquestionably one of the driving motives behind some separate vacations.

"Every man," said one of the most popular columnists in America, "wants variety. Anyone who denies it is a liar or a fool. A man gets tired of the same er—delights. Besides, there's the fun of the chase. Man was made to chase. It's his God-given privilege to chase. And American marriage has deprived men of this privilege."

David Riesman, America's most publicized sociologist, says in one of his books that "there are certain advantages to making fun and play surreptitious—even sinful." He continues, in academic language, to express highly unacademic thoughts: "Freud's view of play as a kind of underground in adult life protects it—gives it some of the same chaotic freedom that the carnival provides in Catholic countries. As against this, contemporary (American) recreation sometimes tends to leave no room either for whore houses or for underground passages of any sort."

As compared to France, Italy or England, America is scarcely a sinful nation—in the philandering sense. Kinsey's fifty per cent figure is probably the highest fidelity figure in the world, even in world history.

The average American husband indeed is so inhibited that he is stuffy. He conceals his carnalesque fantasies behind an imperturbable mask of respectability. He seems about as eager as Madame Bovary to be thought virtuous—a curious development indeed in male psychology, and one which grows more intense as one reaches the American hinterlands. There is absolutely no man in the world, save for a Tibetan monk, who looks as austere and as disinterested in dames as the Midwestern VIP.

But underneath the façade, turbulences boil and bubble. Witness the recent revelations regarding rampant prostitution at conventions.

As Casanovas, most Americans are primitively inexperienced. They merely look and wish. Emboldened by alcohol, they occasionally pinch. They must be sensationally drunk to grab.

But, on the whole, they are a panicky lot—afraid of getting caught, afraid of missing trains. Complete rakes who have prolonged affairs with women or have more than one paramour stashed away are rare in America, unless they're extremely rich, extremely handsome, or extremely well read. (Literature *does* broaden the mind.)

There is no stable and dignified tradition of dalliance in our benighted land. "Mistress" and "lover" are not terms that the American uses comfortably; our contemporary language has no words for these things. And there is a kind of embarrassment in pursuing nameless social goals.

Nevertheless, with winks, leers, grunts, nudges, lunges and the great American Martini, the American husband on a separate vacation can manage to get along, if not perhaps with Continental elegance. Certainly even the most Milquetoastish of husbands would like to try venting his atavistic impulses—or, as Riesman would put it, to "open up a few underground passages." He should probably be allowed to—not only for sound sociological reasons but for the sake of his international reputation, which has become a comic scandal.

Where are the new territories? Where do hopeful gallants go?

A well-known president of an Ohio corporation, chatting confidentially about his own vacation wanderings from the path of austerity, unexpectedly dropped words which may have value for men less knowledgeable than he. "Men looking for adventure should stick close to big resort hotels. Jamaica, Nassau and the Virgin Islands are all sound choices. But the U.S. is a gold mine, if you know where to go.

If you're looking for gold, here are the lodes

"Women are easiest to meet in the big cities of the Northeast, the Midwest and Southern California. In big towns there are millions of lonely girls. New York is the most difficult of all. There's a high market value on attractive women in New York, and it costs you an arm and a leg to compete for their interest.

"Smaller cities like Boston and Chicago are good. Girls are less spoiled, and entertaining them costs less. Washington? The quantity's good, but the quality's poor. It's a city of dogs. But it might be a good training ground for a rusty husband or a man lacking in confidence. Like a cruise. Only hopeless cases go on cruises, but they are a convenient captive quarry for an unenterprising man.

"Gambling towns like Reno or Las Vegas are excellent. There's something about gambling which is conducive to insouciance. Hollywood, San Diego are fine—lots of disappointed lonely women.

"Stay away from the Northwest and the Southwest. More men than women there. Stay away from the deep South, save for Florida; the genteel tradition still operates heavily—it's a backward area, you know—and girls still regard a kiss as an engagement."

His final observation bears remembering. "In particular, stay far away from Venezuela. There must be ten men to every woman in the country."

The main difficulty for a husband newly on the loose, to judge by all reports, is to remember how single men behave. It is unnerving to realize he has become hopelessly rusty in the art of pursuit.

A spontaneous round table developed on this theme at the Stork Club in New York one afternoon recently. Its members were a group of advertising men who were drinking their lunch. Voices rose in glee as they topped the social techniques each used when far from home:

1. Don't show that you're scared.
2. "No" means "maybe" as long as she's still smiling.
3. Forge ahead; the worst that can happen is a slap in the face.
4. Don't spend more than two days on one prospect. She's only got two weeks herself.
5. Repeat frequently, "Everything I own is in my wife's name."
6. Put nothing on paper.

There appears, finally, to be a statistical study going on among husbands contemplating separate vacations. The theory is that a woman's age can be correlated with the amount of time it takes to break down her pretenses. One married Lothario, with a Texas drawl and a pocket full of Texas oil money, rattled off some relevant figures with the pedantic air of the specialist: "The young are eager and very curious. From about twenty three to thirty, they're cagey and want to get married. Between thirty and thirty-five is really the best age. They're either fresh from a divorce and tasting the joys of freedom, or else they're cynical and have given up trying to get married. Between thirty-five and thirty-eight it gets dangerous again. They're annoyed about the wasted years, and may be trying desperately to hook someone. After thirty-eight or forty, unless they're raving beauties, they've really given up, and you can live a little. Generally speaking, divorcees are best, at any age."

How to make a break without making the break

Whether a man is interested in coeducational sport or simply in getting away from it all, there is a slight problem to be faced when going on a separate vacation. How to get out of the front door with your suitcase? To this realistic question, here are some realistic answers—as collected from hardy pioneers who actually succeeded in taking a few weeks off by themselves without bloodshed, divorce or, at the very least, a humiliating fight overheard by the children and all the neighbors.

Almost all resorted to sly stratagems of one sort or another: faking a nervous breakdown, getting a doctor friend to "insist" that they go away for a long, quiet rest, flapping the specter of widowhood under frightened wifely noses, with the threat that thrombosis was on the way if their vacation was denied them. One man—a Broadway producer who had not been alone, night or day, for forty-seven months, by actual count—went so far as to call in his lawyer and draw up a will, threatening suicide if he were not allowed to depart for two weeks.

Men of intellectual bent tended to use bookish techniques. One, the editor of a prominent news magazine, kept rattling off to his wife an assortment of curious and dimly relevant facts. "I reminded her," he said, "that the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops considered polygamy as a means of repopulating England after the war. That adultery was lawful in New York State until Hughes became Governor. That a White House Conference Report on Child Health and Protection proved the whoopee period of the Twenties was beneficial to middle-class home life. After that a separate vacation sounded dull by comparison."

A well known concert pianist hit upon the enchanting technique of conditioning his wife poetically. He plied her with thin volumes of tender verse. "She began," he reported, "to feel attacks of melancholy. She suffered over her own lost romance, over a lover become a husband. When she was at her weakest I left a copy of Virginia Woolf lying by the night table, opened to a lovely sentence. It said, *Life, say four days out of seven, becomes automatic; but on the fifth day a bead of sensation between husband and wife forms which is all the fuller and more sensitive because of the customary unconscious days on either side.* That did it. She melted in anticipation of the day when the bead would come roaring back in full swing."

One husband, a member of a hard-boiled profession—he is an official in the New York City Police Department—adopted a totally unimaginative tactic. "Honey," he said to his wife, "I'm fed up. I'm going away by myself for a couple of weeks." And he went away. He had, as many men do, a sensible wife.

But life is not always that clear cut.

A businessman, the vice president of a chain of hardware stores, tells a curiously painful variation of this same story. He announced his departure firmly, encountered no resistance. When the day came, he noticed his wife's suitcase packed—with travel folders strewn about.

"Where are you going?" he asked her, somewhat nervously.

"This separate-vacation idea of yours," she said, "is pretty good. I haven't made up my mind where to go, though. I hear the Southwest is nice. And the Northwest. However, I'll probably end up in Venezuela."

Is there a moral to this baffling little story? Yes, gentlemen, there is! What's good for the gander is good for the goose. #

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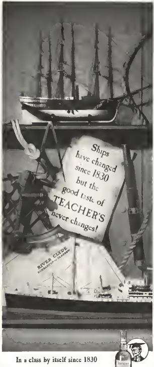
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Guestmanship is based on consideration—but the question is of whom?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

HOW TO BE POPULAR AT PARTIES

If I do say so, I'm a rather popular fellow at parties. It's not that I'm a master of repartee—sometimes I hardly say a word—nor does anybody go into ecstasy about my looks or my dancing. It's just that I observe a few common-sense rules. Some of them might seem to violate standard procedure as defined in the etiquette books, but I claim they contribute to good guestmanship.

First of all, I'm considerate as to where I park my car. Rather than edging into an already overcrowded driveway, I park it in some remote spot away from my host's house—where no other guests can wedge me in or bash my fenders. Sometimes my wife fails to appreciate this, as when recently we trudged from our parked car to the Lawsons' door.

She remarked, "I always say there's nothing so bracing as a half mile walk in the rain."

"Now, now," I reproved her, "there you go exaggerating again. It's not more than three hundred yards. And think how easy it will be to get out of here when we want to go home."

"If you can find the car afterwards," she said.

"We'll find it all right," I predicted. "Don't you worry."

I found it all right, after a fairly long search, even though the rain had turned to a heavy snowstorm which almost buried the car and made it somewhat hard to find.

The next considerate thing I do is to walk right into my host's house without knocking if I find the party is already underway. Some might frown on this, but my reasoning is that very few people have servants these days, and if you ring the bell or knock you interrupt the host while he's brewing up a new batch of punch or Martinis or break in on the hostess while she's busy introducing to each other two people who've been bosom friends for the last eighteen years.

It's much simpler to barge right in and enter into the festivities, and it saves all those introductions too. You're bound to find a few people you know, and you might as well stick with them instead of trying to find some mutually interesting topic with total strangers.

Once, it's true, I walked by mistake into the wrong house. Bad? Not at all. I had a terrific time because it just so happened that there were more people I knew at the party I wasn't invited to than the one I was.

Another reason why I'm popular at parties is that I'm a confirmed last-piece-taker. You know how it is when the hostess passes plates of appetizers. If there's only one left on the plate nobody will take it. They're afraid it's bad manners. Or else they quote that silly old wives' tale about being an old maid. A woman's been married twenty years, has six children, and she says she's afraid of being an old maid!

None of this falderal for me. What the hostess wants is to get rid of the last appetizer so she can go out and get a new plateful. And she doesn't want any of them left over after the party breaks up. My wife frowns on my habit, and has been heard to mutter "Scavenger!" when I do this, but I don't care, knowing that I'm one of North America's most zealous opponents of the soggy canapé and the limp celery.

And I have an equally unorthodox approach if I happen to observe any of the host's and hostess's children lurking around—as they all too often are. Do I pat little Rollo on the head and remark, "My, you're getting to be a big boy!" Do I inquire how pretty little Susie likes dancing school? Not on your life! What I do is insult the little rascals, but good. "You've got bags under your eyes," I tell them. "How come you're not in bed where you belong?" Or, if it's an afternoon party, "Why don't you get outdoors and get some fresh air? You're so pale you look as though you'd been living under a rock."

Bad manners? Perhaps. But darn good judgment, I claim. You know how children are when their parents give a party. They plead and plead to be allowed to see the guests, promising to vamoose as soon as they've greeted them all. Then some darn fool guest chats with them, and they hang around until they get in every adult's hair.

The poor mother has enough things to attend to without trying to get her children out from under her heels and having them egged on by some dunderhead who's simply trying to make an impression on them. So when I start insulting I keep it up until they've sulked huffily up to bed or out to the yard. And believe it or not, many a parent has come up to me afterward and thanked me for my rudeness. It's a policy I've long since adopted and will continue to adopt with my host's children unless they are, let us say, seventeen or eighteen and, let us say, feminine, and let us say of pleasing appearance.

Yep, my methods may be unorthodox, but they get some pretty good results. "What kind of a party was it?" people ask.

And the reply comes, "It was the kind of party where Cummings was there. Need I say more?"

Well, in the light of things, I guess not.

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does he favor casual clothes?
CREDENTIAL is correct. Swatch shows the stripes in lining and tab. Removable pass case carries loads of cards. Bill section has hide-away. Two key tabs. Lifetime registration for return if lost. In fine leathers and colors or unlined with stylized golden tab to $15.* Cowhide $6*

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does he favor sportswear?
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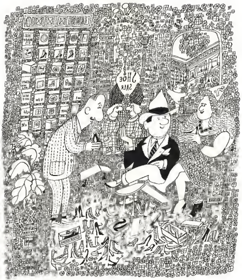


"How about taking a breather, dear—I'd like to buy this chap a drink!"

TRAIL BLAZERS

Bearing more colors than all the U N flag poles put together, blazer stripes steal the summer scene. *Facing page:* the unmistakable drum-beater of pure silk tweed enhances multicolor stripes for the most distinctive cruise, resort or cocktail coat we've seen. *Above:* black, white and blue striped sports shirt has a continental collar that will fold inside for a cardigan neckline if you want it to. It's rib knit cotton, resilient, and cool for active sports wear. *Right:* pure silk again, in a smooth, lustrous sports shirt for dressier occasions. Sleeves are cuffed, and a concealed chest pocket angles so to meet the collar opening on the right side

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN ROSE

STRIPED FOR ACTION

What a puzzlement—long swim trousers for skin divers: seems a contradiction in terms, yet what could be more logical? Clad in these new swimming pants, you are virtually immune to the rock and coral scratches to which the skin diver is heir. These are cotton twill, brilliant enough to inspire envy in a tropical fish, and cut with tapered lines, Italian backstrap and a small change pocket. (Even on the ocean floor, clothes make the man.) Co-ordinated stripes are making the biggest splash on the beach. *On the opposite page* the man in the terry lined jacket wears boxer trunks of the same bold, vertical-striped material (the outfit is known as a *cabaña* set), while the man in the mesh pull-over has a Roman-stripe inset in the matelot shirt that matches the color and knitted texture of his swim trunks

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

1 *The traveler arrives: look, no wrinkles!*

2 *On time for early conference: why change?*

3 *Ironing out some problems (but not suit)*

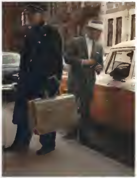
4 *Heat and rugged wear haven't left a dent*

7 LIVES OF THE NEW DACRON SUIT

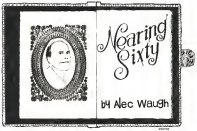
The peregrinations of our young construction executive tell the story: here is a Dacron suit so revolutionary in structure and composition that there's no excuse for even having it pressed. Throw it in the automatic wash and drier, and it emerges as if it had come fresh from your tailor—lapels smooth, sleeves rolled and trousers sharply creased. The fabric is a new scientific development, Dacron cunningly blended to hold its appointed shape through flood, summer heat and rugged travel, with a blending of rayon and mohair for texture without added weight. Even threads and facings are the product of new research, insuring a structure as sound as the fabric. The suit also drips dry on a hanger—and you can have it cleaned (but why?)

5 *At dinner: quality tells. Dacron doesn't*

6 *Hotel: automatic wash and dry, that's all*



7 *New day, new place: the suit is familiar*



Nearing Sixty

by Alec Waugh

A man changes surprisingly little after the age of thirty

THE least occurrence when we are nearing sixty launches us on a stream of reverie, and a few weeks ago, when my publishers sent me a questionnaire about my habits, plans, tastes and friends, I found myself looking back to 1930, when I was first importuned with such inquiries, a travel book of mine having been a Literary Guild selection. A great deal has happened in the world in general and to myself in particular during the interval and it surprised me that I should be giving practically the same answers that I had a quarter of a century ago.

I spent the whole of the second war in uniform, four of those six years in the Middle East, and in 1943, as I organized a section of military intelligence in Baghdad, I told myself that "the old world" had gone forever and that on my eventual return to professional authorship I should have to adjust myself to an entirely new way of living. Yet here I am fourteen years later with my routine fixed within a familiar quadrilateral of travel between London, New York, the Mediterranean, the West Indies—with an occasional trip farther afield to the Seychelles or the China Seas—and the issue regulated by what has become for me, as it has I suspect for many of my colleagues, the basic problem of how I am to organize my routine so that it combines the search for subjects with the leisure and tranquillity in which to write, and how that routine is to be reconciled with the needs of those whose lives are involved with mine and with my own personal feelings in regard to them.

As it was in 1930, so is it in 1957. And if in 1930 I could have been shown a picture of my life as it is today, there would have been little in it to surprise me, in spite of the vast changes that the war is supposed to have wrought in all of us, the essential difference being that I am now nearing sixty whereas then I was in the early thirties. But that was a difference which I had foreseen and, could I have been shown that picture in 1930, my chief surprise would have been at the little difference that twenty-seven years have made.

Cyril Connolly was recently asked to contribute to a symposium in the *Daily Express* on what made life worth living. "There are," he said, "only three things which make life worth living: to be writing a tolerably good book, to be in a dinner party for six, and to be traveling south with someone whom your conscience permits you to love."

I could not have been so admirably succinct, but at any point in the last thirty years I would have given the same answer, but with cricket added, and that addition pinpoints the difference between being in the thirties and in the fifties. I watch cricket now instead of playing it. Yet even so cricket means very little less to me as I sit in the top gallery at Lord's. Bill Hitch, the old England and Surrey cricketer, told me that he had not realized how much there was to cricket till he became an umpire.

At any age, travel is a wide-angle lens

Travel is as much an adventure to me as it ever was. I love the south and grey skies sadden me. A liner draws away from the docks, a plane lifts from the ground, a train sets out across a continent and there is a sense of an old self discarded. A little later there is the first sight on the horizon of a shadowy shape. Is it a cloud or an island? I lean against the taffrail, with straining eyes and the sense of a new life beginning.

In *Where The Clocks Strike Twice* I wrote of my first evening in the Seychelles Islands.

I sauntered that evening along the water front. It looked like a hundred other places. They are all the same, at a first glance, these tropic islands. The one main shopping thoroughfare, the wooden stores with corrugated iron roofs, the honking horns, the rattling rickshas, the natives in their Sunday finery, the government buildings, rectangular, two-storied, weatherworn, the mango trees that flank the football field, coconut palms aslant over the lagoon, streets that climb back into the hills, losing themselves to greenery, isolated white verandaed bungalows; the crotons and the bougainvillaea, the brilliant scarlet of the tulip tree, the mountains towering behind. I had seen it all before, in the Pacific, in the Caribbean, in the China Seas, and yet I knew very well that I was to find something here that I had found nowhere else, something unique and personal to this colony that existed nowhere else. What was it to be? I asked myself. My nerves were alert and quivering; the old excitement was upon me. New places and new people, new ways of thought and living, new landscapes, new friendships—that for me is adventure."

I had the same feeling five years later when a B.O.A.C. aircraft circled over Aden. Those of us who are bitten by the wanderlust are always fretting to get our trunks packed again.

After fifty, there's no loneliness in an exciting city

During the last decade, New York has become increasingly my base. For me it is the most exciting city in the world.

Ford Madox Ford entitled a book *New York Is Not America*. I have seen enough of America to know that that is true, but I have also seen enough of America to know that Boston is not either, nor is Chicago, nor New Orleans, nor even the western prairies. America is a composite entity to which forty-eight states, two hundred cities, two thousand townships and innumerable farms have made their individual contribution so that each man and woman who has put down roots within its frontiers is aware of kinship. To those who assert that New York is not America, I reply that it provides a home for eight million Americans.

Twenty-six years ago Charles Hanson Towne called his reminiscences *This New York of Mine*. A petulant critic said, "It may be his, thank God it isn't mine." It was a foolish complaint for it is the charm of all great cities that its citizens can lead private lives of their own choosing and it is the special charm of New York that it should offer such an infinite variety of choice.

During my first long stay in New York I rented a furnished apartment on 36th and Lexington, but for over twenty years I have been staying at the Algonquin, a hotel that is a home for its old friends. In America, where the rooms are much warmer than in England, I wear unlined coats and the valet stores four suits for me. Brownie, the head porter, keeps in the basement a kitbag of books and a trunk with a few pictures, an electric kettle, a tea service and a cocktail set. A few personal possessions convert an impersonal hotel lodging into a home. When I am in funds

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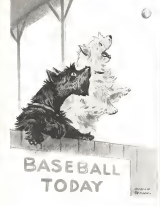

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I take a suite when I am not offered a one-room apartment.

The Algonquin is on 44th Street between Fifth and Sixth. My two clubs, the Century and the Coffee House, lie on 43rd and 45th respectively, a stone's throw distant. My bank is on Park and 42nd. The office of my agent, Carl Brandt, is on Park and 40th. The New York Library is two blocks away. My world has a circumference of half a mile.

It is usually in the autumn or the winter that I am in New York. October and November are my favorite months. I spend about a month each visit. I can never work in cities. Too much is going on. I talk my work over with Carl Brandt and with my editors. I do research in the New York Library. But I regard my visits as holidays.

My morning routine is very simple: getting up around six and writing letters, watching the Dave Garroway program while I shave, breakfasting at a coffee shop twenty-four doors away, reading the morning papers at the Century while "Bridie," my maid at the Algonquin, does up my room, returning to make a call or two, then settling down to a holiday equivalent of a morning's work, the revising of a manuscript, a visit to the library; sometimes I take in a cinema.

It is soon time for a pre-lunch walk. Walking is the one way of keeping fit for one who is past squash racquets and I walk at least six miles a day. Often on sunny mornings I lunch in the cafeteria at Central Park Zoo. It is pleasant sitting on the terrace with a hamburger and a glass of beer watching the seals feed. I am told during War II many expatriate Europeans frequented it, imagining themselves in Prague and Paris.

London is a man's town; New York a woman's

In the afternoon I read and rest. Most evenings I have some engagement: a dinner, a theatre or a cocktail party.

London is a man's city, New York a woman's city, but in spite of St James's and Savile Row I believe that a man has a better time in New York simply because it is a woman's city. There is greater immediate warmth and friendliness; there is also greater intimacy. You get to know men quicker in New York; also you get to know them better, because you know their wives. In London I have no idea whether the majority of my friends at the Athenaeum, the Savage and the Savile are married, divorced or involved in an obscure liaison. I do in New York. At the Coffee House there is an admirable system by which on Saturdays at lunch time, members and their feminine guests sit together for cocktails around the usual octagonal table. Since the war I have made more men friends in New York than I have in London, largely, I feel, because I know the womenfolk who have enriched or complicated their existence.

Cocktail parties in New York have no fixed closing hour. Much nourishment is served and the last group does not leave till ten. On evenings when I have no definite commitment afterward, I buy during the afternoon a single ticket for a theatre. I am thus spared the letdown feeling that can come at a cocktail party around eight o'clock, when you feel that there is no point in staying. When I do feel there is a point, it is not without a sense of gesture that I tear up that stub. On days when I tear up the stub I am unlikely to get back to the Algonquin before half past one. I bring the *Daily Mirror* with me and study Li'l Abner, Walter Winchell and Sheilah Graham before I fall asleep.

That is the way it is day after day, except that on Sundays I usually motor out into the country for lunch, and I can well imagine a Londoner impatiently demanding what I mean by describing New York as the most dramatic and exciting city in the world. What else is it for you, he will ask, but a round of cocktail parties? Well, perhaps that is a fair complaint if you see New York in terms of London, but that is something which one cannot do. No two cities could be more different.

New York is built on a rock, whereas London is built upon a swamp. That is a basic difference. Where London is spread over a wide area New York rises fifty stories high. Everything in New York is very close. A Londoner living in Swiss Cottage, meeting at a Bloomsbury lunch party somebody who lives in Kensington, might well feel that she lived so far away that it was scarcely worth while following up the acquaintanceship. In New York I am within walking distance of everyone I know.

The tempo is faster in New York because so much more can happen there. Social life is fluid. Acquaintances ripen quickly into friendships. Many Londoners are shy of ringing up someone they have met the night before. They are inclined to ask their hostess to arrange another meeting some time. New Yorkers have not the time for that. New York is a port. There is a long tradition of welcoming ships and waving them Godspeed. If you want to see somebody again you must move fast; she may be gone tomorrow. In a few days' time a whole life can be reorientated by one new friend who opens a series of new doors for you.

There is also the climate. London is in a temperate zone. New York swings in a few weeks from arctic cold to tropic heat. These changes acerbate the nerves. There is a quality in the air in spring and autumn that makes it possible for you to do more there than in any other city.

But I think what makes New York so dramatic for many of us, certainly for me, is the immediate importance that one's work acquires there. New York is a market where you buy and sell and, though I do little writing there, I arrive as someone who has just finished a piece of work or is halfway through or about to start one. One's friends are interested in one's work. For a writer who spends so much of his life alone, that is an exciting change of climate. There is challenge there and a spur to victory—a sense of having one's batteries recharged.

I can imagine myself living very happily in London as a retired man,

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pottering round my clubs going to galleries and exhibitions watching cricket in the summer exchanging gossip with old friends But I should not care to live in retirement in New York I should feel out of things You need to be in the swim

That is what is essential being in the swim New York is one of the most expensive cities in the world and I have heard it said that unless you are spending money fast you get no fun there That is true but as a corollary not as a principle For if you are in the swim you are making money in terms of your opposite numbers and that is what matters being able to meet your opposite numbers on equal terms If you cannot, then you are the specter at the feast You are better off somewhere else

Perhaps it is the knowledge that I am a sojourner on 44th Street which makes me love New York so dearly Sooner or later the bell will toll for me, as it has for others the rat race will become too fierce and I shall look for a quiet harbor in the sun

As I re read this last section I remember my old friend's advice "Never choose a novelist as your hero" It is a playboy's life that I have described and it would be difficult to show in a novel how those five or six weeks in New York each year are the reward for months of secluded writing of living alone with my characters and story The discovery of retreats where I can do this is one of my chief concerns Before the war I went to Villefranche and the Easton Court Hotel at Chagford on whose "stont tables" Elizabeth Eliot, Pamela Hansford Johnson Patrick Kinross C P Snow and Evelyn Waugh have written novels, but Villefranche with its row of cafes along the water front has become a *boîte* and I need to spend in London and with my family the few weeks each year that are allotted to me in England as a foreign resident.

A good place to write—Nice out of season

My retreats today are as scattered as my life is In Duarte California the late Rollin Kirby's daughter Janet Banning has a guesthouse across the lawn from her ranch where I can cook my own breakfast and work through the morning until it is time to join her at the swimming pool I have spent three summers at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough New Hampshire where each of the twenty four colonists has a separate studio in the woods outside whose door a lunch basket is left so that the current of the day's thought is undisturbed One winter that excellent regional novelist and one of my dearest friends, Virginia Sorensen went to Denmark on a Guggenheim *Why not?* I thought and half a book was written in Copenhagen in a room looking on the sound But by and large Nice out of the season has been my most constant perch

For several years now I have based myself in the Escurial a second grade residential hotel which lies half a mile back from the sea in the Avenue Georges Clemenceau I have a corner room on the fourth floor One window faces east and I can see on the sky line Vauban's fortress on the Mont Boron Villefranche the other window faces south and looks down on a side street cut by roads running into the Avenue de la Victoire

I have never worked in a more congenial room I like to be high up I need to see something happening a sailor painting a boat a small boy selling newspapers a farmer plowing a field The manuscript on my desk then becomes a part of the manifold activities of man My corner windows in the Escurial present and explain the heart of Provincial France teen age girls hurry with slung satchels to their convent school servants return from market with long rolls protruding from their baskets modish young women walk their poodles retired bureaucrats more stiffly and slowly to the Promenade des Anglais

Nothing could be more placid than my existence there I wake between half past five and six The Brasserie du Lyon opens at 7 30 but its coffee is not hot till a quarter to eight that gives me ninety minutes at my desk before I go out to breakfast On my way to the cafe I buy a paper from a diminutive and shuffling crone

Nice Matin is excellent on foreign news it recounts local peccadilloes with an engaging Latin lilt, and the half hour I spend over my rolls and coffee is one of the pleasantest of the day On the way back to the Escurial I do my minor marketing—fruit and cheese and yogurt and the cutlet or the slice of steak that I shall cook on my gas ring

I write 2000 words a day I may or may not have reached that point by half past eleven I do not hurry I am uninterrupted There are no room telephones and the difficulty of reaching me via the desk and the maid upon the landing is so great that my friends save time by writing The post arrives shortly before ten For one who lives abroad the arrival of the post is the day's big event and it is for that reason that I resist the temptation to collect my letters Good news might elate me bad news might depress me the waving of a friendly signal might send me into a nostalgic reverie or there might be no mail at all which would rob the day of half its savor Anyhow, the current of composition would be broken so I wait till I have finished my morning's work and then take out my letters to a seat on the Promenade des Anglais or in the Jardin Albert Premier or on inclement days to a table in the cafe Monnot.

I have friends in Nice Mougins Antibes and about once a week I go out to lunch or dinner or somebody motors over to take a meal with me And in Cimiez lives Cecile who once ran a bar in Villefranche and of whom I have written in *Where The Clocks Strike Twice* Often in the late afternoon I take the trolley bus up the hill gossip with her for half an hour and walk back as the lights are waking

I keep a store of red Burgundy in my cupboard and before I go down to collect my mail I open a bottle, so that the wine may breathe and be

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ready to welcome my return. I sip it slowly, munching a hard dry cheese, brooding over my story, living with my characters, talking out their speeches. It is the most creative period of my day. An hour becomes ninety minutes and in the street below the noontide siesta is broken by the Vespas and motorcycles of people going back to work.

By two the bottle is three quarters finished. I cork it up, tidy away the plates and if I am short of my quota of two thousand words I make it up. If I am not I answer letters till it is time for my siesta.

When I wake it is close on four and by four o'clock the London newspapers will be on the kiosks. The Promenade des Anglais will be crowded and it is very pleasant strolling along the water front in the declining sunlight, when the sea on windless days takes on the glazed mauve sheen that made Homer call it wine-colored, pausing now and then to read the paper and to watch the passers-by, with the agreeable sense of fatigue and of fulfillment that follows a hard day's work. Pleasant though it is, however, when the light fades there comes that melancholy which George Moore described in *Bring in the Lamp*, the loneliness endemic to those who work alone. Evening is at hand and it is easy to be self-pitying, thinking of all those for whom the recompense of the long day is being paid; work is finished, pleasure and relaxation are opening their doors, the sidewalk tables beckon.

Between six and seven there is a steady parade back and forth down the Avenue de la Victoire. It is pleasant to sit over a Pernod watching it. One Pernod becomes two. And after two Pernods one finds oneself saying to oneself, *Why not a proper meal in a restaurant for a change?* But that would involve wine and after a good dinner in a restaurant it is a temptation to linger over a liqueur, and I know that after a heavy meal and spirits I should not wake so fresh. So I go to a cinema instead.

By the time I come out, evening has given way to night, my mood of melancholy has passed. I return to the Escurial, heat some soup and finish the wine. Maybe I write a letter or two. Maybe I read for half an hour. Usually I am in bed by ten, with the *Oxford Book of English Verse*; within a quarter hour, I have switched off the light.

That is my real life and nothing could be less dramatic; you could not make a novel out of the interior problems presented by a routine like that. It is when I am living like that, that I am most myself.

"The pleasure of writing a tolerably good book." Who is to say what is "tolerably good"? By what standard is one to judge oneself? By ultimate standards or by the more modest and more human, "Well, I don't think this is too bad for me"? So much highfalutin nonsense was written once about the agonies of composition and the high fever of imagination that it is now fashionable to be lowbrow, with novelists talking about themselves as though they were hard-boiled businessmen "out to make the most of it." That is not really the way it is. It may seem presumptuous for a very minor writer to talk of the excitement that his work brings him. It lays him open to the obvious retort, "It is a relief to know it excites *him*. It leaves us calm enough." But the best periods of my life have been those when I have been working on a congenial theme.

I have no illusions about my status as a writer. A writer is tried before a high tribunal. Not only the present sits in judgment on him, but the past as well. A field marshal's stature is not diminished by the victories of Conde, Marlborough and Napoleon. But a modern novel is made puny by the continuing challenge of *War and Peace*, *David Copperfield* and *The Brothers Karamazov*.

I started with very high ambitions and if in 1917 I could have foreseen myself as I am in 1957, with so little done, I should have been humiliatingly disappointed. That is a usual experience; it is the common lot. The contrast between the promise of life and its fulfillment is a familiar theme. On the other hand, had I at eighteen foreseen what my personal life was to be I should have been astounded. I had no idea then that life could be so full, so varied, that its gifts could be so abundant. I did not know life had so much for giving. Yet the things that have made my life a continuing advantage—sport and gallantry, soldiering and travel—have been side shows in the last analysis. Though my achievement is so minute, I have always put writing first. I have been most alive seated at a table in a hotel bedroom facing a solitary day.

Writers have their ups and downs and in January, 1953, my fortunes had struck an all-time low. For eighteen months I had been concentrating on short stories, and had sold only one story in America, to Esquire. I had not an idea left. I was wondering where I went from there, and then that one Esquire story was bought by Hollywood.

My first thought, naturally for me, was, "I'll take a long trip, find new subjects, renew myself." But on the crossing back to England on the *Ile de France* I got the idea for a West Indian novel. I did not guess then that it would be a quarter of a million words in length, but I knew that it would be long and I was grateful to Twentieth Century Fox's pennies for allowing me to devote my entire energies to it for twenty months.

That was as good a moment as life has given me and I have never been more excited than I was fifteen months later when, with the book half written, I flew up from the West Indies, where I had obtained the final material, to a quiet ten weeks in the MacDowell Colony where, with every facility provided for concentration, I could write the rest of it.

If a genie were to offer me a final wish, it would be this—that I might meet an equivalent excitement once more before the curtain falls. #

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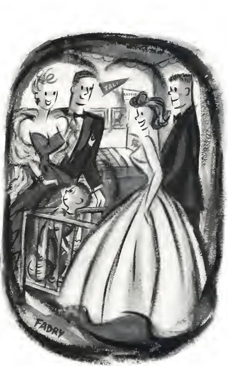

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by **PAUL GALLICO**

JULY 4TH IN LIECHTENSTEIN

On the Fourth of July in the tiny Principality of Liechtenstein (which in case you have not yet driven through it, is landlocked on the Rhine between the borders of Switzerland and Austria) the natives and the soft-eyed, taupe-colored cows are astonished by an inexplicable discharge of fireworks from an eyrie some four thousand feet up the side of Mount Triesen, one of the Liechtenstein Alps.

They are further baffled by the varying quality of the annual entertainment, which sometimes peters out after a squiffy rocket or two and at other times proceeds to embellish the Alpine night for several minutes. They consult their diaries and almanacs to see what historical event or the birth or demise of what saint is being acknowledged, and of course find nothing on that date, for it is only Gallico celebrating the Independence Day of the United States of America.

Nor can they guess the reason for the difference in quantity and quality of the displays. It is simply that it depends on how I am doing that year. If things have been going well, stories selling like the proverbial hot cakes, royalties piling up, film and television producers standing in line, I give the Founding Fathers and courageous signers of the Declaration of Independence a good show, maybe as much as twenty five or thirty dollars worth. But if editors have been dyspeptic and stony-hearted and the public apathetic to copies of my novels displayed in windows, pyrotechnically we pull in our horns a little, if you don't mind a reuse of a mixed metaphor.

The American colony, which consists of the Larry Greens and myself, is always invited to this affair. Traditional tutti-frutti ice cream and angel food cake is served. Mr. Green contributes a rousing July 4th oration against tyranny and in favor of liberty, and then the fireworks are touched off at risk of eyebrows and other superficial burns by this devoted patriot.

But I started out to inquire whether the price of taking pride in independence is as high at home as it is abroad, and to ask what will become of the hunger for freedom and the peal of liberty's bells if the cost of fireworks keeps on going up?

In my youth, for twenty five dollars, you could practically reproduce Paine's Fireworks Show at Steeplechase Park, Coney Island, on Saturday night. Today in Switzerland, or Liechtenstein, I cannot get enough explosives for that amount to cause an Alpine bossy so much as to turn her head to see what is going on.

True, you can buy a rocket for a Swiss franc, or two bits, but it is no more than a squib on a stick which rises apathetically to the top of a skimpy orbit, says "*Thup*" softly when it gets there and discharges three pale stars which die practically before they are born. The Founding Fathers must pirouette in their graves when saluted with one of these rockets.

A more robust rocket costs five francs, which is a dollar and a quarter. It gets up there with a satisfying "*Whoooooosh*" and breaks out a dozen or so commendable stars with at least an audible bang. While this would not cause the shade of a bygone American Revolutionary to throw his three-cornered hat into the air, it would cause him no distress either.

For a sort of cardboard mortar which throws a shell into the sky and disintegrates in a triple burst of red, then white, then blue stars, the colors recognized the world over as those of liberty, ten Swiss francs or two dollars and fifty cents is demanded. Other delights of long-dead freedom fighters of the Colonies, such as pinwheels, gold and silver fountains, Roman candles and red and green fire are equally prohibitive. You can imagine what set pieces showing Washington Crossing the Delaware or The Boston Tea Party must cost today. What is the simple citizen such as myself to do when he wishes to pay his respects for the efforts of those who have gone before, and what do you do back home where the price of raising a rocket to the memory of John Adams or Button Gwinnett must be even higher?

On the 16th of August His Royal Highness Franz Joseph II, Ruling Prince of Liechtenstein, celebrates his birthday in the traditional manner of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European princes, with speeches by the mayor and the prime minister, bouquets of flowers handed over by blushing virgins, vocal and instrumental efforts by the local choirs and brass bands, and a truly rousing and stupendous fireworks show set off from the Schloss, or castle, bristling from a cliff towering over the principal town of Vaduz, capital of Liechtenstein.

This fireworks show is a real snorter because the Prince pays for it himself, and the Prince, as Princes should be, is loaded. It is estimated that on this night, he throws about $1,250 into the sky, with which even in this day and age you can offer a pretty fair spectacle. In the modern fireworks show the mortar shell appears to have replaced the rocket as both safer and more spectacular—the rocket now being apparently reserved for intercontinental messages of love and affection, complete with warhead—and you can buy quite a few shells with that kind of money.

At one time I had thought of asking Franz Joseph II whether I might not add my $25 (in good years) to his and combine our Fourth of July with his birthday, something I knew would afford the most exquisite pleasure to the ghosts of the minutemen, even though there might have to be some tampering with and adjustment of dates. I thought that maybe, between the addresses of felicitation by the prime minister and the Head of the Boy Scouts, I might slip in and recite "Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." Or if that would be too much of an anachronism, I could do the *Midnight Ride of Paul Revere*. None of the Liechtensteiners, filled with honest beer or red Vaduzer wine, would know the difference, and then the great fireworks show to follow would be a kind of joint appreciation of the Prince, who is really a most liberal fellow whom John Adams and Tom Jefferson would have liked, *and* the Founding Fathers.

Truth is I have never known quite how to approach His Highness with this practical scheme which would enable us both to do proper obeisance to our ancestors.

In the meantime, I thought you'd like to know that I am doing the best I can, and if on this Fourth only a few stingy rockets go up from the flanks of Mount Triesen, their contents perishing aborning, as it were, at least they are sent aloft into the Liechtenstein night with sincerity and, believe it or not, a considerable measure of reverence.

There's nothing like a U.S. golf club

Europe has much to offer the visitor, tourist or resident, but it falls down in certain essentials of living, such as the ice-cream soda, creamed corn and the country club.

There are golf courses in many European countries and in Great Britain in particular, on which excellent and pleasurable rounds of golf may be played. Caddies may be hired. And afterwards it is quite possible to visit the nineteenth hole and order a drink. There are even several of these golf courses at which you can have a shower after your round of golf. All of the ingredients for a good club are there, but I have yet to find one that combined them as beautifully, comfortably or nostalgically as does the average country club in even the smallest towns in the United States.

Now I will close my eyes here aboard my Alp in Liechtenstein, where a mashie shot hit off my terrace would carry some 4000 feet down to the Rhine, and recreate my beloved U.S. golf club, the one to which you will be driving in your glittering motorcar this very Saturday.

I think if there is one thing I particularly remember about our American golf clubs, and long for when playing in England or elsewhere abroad, it is the size and thickness of the toweling provided and the size and quality of the shower baths, the clean, tiled shower stalls and the limitless quantities of hot water.

But it is the mind's-sight of those huge piles, extending from table to ceiling, of thick, snowy towels, each one big enough to wrap up in, that brings up a yearning in me to be there again. They are warm, fresh and absorbent, and you may have two of them, if you like, or three. There is always a supply. When the piles diminish, fresh heaps are immediately created.

Are you surprised at my longing for the blue- or white-tiled shower stalls, the huge, broad, shower head with its drenching descent of thick, hot rain, and the chrome mixing valves that give the perfect temperature? Oh, then you have never known the European or British clubhouse shower, with its tin sides, rocking, wood-slatted floor, and miserable trickle of tepid water. These shower rooms are unheated, somewhere there is a pane out of a window, the towels are the size of serviettes and with the same resistance to moisture. I never heard anyone singing in either a British or a European shower. As you can see, there isn't very much to sing about.

No, if I were writing a *Why I Love America* book the towels and the showers would rank high on the list. In fact in any home in the U.S.A. you can get the finest towels and showers in the world.

And finally there is the locker room or men's grill drinking after the round and the shower, with the brags and the lies, the chaffering and the paying up of bets, and this too is my country as I like to think of it when I get lonely or homesick.

The company of freshly bathed, relaxed men is pleasant; their clothes are good, their countenances pink, and their minds, at that particular moment, filled with youth and innocence. Manhattan cocktails have a delightful saloony aroma; Old Fashioneds have a fragrance all their own. Beer smells and pipe smoke blend. Tweeds and iron-grey hair go together. For the after-golf drink, the American is at his most playful and charming.

Drinks are obtainable abroad, but when I come in with my foursome after a blustery round on the seaside links at Thurlestone in South Devon, we have tea—tea and biscuits and little cakes with currants in them. Tea with milk. Tea is warming; there *is* some joshing about who blew the match, but tea isn't exactly the same as sour mash bourbon whiskey, aged in the wood.

Whiskey or gin are available here, but it isn't a proper bar. There is never the sound of cracked ice agitated in a metal shaker and never does one hear the strains of *Down by the Old Mill Stream* or *Honey*. And nobody ever shouts across the room, "Wahoo, Bill, you old rooster! Hear you got an eagle on thirteen. How about passing out a cigar?" ###

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Who, exactly, was young and innocent—the college boys or the models?

A Short Story by **REED WHITTEMORE**

NICE FIREPLACE, GOOD BEACH

Alec settled back in his chair, lighted his pipe laboriously in the great tradition of storytellers and informed them that this evening he was going to tell them a story about youth and innocence. But he wanted them to understand that only the extenuating circumstances of this particular story persuaded him to undertake such a harebrained venture.

One of the listeners, stretched out before the roaring fire as the wintry wind growled and barked outside, said that he heard about extenuating circumstances before, and did Alec have another story?

Alec smiled tolerantly and said he was sure nobody in the room had heard this one because he hadn't either. Further, he had nothing but contempt for youth and innocence, and besides there was a catch to this story.

Another listener said he certainly hoped so; he hadn't driven fifty miles over icy roads in the middle of January to hear some simple and straightforward anecdote, and would Alec please get on?

Alec said that the problem, or catch, or extenuating circumstance which most interested him about the story could probably be best described as a basic misunderstanding between the protagonists.

Hoity, toity, another listener said.

—a basic misunderstanding between the protagonists about who, exactly, was young and innocent.

Very well, another listener said. And would Alec *please get on?*

Both girls were late of course (Alec began) when we arrived in town from Princeton, and so we stood in the hall of their rooming house for an hour talking of the lateness of women and wondering why a place where so many men spent so much time waiting for so many girls didn't sport a waiting room with ash trays and comfortable chairs and copies of books on the Sane Sex Life. It was a hall converted to electric light by putting the bulbs where the gas jets had been, and through it in both directions—pounding up and down the stairs at one end, opening and slamming the glass doors at the other—was a steady procession of girls, single and in pairs. They were all in a hurry. They arrived in short skirts, disheveled, with packages under their arms, and they left in longer skirts, immaculate, perfumed, demure and taller. Ralph and I flattened ourselves against the wall and waited. And waited. When they arrived at six twenty (we had come at five) they rushed in, out of breath and distraught, protesting that they were terribly, terribly sorry. They had tried all afternoon to reach us by phone at Princeton; they had even called the Dean's office, but we had gone and there was nothing, just nothing they could do. They didn't know how they could possibly make up to us for their not being able to go, and they knew we wouldn't believe them and would think they were standing us up, but they weren't, they just weren't. They had to go back to the office (they were models) and work all evening on some mink coats.

Ralph was very gallant. He knew they couldn't help it. He knew about offices. He knew what a poor single girl in New York had to put up with. He knew everything; he understood, and he smiled and patted his girl Helen on the shoulder and arranged for us to pick them up the next morning, Saturday, as if nothing had happened because, as he said, nothing *had* happened and everything was wonderful. And they beamed and giggled and were grateful, and Effie—my girl—said to me, "Alec, you just mustn't think this happens all the time because it doesn't and I hate to make a bad impression the first time I meet somebody and I hope you'll tell me that I haven't. Have I?" What could I do but smile? We met them again at ten o'clock next morning.

At that time Helen said she was terribly sorry but she couldn't come until later in the day because there were still some minks to be photographed down at the office. She thought it was perfectly terrible to stand us up twice in less than twenty-four hours and she hoped we'd understand that she had to go down there or be fired.

So Ralph was gallant again. He knew about these things; he realized perfectly that there was nothing Helen could do. And he arranged for us to leave with Effie right away and for Helen, who wasn't to be finished with her minks until five thirty, to hop a six-thirty train and meet us down there at eight. That would be wonderful, Helen thought, just wonderful, and Ralph was so bright to think of it, but Effie looked worried and said she didn't know that it was right for her, an honest girl, to go off with two men alone even in broad daylight. Was it right? Certainly, Ralph told her, certainly it was right. She would be as safe with us as in her mother's arms. Certainly, I said. Certainly, Helen said. So away we went, with Effie sitting between us.

One of the listeners stretched out in front of the fire said that he didn't want to complain, but before they went too far would Alec mind so very much telling them where they were all going.

Alec said that nobody was supposed to know yet; everything would be revealed at the proper time.

The listener said that was all right, but for Alec's information he wanted to point out that he figured Alec and Ralph for college boys just out of short pants who had fixed up a mousetrap for themselves where a couple of mice could take them for their shirts, socks and everything.

Alec admitted that wasn't far wrong.

So the listener took off his shoes and wiggled his toes comfortably in front of the fire.

The cottage (Alec continued) had been closed all winter. It was like a tomb inside. We had to take the shutters off the main windows downstairs, find half a dozen switches scattered everywhere for the water pump, water heater, furnace and lights, take covers off the furniture, unstick doors and drawers, and clear out a bevy of sparrows on the front porch. After we had done all this we got the liquor, eggs, bacon and coffee out of the car and cooked ourselves what we called, variously, whiskey eggs, scrambled Manhattans, pullet-proof brunch, distilled oofs and oofs à la Seagramme. Effie had much less of this than we had, but enough so she stopped talking about the latest Book-of-the-Month selections, the shows she had paid six-sixty at Shubert's to see, and the difficulties a poor girl in New York had keeping up with the arts. After Ralph had built a fire in the big fireplace in the living room, and we had settled down on the couch, she decided that she was terribly glad she had come after all. For a while, she said, she had been just too scared to have fun, but now she thought everything was wonderful. The fire especially was wonderful, so homey, so romantic, so . . . homey. She thought the sea was grand (we were by the sea) and when she settled down she was going to have a cottage perched on the cliff right over the ocean where you could hear the waves pounding the rocks day and night and you could walk out on the beach—there would be a beach too—and pick up beautiful shells and walk barefoot in the soft sand. In fact she wanted nothing in life so much as a little place by the water, and maybe this was the place she had always seen in her dreams.

I pointed out that the cottage didn't meet her specifications on cliff. But she said she'd be willing to forget about the cliff anyway, that was just an idle fancy, and as a matter of fact what she wanted, she guessed, was the very cottage we were in, especially if the dream house could come equipped with Ralph and me too.

I went out in the kitchen with Ralph and told him this was pretty thick at two in the afternoon even after whiskey eggs. But he said it was a lot better than before and Effie was my girl and where was my chivalry. So I went back and sat down close to her and told her that after all she was the first ingredient of anybody's dream house. Pretty soon her head was on my shoulder and she was purring like a cat.

Ralph took plenty of time in the kitchen. Then he came back in, gave me a big wink from behind her and said there was nothing in the world he liked so much to see as young love sprouting in the spring, but that he felt like an outsider, out of place, just an old grandmother, and so he was going out for a while if we didn't mind. He excused himself to gather, as he said, driftwood washed up on the shores of time for the fires of love. His exit would have been better if he hadn't had trouble getting the front door open.

So he left Effie and me with a kind of mission, but we had eaten too much and drunk too much to carry it out. When he came back an hour later, pounding and stamping and dropping great logs all over the front porch to show us, he said, what a gentleman he was in the presence of *l'amour*, we were asleep at opposite ends of the living room. He said we should have brought a chess set along, asked us if we thought we had come down here to take the cure, and wanted to know if there was anything he could do to make us more comfortable—tea perhaps? a couple of good books? some cards for double solitaire? I told him to go row a boat, and we started all over again on the whiskey.

"Do you know what agoraphobia is?" asked Ralph, after a bit. Effie allowed as how she did not, such a big word. Ralph said he had it in reverse, and explained. Effie thought Ralph was very clever to be so clever, and she wished she had gone to Princeton and could say things like that. Ralph reddened a bit and said he wasn't being clever, he was merely suggesting that we go outside and enjoy the spring. That would be perfectly wonderful, Effie said; she would love to go out and was it cold? So we went out.

All the cottages were lined up in a neat row along the shore, shuttered, boarded up. The sand was smooth as a table right up to the tall grass and stretched in both directions—north toward Asbury Park, south toward Atlantic City—for as far as we could see, without a beach umbrella, a child's castle, a portable radio or even a Coca-Cola bottle showing. Effie said it certainly was desolate; she felt as if she were on a desert island. Ralph agreed and hoped it would stay that way. He said he didn't think he would hear the end of it from his parents if the neighbors took it into their heads, because it was such a nice spring week end, to come down and open their houses too. What do you mean? asked Effie. She didn't see that we were doing anything wrong and she wanted us to know that she was a good girl and she wouldn't have left New York if she thought we were doing anything *bad*. I protested that she certainly was a very good girl and nobody was casting aspersions at anybody, and I went to the house and got the bottle and we all had another drink.

First, then, we considered wading. We took off our shoes and socks

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and tried it and the water was so cold that we had to have a drink. Then we tried wading and drinking together and that worked very well; the water was warmer that way, though not very warm. Then we ran up and down the edge of the water until we were all breathing hard, and it occurred to me, because Effie was a very small girl, that I should run up and down carrying Effie. Effie kicked her feet and screamed when I waded in up to my knees with her and threatened to drop her, and when I put her down safe again on the beach she told me how strong I was and how wonderful it was to be with a man for a change after all those bleak weeks in that boardinghouse full of girls. Ralph said he supposed we wanted to be alone, and he went off down the beach about a hundred yards, balancing the bottle on his nose and skipping stones over the water. But he watched us all the time, and when he came back he said he thought it was a shame we weren't making use of all the facilities: why didn't we go swimming?

"No, no, no," Effie cried. "It's too cold!"

"No, no, no, it isn't," Ralph said. "It's healthy. It stirs up the metabolism. It strengthens the red blood corpuscles. It's the best thing in the world for you if you go in just for a minute."

Effie wanted to know what the metabolism was.

"I'll show you," Ralph said. And he stripped down to his underwear shorts and said, "Look, it won't take a minute."

The listener in front of the fire said that he saw it all in his mind's eye, the three of them cavorting on the white sands, God being with them when they knew it not. But he was having trouble with the extra party, so would Alec please get that other girl the hell down from New York?

Alec said he was coming to that, but it was only about five o'clock and the other girl wasn't scheduled to arrive until eight. Furthermore, he would tell his story in his own way, if the listener didn't mind.

No, the listener said, he didn't mind; but personally he couldn't stay more than three more days.

Ralph and I agreed (Alec continued) that Effie was being overscrupulous when she screamed and ran into the house at the sight of Ralph in his shorts. Ralph thought that must be the signal for us to rush in and drag her, happily protesting, back, but I suggested that we, or rather Ralph, had genuinely offended all her finest sensibilities. What sensibilities, asked Ralph, Effie's? He had never heard of such a thing. But when she didn't come out again he redressed and we went in after her.

Effie was pouting inside. She didn't think it was nice for two men to take advantage of a poor girl this way, and she wanted us to know that unless we mended our ways she was taking the next train back to New York. I told her there was nothing wrong with people taking off their clothes—it was natural—and I mixed her a good strong drink to show her I was on her side. This restored her spirits. She was glad to know that I at least hadn't meant any harm, and she thought it was very chivalrous of me to be so understanding, and she wanted me to know that nothing she had said was meant to apply to me. But she continued to pout at Ralph, so Ralph began to give me dark looks over her head, and when we were alone together out in the kitchen he said he thought it was a pretty cheap trick on my part to make up to her by putting him in the wrong. I told him I wasn't doing any such thing; after all it was he who had taken off his clothes.

"Well, for Christ's sake," Ralph said, and he went upstairs in a huff with a portable radio under his arm, leaving Effie and me on the couch in front of the fire.

Effie became unhappy. As the music began to drift down from upstairs she said that she felt terrible, just terrible, for making us fight, and she wanted me to go up and tell Ralph she hadn't meant anything.

"Who's fighting?" I said. "We're not fighting. Nobody's mad. Ralph just wants to be alone with his thoughts. He's a thinker. He does this every evening at six o'clock."

Effie wasn't so sure. She thought I was kidding her, and one thing she hated was not knowing whether or not somebody was kidding her.

So I told her that, yes, I was kidding her and Ralph was mad, but that I was sorry and wouldn't do it any more. Besides, it wouldn't do any good to go upstairs and apologize; he would cool off and come down. Anyway it was too nice on the couch to go upstairs. "You're such a nice man," Effie said as she curled up next to me and stroked my head.

She did it very well. My head and the back of my neck tingled. I was so warm and comfortable from the whiskey and the exercise and Effie's stroking that I didn't ever want to move, and I didn't even hear Ralph come downstairs when he set out to get Helen. He banged the radio on a table and said he was frightfully sorry to have intruded upon us; he promised he wouldn't do it again; he would make enough noise to wake the dead when he came back. He went out, slamming the door.

Effie told me she didn't think Ralph was very well-bred. Nobody who was well-bred would have slammed the door.

"No," I said, "he's not well-bred. Are you well-bred?"

"Alec, that isn't nice!"

So it wasn't nice. So she stroked my head and the fire got warmer and warmer and the house was quiet as a tomb and she whispered to me that she thought I was just the nicest man she had ever met. I wasn't like the others. I was genteel. I knew how a poor girl felt. So I had another drink on this, and time passed, and we got to a certain point and she said no, Alec, really, Alec. I told her she was silly, but she said she couldn't. I told her it was natural, but she said she couldn't; it wasn't that it wasn't natural, and it wasn't that she didn't think I had the best intentions in the world; it was just that she couldn't.

"All right, all right," I said.

She thought it was wrong of me to get mad, and if I knew why she was acting the way she was, I wouldn't.

"I'm not mad," I said. "You don't need to explain anything."

Yes, she said, she thought she should explain. She owed it to me because I had been so good to her.

"But you don't owe me anything."

Yes, she thought she did, and she wanted me to know it wasn't because she didn't want to, but because her doctor had said she couldn't.

"Your doctor?"

Oh, yes, it was terrible. It had come to her as a terrible shock.

"What?"

Well, it was very hard for her to describe, and she wouldn't try to describe it, but she wanted me to know that her doctor had said that she couldn't because she had what he called an inverted womb.

"An inverted womb?"

By now we were sitting up pretty straight on the couch, looking at the fire; she was at one end of the couch and I was at the other. I told her that I didn't understand what the trouble was because I didn't know what an inverted womb was, or what it meant, but of course I was very sorry and why didn't we change the subject?

She wasn't sure what it was either, and she didn't think she could describe all the details right, but the doctor had said—

I told her that really it was none of my business and I didn't see why she had to tell me the details. I would believe her; I wouldn't doubt her word for a minute, though admittedly I didn't see what an inverted womb, whatever it was, had to do with it.

"What *do* you mean, Alec?"

I said I didn't mean anything; why didn't we drop the subject?

So she said she couldn't possibly describe her condition properly, but that at any rate her doctor had said she couldn't have children.

For a minute I didn't say anything. Then I told her I still didn't see what that had to do with it; as a matter of fact I thought her inversion might be a very good thing, taking everything into consideration.

She burst into tears and called me the cruelest man she ever met.

Well, that was that. I sat at a distance on the couch for a few minutes, staring into the fire while she told me how cruel I was. Then I left her and went out to the kitchen to make some more drinks. Just then Ralph, from a block away, began blowing the horn. He blew the horn steadily all the way down the block, and when he turned in the driveway he screeched the tires, roared up to the house with the horn still blowing, jammed on the brakes and skidded on the gravel. He got out, opened all four doors of the car one by one and slammed them shut, and walked around the house shouting, Ahoy, ahoy, is anybody home?

It seems that Helen hadn't been on the train. He came in alone, and Effie ran to him sobbing and said that she never wanted to see me again, and would Ralph take her to the railroad station immediately?

"There, there, there," Ralph said. "Has Alec hurt Effie?"

Effie clung to him and told him I had as much as told her she wasn't a nice girl, and she wasn't going to stay another minute in New Jersey being insulted and defamed and made a laughingstock. There, there, there, Ralph said. He was sure I hadn't meant any harm, but if I had meant any harm he would see to it that nothing would happen to Effie, not while he was around.

"For Christ's sake," I said. I picked up the radio and went upstairs.

The listener by the fire said he thought Alec had acted like a cad, a perfect cad, and if Alec weren't a big boy now he'd take him right over his knees and spank him.

Another listener wanted to know if that was the end of the story.

Alec admitted that it was, except for one thing.

Effie was Chinese?

Effie stole Alec's wallet?

Ralph told her an inverted womb was nothing to worry about?

Alec discovered another girl upstairs?

Effie came upstairs later and apologized?

Ralph stole Effie's wallet?

Ralph came upstairs later, with Effie?

And apologized?

Alec said no; it was none of these things, at least, so far as he knew it was none of these things; but the point was—

Aha, the point, said the listener by the fire.

The point was, Alec said, that he didn't know.

He didn't know what?

Alec explained that he had stayed upstairs all evening with the radio playing full blast, and that at midnight Ralph had taken Effie to the station for a train. But—

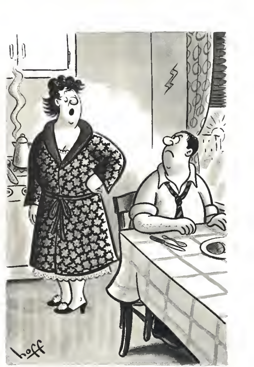
But what?

What, Alec wanted to know, happened downstairs between nine o'clock and midnight?

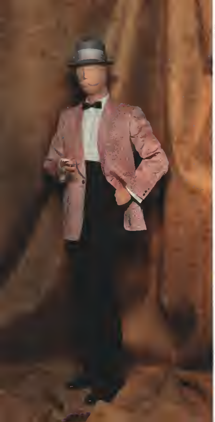
Didn't Ralph say?

Ralph, Alec said, wouldn't say.

Well, for Christ's sake, said the listener in front of the fire. He put on his shoes. ⊞



"How do you want your argument this morning?"

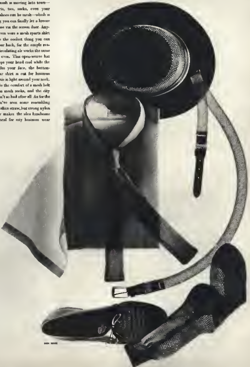


TWEED SILK

Tally ho, they're wearing pink coats at dinner. By this we don't mean to imply that people no longer change their clothes after a brisk ride to the hounds—quite the contrary. This is literally a pink-colored jacket and, as you can gather from Mr. Esquire's impeccable air, it carries presence, elegance, éclat. *News:* tweed has never before ventured forth in the company of black tie and cummerbund. Made of any other substance, it would be all wrong, but in rich, pure silk it is not only o.k., but it is also summer's top evening fashion. *News:* pink (or another light tint nubbed in black) kills off any suggestion that this is cousin to a sports coat. *News:* shawl lapels are on the straight and narrow, ending in a single button. Black cummerbund

MESHMATES

Summer mesh is moving into town—hats, shirts, ties, socks, even your belts and shoes can be mesh—which is like saying you can finally let a breeze in the house via the screen door. Anyone who ever wore a mesh sports shirt knows it's the coolest thing you can put on your back, for the simple reason that circulating air works the same the world over. This open-weave hat crown keeps your head cool while the brim shades your face, the button-down-collar shirt is cut for business wear, the tie is light around your neck. Add to this the comfort of a mesh belt and cotton mesh socks, and the city summer isn't so bad after all. As for the shoes: you've seen some resembling these in Italian straw, but strong nylon mesh now makes the idea handsome and practical for city business wear



sun thoughts

Striped swivel and rocker for garden, patio or porch is adjustable to weight, has a wide seat, $34.95, Sig Jacobs

Scotch plaid barbecue wagon has hardwood cutting board, a rustproof windbreaker, $15.98, Kamkap

Great Skotch O'Matic has built in pump dispenser, $13.95, jug with spigot is $9.98, Hamilton

Enamelware coffeepot, mugs, plates are spattered, have red trim, about $11.47, Frontier

French cutlery, grooves keep meat from gripping blade, $15, W-S Bartholomew

[illegible]

Amphibious camera: it uses 620 film, $19.95, from Richards Sporting Goods

New spear gun uses carbon dioxide, $47.50, Richards Sporting Goods

Garden torches light way, shoo bugs, copper, $6.95; alum., $5.95, Hammacher Schlemmer

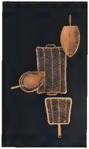
Swiss-made four piece barbecue set, red handled in suntan colored, zippered case, $32.50, Hera

Outing kit has two vacuum bottles, sandwich box, diagonal zipper close, $13.95, American Thermos

Copper clam steamer has a special rack to keep the food above water, $49.98, Bloomingdale's

Torpedo propels diver to 1 mph, $350, Richards Sporting Goods

Mobilized party barrel holds up to 50 pounds of ice cubes, $75, from Hammacher Schlemmer



Rattan servers: square, $4.39; leaf, $3.98; tray, $7.29, boat, $2.98; Round World Basket Shop

In Italy, escape from the tourist hordes is easy if you know where to go

ITALY IS AN ISLAND

A Travel Article by RICHARD JOSEPH

For the knowing traveler, a trip to Italy is like a love affair, and a sensible man embarks on neither unprepared He doesn't try to breach the defenses of a beautiful woman without some plan of attack, at the very least he learns something about her before launching the campaign If she wears her honey-colored hair long and caught up in a soft, loose bun at the nape of her neck, it is fair to assume that she would want some advance briefing before being taken out for a ride in an open Jag, and if she has studied ballet, chances are she wouldn't appreciate an evening at that burlesque joint.

You don't just show up at a sophisticated woman's apartment in sports clothes and say 'Okay honey, what'll we do?', neither do you plop your bags down at the side of the fountain in the Piazza di Spagna, open your arms in the direction of the Via Condotti, and wait for Rome to happen to you.

Here you'll find more treasures than the guidebooks list

It helps tremendously to know what you're looking for, either on a trip or in a woman And in Italy as in women, there's something to suit every taste Naples is Anna Magnani lusty, busty, uncombed, wild and tempestuous Its charms are ripe and mature, its ways are knowing, one moment it embraces you and the next it chases you out into its dark alleys Florence is Pier Angeli *raffinata*, cultivated, its beauty is more subtle, ethereal, appreciated better by the *cognoscenti* Rome, of course is Gina Lollobrigida *elegante*, famous, the one with whom all others are contrasted.

But every mountain town and seaside village has its own local beauties, and its own Annas, Marias, Ginas and Rosas, and exploring the cobbled streets and the sun-splattered piazzas of these little places is as exciting to the traveler as a roué's knowledge of these lovely young beauties before the world discovers them

Where you go and what you do in Italy will depend on the degree of your travel sophistication—and how much time and money you have to do it with If it's one of your early visits to Italy, naturally you'll spend most of your time in Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples—seeing the places and doing the things that make up a lifetime's dreaming

In Rome you'll take your morning coffee at Doney's, watching the world go by along the Via Veneto You'll distill minutes into hours at the Caffè Greco, buy ties and shirts while you're dodging traffic in the Via Condotti, discover Michelangelo for yourself while straining your neck looking up at his Creation The Temptation and The Expulsion, Deluge and Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel You'll wander through St Peter's and the other three great basilicas, and set your feet along the paths of ancient Rome in the Forum and the Old Appian Way You'll dine late and elegantly at the Hostaria dell'Orso then, if the night is right, you'll follow the moonlight along the Tiber

Venice will mean gondolas and gondoliers, of course, and the Grand Canal the Bridge of Sighs the Piazza San Marco, the cathedral, and the pigeons, and the music at night coming from the *caffè* It's the Rialto Bridge and the Gritti Palace, the Royal Danieli Hotel and the motorboat ride out to the Lido

Florence is browsing, and poking your way aimlessly and timelessly through the ancient *palazzi* and the museums and the winding streets of a city that is itself a museum

In Naples you draw a bead on Vesuvius, and it's never out of your sight in front of you as you look over the beautiful gulf and explore the harbor and then to your right when you go up into the residential hills encircling the city Soon you go out on the *autostrada* built on Vesuvio's volcanic side, and the mountain is on your left as you point the nose of your car toward ancient Herculaneum and Pompeii Then you're in Castellammare di Stabia, lovely Sorrento and Positano, the Amalfi Drive and Salerno, and Vesuvius is well behind you, but often in your rear view mirror, as far as Sorrento, at least You'll take a boat across the Bay of Naples to Capri from Sorrento or Naples itself, and Vesuvius will always be there like a painted backdrop

But sooner or later you'll want to wander further afield from the usual visitor's circle to find the heart of Italy and the spirit of the Italian people It will come later if you're just a pleasure traveler fortunate enough to be able to swing a trip abroad every so often sooner if you're a painter or photographer, or if you have a book or a symphony to write When the time does come, you'll find yourself thinking inevitably about the Italian islands

An island man isn't always a 'scape artist

Wherever on earth you explore an island, you'll quickly see it to be a microcosm of the nearby mainland, reproducing and emphasizing in miniature the characteristics of the country from which it depends Italy's islands range all the way from lush, luxe and crowded resorts, such as Capri in season, to grey hunks of volcanic rock where even a sea gull can't find suitable accommodations In between the extremes you're sure to find something that suits your needs for escape, privacy, atmosphere, company, comfort, sunshine, scenery, sea beaches, ski slopes or whatever it is you're looking for Sicily, Sardinia, Ischia and Elba are well-known and reasonably well-developed touristically, but Italy has dozens of little known islands with all sorts of fabulous scenery and wonderful weather

You could, of course, wait until a Tennessee Williams or a Truman

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

HOLIDAY CELEBRATION IN SQUARE OF CAGLIARI CAPITAL OF SARDINIA

Capote discovers them and writes about them, or you could discover them for yourself and go live there for a while, before the prices go up. You'll be able to live comfortably in many of the Italian islands for less than one hundred dollars a month, but first you've got to supply your own definition of *comfortably*. Of big, busy, luxurious resort hotels there are none, and on many of the islands the local inn is the back bedroom in the home of a fisherman not too allergic to strangers.

Naturally, you'll have to speak some Italian, to get yourself around and to fill in the silences until the inevitable arrival of the senior citizen living off the proceeds of the barbershop he operated for twenty years a block from the Bedford Avenue police station, in Brooklyn.

If you'd pass up museums and ruins, these are for you

Most important is the ability to thrive in a place where there is literally nothing to see and nothing to do—in the tourist sense, at least. There are no museums and no cathedrals, no palaces and no Roman ruins—and no theatres or night clubs, naturally. Maybe there's a beat-up old movie house showing dubbed versions of old films with Peter Lorre speaking Italian, a couple of small restaurants and a small *caffè* or wine shop in the town square where the *proprietario* or his son plays the accordion or the guitar, and the locals drop in at night to sing songs you've never heard before.

This makes for comparatively early-to-bed-getting, and you have to be able to enjoy long sunny days spent on the *terrazzo* of your house, reading, writing or painting, playing the piano or listening to phonograph records, low fidelity. This you'll be able to punctuate with lunches eaten under an awning or out on a balcony, with bread and cheese and red wine spots on the checked tablecloth. You can drop down to the village during the day, too, and loaf with your peers. Then, when you've been around for a while, and proved yourself a *brav uomo*, you'll be able to go out with the fishermen once in a while, and drop your own line over the side. And there are always the terraced hillsides, with their vineyards and their almond and palm trees, and the olive trees shining darkly silver-green when the wind ripples their tiny leaves.

The thing to do, of course, is to find out beforehand if you're an island man—and Italy offers you plenty of island previews. Capri in the summer is an Italian Provincetown, but all the rest of the year it will give you a taste of the privacy and the feeling of awayness which are an island's principal charms. If the town of Capri itself is a bit too busy to suit your escapist mood, you can always take to the hills, or move along to Anacapri. Daily boat service connects Capri with Naples and Sorrento and a stay of a day or two will let you know if Capri's for you.

Ischia, not so well known as Capri and therefore more off trail, is another good spot near Naples to test your island-mindedness. It's the largest island in the Bay of Naples, and a boat ride of two hours from Naples. There are lovely walks all over the island and a good road edges the sea for about twenty-two miles. After the summer tourist rush, you can rent a small house for less than twenty dollars a month.

Sicily was a country apart from Italy for many years, and you still sense many of the things which distinguish the island and its people from the mainland and other Italians. Palermo is a large city and a big port, Syracuse is another good-sized town, and Taormina is one of the great resorts of the Mediterranean, but the island also has many off-trail, slightly off-beat spots. However, it takes a determined escapist to pull out of Taormina once he's seen the place. Located on a mountain that rises swiftly from the sea in flowered terraces, it provides a magnificent view of the sea and the Calabrian boot tip of the Italian mainland.

One of the best ways of Italian island-hopping is to take the Lake Maggiore steamer out of Stresa, up north in the Italian lake country near the Swiss border. The tiny Borromean Islands, in the lake, are only a few minutes' boat ride apart and the boats run frequently.

No real island man is ever in a hurry, though, and only a real island man can truly appreciate Sardinia. Like Sicily it's a big island with a long and hectic history. Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Pisans, Genoese and Spaniards all came, conquered the coasts and failed really to penetrate the mountain fastness of the interior, nor to disturb the essential individuality of the Sardinian people. Their colorful regional costumes, the festivals and the changeless rhythm of their existence all are reflections of the basic historical and geographical fact that Sardinia has for a long time been away from the main currents of European life. Even though Sardinia follows Sicily as the largest island in the western Mediterranean, and new roads and small hotels have recently been built, you still know you're well off the usual tourist track.

You'll feel this even more intensely on a visit to Elba. The island of Napoleon's exile is only a fairly large dot of land between the Tuscan coast and Corsica, but it has six good, clean hotels—one of which is in the de luxe resort class—good beaches, fine skin-diving and spear fishing waters, and a fairly large number of French and Italian vacationists during the season. It's still undiscovered by most Americans, though, and maybe that's what gives it its off-trail feeling.

To reach Elba you leave the main Paris-Rome railway line at Campiglia Marittima, connect with a single-track spur line that takes you by local train to Piombino, where there are twice-daily steamers to Elba's principal ports, Portoferraio and Porto Azzurro.

They have grand-opera names, but the score is gayer

After Elba, you really start to get off trail, off-beat and adventurous in your Italian island hopping. There's Giglio, for instance, in the Tyrrhenian Sea between the Tuscan coast and Corsica, just a few miles southeast of Elba, and less than one-tenth its size. Most of Giglio's twelve square miles are mountains, and the rest is deeply serrated coast line. There are only two communities: Giglio Porto, which is a row of houses overlooking the port, and Giglio Castello, a medieval, walled village of old houses and narrow streets. Accommodations consist of one hotel, one boardinghouse and one inn. Twice-daily boats from the mainland at Porto Santo Stefano get you to Giglio Porto in about an hour.

San Pietro is an island off an island, which is about as insular as you can get. It's slightly less than twenty square miles of mountains and coves just off the southwestern edge of Sardinia and connected to it by steamer service. It's a bathing resort in summer, a sunning resort in winter, and there's good tuna and lobster fishing.

And so, pretty much, it goes with the Italian islands. Maddalena is in the Tyrrhenian, northeast of Sardinia, Ponza is in the Tyrrhenian, offshore between Rome and Naples. Procida is the small island you get to on the way from Naples to Ischia. Lampedusa is one of the Pelagian Islands between Sicily and Tunisia. Pantelleria is to the north about midway between the Sicilian and Tunisian coasts. The Aegadian Islands are another group off the Sicilian coast.

Over on the other side of Italy, in the Adriatic, are the Tremiti Islands, where you can be as remote as anywhere in the South Seas. There's another group on the Tyrrhenian side, though, that are fairly well known as the Lipari Islands. They once were a bathing resort of the ancient Romans. Their most recent fame came to one of their group, a volcanic rock called Stromboli, because Ingrid Bergman made a picture there a few years ago. Stromboli really isn't much, however—Bergman could make anything look good just by standing in front of it. I think you'd be a lot happier in many of the other Italian islands. ##

(*For more information on an Italian vacation, read Vacation Now.*)

DAVID PRATT—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Palazzina dei Mulini, home of Napoleon during his 1814-15 exile, is behind Portoferraio on Elba, largest of the Italian islands off the Tuscan coast

VACATION NOW

Italian trip travel tips, including where to go and how to get there

We've never heard of anyone making a combined tour of most of the Italian islands we talked about in the preceding pages, but if you tried it you'd find it would take the greater part of two or three months to savor the best of each island and then pass on to the next. What's more, the transportation situation is such that you'd find yourself shuttling back and forth to the Italian mainland to make connections, which are primarily between Italy and the islands, rather than among the islands themselves.

An exception is a seven-island trip you might make from Livorno to the French island of Corsica, then to Sardinia and La Maddalena and Caprera, two islands joined by an isthmus off the northeast coast of Sardinia, down to San Pietro and Sant' Antioco, another pair of islands off the southwest coast, and over to Sicily.

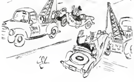
Another boat trip out of Livorno covers the islands of Capraia and Elba, returning to the mainland at Piombino. There's a boat that carries you between Naples, Capri and Ischia, and another one covering the three Aegadian islands just west of Sicily. Probably the best island hopping is done on the boats calling at the five islands of the Aeolian archipelago, north of Sicily and the tip of the Italian boot. These are all short trips on small boats, twenty minutes or a half hour between ports. Take them and you'll be in the heart of the life of the Italian maritime people, many miles from the nearest tourist.

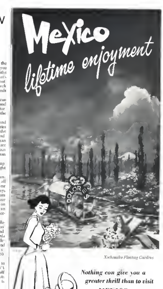
You'll have to travel through the Italian mainland to get to the jump-off points for the various island groups, so let's see about how you might want to go from the United States to Italy.

Five airlines fly direct to Rome from New York: TWA, Pan American, Air France, LAI the Italian line, and El Al Israel Airlines. In addition all the other transatlantic airlines run flights connecting Rome with their European terminals: British European and British Overseas Airways from London, Iberia from Madrid, KLM from Amsterdam, Sabena from Brussels, Scandinavian from Stockholm and Copenhagen, and Swissair from Zurich and Geneva. By booking through transportation to Rome on any of the United States or European flag transatlantic airlines you can combine your Italian trip with stopovers in France, Britain, The Netherlands, Belgium, Scandinavia, Portugal, Spain or Switzerland.

Air France uses Super G Constellations, TWA flies Super G Constellations, Pan American DC-7Cs, LAI DC-6s and DC-6Bs, and El Al Constellations. The hop is made in about sixteen to eighteen hours, depending on stops en route. El Al plans to introduce the new Bristol Britannia turboprop planes into the transatlantic run this summer. The 375-mile-per-hour planes are expected to cut the flight time between New York and Rome to a little more than thirteen hours. Fares are the same on all lines: first class, one way $493.30, round trip $888; tourist, one way $360.20, round trip $648.40; fifteen-day round trip excursion, $551.40.

If you'd prefer to stop off in northern Italy instead of flying on to Rome, you have your choice of first-class and tourist flights of TWA and LAI stopping at Milan on the way to Rome about an hour and a half before you get to the Italian capital. Pan American flies to Milan via Lisbon with a change of planes in Rome, and the flight time to Milan is





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My Pop can do it better—know why? He uses West Bend's Automatic Skillet for all our outdoor parties. Gosh, he makes pancakes, chicken, steaks 'n everything. Pop says the secret is automatically controlled heat evenly balanced over every inch of the bottom of West Bend's Skillet. With aluminum cover $22.95*, with copper color cover $23.45*

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*INCLUDES FEDERAL EXCISE TAX

at housewares, hardware and appliance stores; price slightly higher in Canada and Hawaii

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., DEPT. 777, West Bend, Wisconsin

about an hour and a half longer than to Rome. However, the two routes give you a chance to stop over on your return trip at places different from those you saw on your way over, and still take advantage of round trip savings. Milan is also served by Air France, BEA, KLM, Sabena, SAS and Swissair, flying respectively from Paris, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Copenhagen and Zurich.

Going to and from Italy by ship, you have your choice of the American Export, Italian, Home, Greek, Zim and Khedivial Mail Lines. American Export's *Independence* and *Constitution* are two of the finest ships in the U.S. Merchant Marine. They are completely air-conditioned and make the run from New York to Genoa in eight days, arriving at Naples a day later. Minimum one way on-season rates are $360 first class, $300 cabin and $255 tourist. (As steamship rates are based on type and location of staterooms, all fares are one way.)

American Export also runs the "Four Aces" ships—the *Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter* and *Excambion*—from New York to Naples. All accommodations are first class, and on-season fares begin at $335.

The *Cristoforo Colombo*, newest ship in the Italian Line's transatlantic fleet, makes the run from New York to Naples in eight days and to Genoa in nine. The sister ships *Giulio Cesare* and *Augustus* take a day or two longer, depending on schedule, for the same run. On-season fares on the *Cristoforo Colombo* begin at $360 first class, $300 cabin and $245 tourist. On the *Giulio Cesare* and *Augustus* they're $375 first, $305 cabin, $260 tourist and $225 dormitory. The Italian Lines' *Saturnia* and *Vulcania* also make the crossing from New York to Naples and Genoa in eleven days. Summer season fares begin at $350 first class, $295 cabin, $250 tourist and $220 dormitory.

The Home Lines entered the transatlantic service comparatively recently, but have already won a fine reputation for their ships and service. They operate one ship, the *Queen Frederica*, in the Mediterranean service, making the run from New York to Naples in nine days. Minimum on-season rates are $355 first class and $225 tourist.

The Greek Line's *Olympia* makes the crossing from New York to Naples in ten days, stopping also at Messina on a number of voyages. On-season rates start at $360 first class and $260 tourist.

The Zim Lines runs two ships, the *Israel* and the *Zion*, under the Israeli flag. They make the crossing to Naples in eleven days, and summer rates begin at $350 first class and $245 tourist.

An Egyptian company, the Khedivial Mail Lines, runs two one-class ships, the *Cleopatra* and the *Mohamed Ali El Kebir*, between New York and Naples and Genoa, with minimum rates of $285.

If you've got plenty of time for your trip, you might be interested in a crossing on one of the passenger freighters of the Barber Steamship Lines, Concordia Line, Costa Line, Fabre Line, Kerr Steamship Company, Lykes Bros. Steamship Lines, Stanbo Line, Stevenson Line, Torm Line and Waterman Steamship Corporation. All have ships calling at Italian ports, and the rates for these leisurely voyages range between $200 and $300 for one way passage.

On the off-shore Italian islands your shopping will be confined pretty much to local specialties and the products of local artisans and craftsmen, but the great current popularity of Italian design and workmanship, coupled with the comparatively low prices for Italian goods in Italy, will practically force you into one or a series of mainland shopping sprees—especially if your wife is along.

Providing for bargains in Italy usually comes under two general categories: shopping for things that are on sale in the United States, but at higher prices—such as silk ties, dressing gowns, shirts and other clothing items, leather goods and musical instruments—and seeking out things you can't find at home, such as fine paintings, sculptures, antiques and jewelry. The first classification interests most tourists.

"I can't find a neutral corner!"

Rising prices have taken Italy out of the bargain basement paradise classification, but there are still excellent buys for the canny shopper who knows styles, materials and workmanship.

Best single buy is silk in almost any form: scarves, ties, robes, smoking jackets and shirts in the men's department, and for women, blouses, slips and nightgowns. Second on my list is leather goods: wallets, gloves, cigarette cases, brief cases, luggage, picture frames, jewel boxes, purses and handbags. A very popular shopping item in recent years has been the intricately and beautifully carved silver cases for Zippo lighters. You can pick them up for about $3 at any of a great number of little gift shops around the Piazza di Spagna.

Rome's main shopping areas are centered in and around the Via dei Condotti, Piazza di Spagna, Via Frattina, Via del Corso, Via del Babuino, Via del Tritone, Via Due Macelli, Piazza Barberini, Via Sistina, Via Francesco Crispi, Via delle Quattro Fontane, Via Veneto, Via Nazionale and Via XX Settembre.

Many of the best men's shops are located on the Via dei Condotti. Gucci, at Via dei Condotti 67, is well known for shirts, ties, scarves, dressing gowns, smoking jackets and handkerchiefs. They also have a shop opposite the Hotel Excelsior on the Via Veneto. Right near Gucci, at Via dei Condotti 27, is one of the best shops in Rome for leather goods and handbags. Its name is Gucci, just to compound the confusion a bit more.

Romans themselves seem to like a shop called Surrey, at Via dei Condotti 52. Every time I've been in Rome I've found the place crowded with local people buying ties and scarves at prices considerably less than at other shops along the same street. Last time I was in Rome, Surrey was selling beautiful ties made of heavy Italian silk for $1.50 to $2, and silk scarves for about $3.50.

Don't try to buy bargains in silk shirts, though, as a good one will cost at least $10. You might see some in the shop windows for less, but let them stay there. I bought a silk shirt in one of the Via dei Condotti shops at a less than par price once and, although it looked as good as more expensive shirts, it disintegrated after one washing and ironing.

Custom made shirts are an excellent buy if you're planning to stay in Rome long enough to have some made up. Italian shirtmakers know what to do with collars to suit American tastes, and you should be able to order some beautiful shirts made of fine broadcloths or oxfords for $6 or $7.

Borsalino hats have been a favorite Italian shopping buy for American visitors for many years. The quality is excellent, but you've got to be careful to select a model consistent with current American styles. Many a hat which might look fine on you while you're walking the streets of Rome will have too much of an off beat "foreign" look about it for New York, and you'll find yourself on Fifth Avenue looking like a displaced zither player.

Getting down to specifics, here are some of the best known Roman shops, their addresses and their specialties:

Ceramics and Glassware—Ferruccio Gabrielli, Via dei Condotti 22; Myricae, Via Frattina 36 (a wide variety of gifts and clothing); Società Ceramica Italiana di Laveno at Via dei Condotti 87; Paola Venini, Via dei Condotti 59; Richard-Ginori, Piazza di Spagna 83; Ars, Labor, Amor, Piazza di Spagna 95; Micene, Via Francesco Crispi 74.

Leather Goods—G. Gucci (mentioned above) on the Via dei Condotti; Antonio Antinori, Via Francesco Crispi 47.

Gloves—Catello d'Auria, Via Due Macelli 5; A. Mauro, Piazza di Spagna 53; A. Portolano, Via Francesco Crispi 28; Perrone, Piazza di Spagna 92.

Silverware—Angeletti, Via dei Condotti 11A; Carlo Angeli, Via C. Battisti 120.

Linen and Lace—Emilia Bellini, Piazza di Spagna 77; Rossati, Piazza di Spagna 52; Abbigliamento di Lusso, Via del Babuino 118A.

Jewelry—Caione, Via Francesco Crispi 34; G. Trunzi, Via Sistina 21; Bulgari, Via dei Condotti 10; Fursi, Via Bissolati, corner St. Nicola da Tolentino.

If your itinerary takes you up north to Florence, you'll find yourself in the finest shopping city in Italy, even better than Rome for most things. Remember that most European countries don't have anything like our system of national distribution, and the things you see on sale in one city aren't necessarily available elsewhere. Florence has been a great center for artists, artisans and handicraftsmen down through the ages, and the tradition of fine craftsmanship continues in its shops and factories today. The city holds many fairs and handicraft exhibits throughout the year, and if you happen to be in Florence while one is going on you should be able to pick up some extra special bargains.

One of the best buys I ever made, after trudging the shopping streets of the world for what must be hundreds of miles, was a really magnificent calfskin brief case with three pockets on one side and a separate zipper pocket on the other, and fine brass hardware. It would have cost at least $75 or $80 in New York, what with taxes and one thing and another, but it cost me exactly $12 at a handicrafts fair in Florence. Even though it was a special for the fair, you should be able to buy something similar in any of the well known leather goods stores in town for about $15.

Don't miss the outdoor Straw Market, which also sells leather, near the Ponte Vecchio; the San Lorenzo scarf market; Alinari for art reproductions and art books, at Via Tornabuoni 2; Manco, for gloves, Via

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Tornabuoni 5 and Ferragamo shoes on the Piazza di Santa Trinita.

Some of the best leather shops are Gucci (same firm as the one in Rome) Via Vigna Nuova 47, Leti Via Parione 22, Antinori (also of Rome), Via Vittorio Veneto 6, Misuri Piazza Santa Croce 19 and Montelatici Via Guicciardini 2.

Leading shopping sections of Florence are around Via Tornabuoni running up from the Arno River, and the old picturesque Ponte Vecchio, which crosses the river. The bridge is the center for silver shops and jewelers and along its crowded sides are such well known establishments as Gambacciani, Settepassi, Risaliti, Zanetti, Frilli and Del Bene. Just off the bridge are Ugo Bellini at Via Guicciardini 2 and Peruzzi, Borgo San Jacopo 43.

Ceramics are another Florentine specialty and the top shops include Cambone, Via Palazzo dei Diavoli 2, Richard-Ginori (same as Rome firm) Via Rondinelli 7, Cantagalli Via Senese 19 and Galleria Vigna Nuova, Via Vigna Nuova 74.

In Venice the specialties are glass and lace, jewelry and leather goods. Shops are centered around St. Mark's Square (Piazza San Marco), and the Via Merceria, a street off the Rialto bridge.

One of the best lace stores is Olga Asta, at Piazza San Marco 127. Bocchi, also on the piazza, is another. Venetian lace is costly—even in Venice.

When you're shopping for glass, you'll find Pauly, Compagnie Cristallerie and Salviati all on St. Mark's, Venini on the Piazzetta Leoncini and Angelo Nason on the island of Murano among the leading glass shops. Luigi Vogini on St. Mark's is an outstanding leather goods shop.

Italian shops usually open about eight in the morning and stay open until 12:30 or so. Then the big Italian siesta sets in, lasting until 3:30 in the north and 4 p.m. in Rome and the south. The afternoon shopping expedition can last until 7:30 or 8 p.m. After your first few days in Italy you'll find yourself doing most of your shopping during the late afternoon and early evening sessions. In Rome you don't dine much before ten and the late shopping followed by a freshening up period and the cocktail hour will fill in nicely to prevent your going crazy in the two or three hour interval between your normal time for dining and doing it the Romans' way.

One of the things that makes an American visitor to Italy or any other Latin country nervous is the compulsion he feels to bargain. Lobbies and barrooms of the luxury hotels are filled in season with American women yapping about the bargains they practically stole from little shopkeepers by refusing to pay the asking price, so if you've been paying fair prices for your purchases you start worrying.

Well, here's a story that's been overtold and oversold in this observer's opinion at any rate. When it comes to prices for things they've bought women are notorious liars—almost as bad as men are about their golf scores. And European shopkeepers sometimes have a sixth sense about semipro bargainers and step up the prices accordingly when they spot one coming along.

I have a private and completely unauthenticated theory that the quiet shopper who pays reasonable prices at reputable stores will make out far better in the long run than the loud mouthed wheeler and dealer gloating about the bargains he beat out of the proprietor of some back alley swindle shop. The things the quiet shopper's bought won't start falling apart in the first place and he's got some sort of a comeback if something should go wrong.

The way to get bargains in Italy is to buy the things Italy is famous for. Fair prices for fine merchandise will represent enough of a saving for you over Stateside prices without having to bother about clipping off a hundred lire here and there.

Nevertheless it is true that bargaining at markets and small shops is a time-honored Italian custom, although Italians themselves expect to and do pay the prices marked on merchandise in the department stores and the better-class gift and apparel shops—just as people pay the marked prices in good shops all over the world. However you needn't be embarrassed if you try a small shot at bargaining and fail, especially if you're reasonably tactful about it.

A good gambit might be to say you like the article very much—would love to have it, as a matter of fact—but you're afraid the price is just a little more than you can afford. The very worst the salesman could do would be to say that he was sorry but that the price was the lowest he could make it. If he's ready to talk business, though, this will be his chance. Another technique for bargaining without seeming to do so is to hesitate before you buy and say "I always get the fifteen per cent discount." No European is ever rude enough to ask "What fifteen per cent discount?" Sometimes you won't get the discount but sometimes you will and you can't lose anything by trying.

The technique for real hard bargaining is different though. If you're in a little shop where you think the prices marked are just a reference point you might start out by offering considerably less than you're willing to pay for an article—let's say about half the asking price—and work your way up slowly to a point where you and the shopkeeper meet, usually somewhere between two thirds and three quarters of the asking price, depending a little on your—or his—staying power.

If things get a bit difficult you might indicate that you're fed up with the whole business and are getting ready to walk out on the transaction. If your acting isn't too far below the Actors Studio level—and the price is about what he expected to get anyway—the salesman might close the deal then and there before you put your foot outside the shop.

One thing the experienced international bargain hunter never does is to walk into a shop, spot something he likes, leap upon it with shining eyes and ask the price right away. That's likely to set it soaring. Instead, the savvy shopper browses around the stores a while at first and handles and prices a few other articles before picking up the thing he's actually interested in.

Whatever your technique, don't be unpleasant about the bargaining process. It's all part of the day's work in Italy, and done in the spirit of good, clean fun. If you can't enter into that spirit you'll save wear and tear on your nerves—and on Italo-American relations—if you confined yourself to the big and well known shops and paid without a struggle the prices asked.

Another thing that makes some American visitors to Italy edgy is the fact that they're expected to tip just about everybody except the traffic cop on the corner and it might be worth giving him a hundred lire for keeping the motor scooters from climbing up your back. The trouble is that fifty or a hundred of anything sounds like a lot of money and you don't relax until you start realizing that the 50 and 100 lire notes you're passing out to so many people are worth only 8c and 16c of your money, and when you're a big spender with a 500 lire bill, it's still only eighty cents. For tipping purposes, though, you can figure 600 lire as being worth about a dollar, 300 as a half dollar, 150 a quarter and 50 as somewhat approximating a dime.

Rome hotels add eighteen per cent to your bill for service and taxes. In other cities the charge is fifteen per cent, except in Palermo, Sicily, where the bite goes up to twenty per cent. This certainly doesn't take care of your tipping though. All it does is make things complicated.

How much you give to whom depends on a lot of things, including who you are and where you're staying. An American staying at a de luxe hotel is expected to tip more than an American who is staying at a first class hotel, who is expected to tip more than an Englishman, who is expected to tip more than another European, who is expected to tip more than an Italian, who is expected to tip more than a Roman.

With that as a background and the utmost temerity I present herewith a tipping scale given me by a Roman friend who said it was based on the fact that the service charge is supposed to take care of tips for normal service and assured us that it was a fair representation of what Italians tip in the best hotels and restaurants in Rome.

Bellhops and porters: 50 to 100 lire per bag carried to your room, depending, of course, on the number of bags and packages, but no less than 100 lire. The station porters get tips of 100 lire per bag or 200 lire per trunk. Any sort of room service, delivering telegrams, minerals, etc.—100 lire.

Whatever you do, don't forget to tip the chambermaids, the hardest worked and most frequently overlooked members of the hotel staff. 100 lire per day or 500 lire per week per person is about right in moderately priced hotels.

Restaurants and night clubs usually add fifteen per cent for service, and you're expected to leave any loose change remaining after you've paid the check, but no more, generally, than 100 lire per person, unless you've gotten some special service. And if you're with a group it's customary to tip the night-club headwaiter something between 500 and 1000 lire for the entire party. Hat checks generally get 50 to 100 lire and the same for washroom attendants. Doormen rate 100 lire for calling a cab.

Cab drivers are tipped fifteen per cent of the meter, but never less than 100 lire, and you pay twice the amount on the meter from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. That's the regular night fee for the cab, and you tip according to that price level.

Barbers get 100 to 200 lire tips depending on the bill. Shoe shine boys are supposed to rate 10 or 15 lire, if you can find anything that small. If not, a 50 lire note won't drive them down the flowery path of sin and iniquity.

Be sure to tip the concierge or hall porter for every service he performs for you. Just how much depends on the service but 500 lire is about right for seeking out for theatre or opera tickets or having some other errand run for you outside the hotel. When you buy postage stamps from his desk it's customary to leave the change remaining, if any.

Whenever you tip an Italian and whatever you tip him, remember to do so pleasantly and with a smile and a *Grazie*. Italians are happier with 10 lire graciously given than a 1000 lire note thrown grumpily on a table or desk. Italians are funny that way—just like people all over the world.

—Richard Joseph

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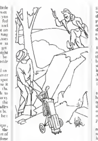

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Ah, But The Bell Was St. Patrick's!

Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, National Museum, Dublin.

Who but the Irish would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!). The bell was St. Patrick's and it was King Donall Ua Lachlainn who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S ADVISER

H_2O Fashions: The other morning, tired of spearing angelfish, we stopped to sit down on a coral reef and admire the slanting rays of the sun as it played on a school of barracuda. And suddenly we were confronted by a familiar figure. It was Oscar Schoeffler, Esquire's Fashion Director, making a marine survey. We had known him to be one of the original skiers in this country, but this encounter was somewhat unexpected. When you go skin-diving you keep thinking of fish, and it's difficult to get used to the fact that you're apt to run into old friends and business associates on the other side of every oyster bed, just as on a stroll down Madison.

We lolled on the surface with Sheff. He seemed to be reciting a litany to the sun. It turned out, however, he was committing his research to memory; we scratched some notes on the back of a Galapagos turtle with one spear, and here they are:

"Swimming gear," said Sheff. "Skin divers wear long trunks. Like toreador pants. Tight, skin tight. Broad stripes, made of cotton. Takes good figure, but saves knees on coral. New look on beach. If not long trunks, then shortest trunks ever. Emphasis on speed. Skin-diving look taking over."

Sheff paused to disarm a Portuguese man-of-war which sent a shot over his bow.

"Things looking up on the beach too," said he. "Men wearing light jackets with hood. Athletic look to torso, keeps wind and sun off, hides hair on chest if too matted or different color than head hair. Best idea yet: small gear bag made of cotton and rope. Carry whatnots to beach in bag. Swim. Come out, wear bag as beach jacket. Converts perfectly; rope handle now goes around waist."

Sheff dove and executed a figure 8 around an octopus.

"Shorter shrift on land," said he. "The old walking shorts were fine for lean-shanked boys, but the knee length and narrow width were hard on the lumpier set. New look this year: Shorts are shorter. Wider too. Gives freer play to legs. Suggests athletics rather than retired British army officer."

Sheff consulted chart of pilot fish.

"Fred Astaire vindicated," said he. "Sennit straw is back. Not quite the skimmer of yore. Lighter weight and a bit softer now. Hope Fred appreciates. In natural shade with black, regimental or club-striped band. Ginger Rogers prettier than ever."

And as we scribbled, there was a bubbling sound and Sheff was gone, full fathom five. Muttered something about checking up on sharkskin suits and just flippered off. Hard man to find, with seven oceans to cover.

* * *

More On Vodka: A capitalistic American firm, Publicker Distillers Products, Inc., cut to the mash over Russian claims to the invention of television, the telephone and the ice-cream cone, has lashed back with a bit of high-proof research.

To wit: vodka originated in Peru.

The Peruvians were first to know the potato, it seems. From it they made a type of beer called "chicha," and also a potent vodka-like beverage which they called "chatka."

At some point before the year 1,000, say the Publicker researchers, the Peruvians exported elements of their culture, including chatka, into North America. The Moundbuilders, an Indian group which inhabited the Mississippi valley but which ranged to Ohio and Florida, not only built mounds, they also drank chatka to make the work easier.

Now—if you're still hanging on—the Moundbuilders often tossed off a few with the Iroquois. The Vikings came over before Columbus and fought the Iroquois. Afterward, smoke pipe of peace, drink chatka, Five Nations style.

The Vikings returned home. Their country shortly afterward was invaded by Varangians, who had red hair and were called "rus" by the inhabitants. Get it? "Rus-sians." That's what the linguists say, anyway.

Well, the Varangians took over what is now Russia and absorbed the Vikings in that area. The Varangians, poor slobs, knew nothing about vodka. But the Vikings intermixed some more cultures, and vodka figured in the exchange.

"Voda" means water in Russian. Just as we staggered off for a Bloody Mary, the Publicker historian said something about them taking the "k" from "chatka" to make it vodka.

It's a cold war all right.

* * *

Beau Geste: Having been born in Chicago, Esky is free to talk frankly about that debatable city. So we say, without fear of hanging in effigy, that Chicago is still very much a man's town—where the wind blows in hard from the lake, the whiskey flows free, the girls in the floor shows wear less, and the heavy spenders are the heaviest in the country. An effete New Yorker once exclaimed at the way the office workers from North Michigan Avenue take a dip in the lake on hot summer days and walk back through the streets, half dressed. "Won't they get arrested?" he asked. Not only not that, but . . . we stripped to the waist and strolled him by the magnificent entrance of our club, magnificently guarded by a doorman only slightly more braid-encrusted than the Navy's top dog. Without batting an eye, the admiral bowed and greeted us good afternoon—and by name. We continued on in that great Chicago, with our New York friend muttering in his beard.

But when Chicago turns the dial the other way, it is again the extremist. As all the world knows, its women wear the fanciest and most expensive hats and furs, its Outer Drive puts anything in America to shame for sheer efficient carrying of traffic, and its fine restaurants are apt to make some of New York's fanciest suggest done-over garages with satin quilting where the tools used to dangle.

Among these spots, the Hotels Ambassador—both East & West—are beloved by all, of course. We cannot linger longer in the famous Buttery or The Pump Room than to down a drink and marvel at the showmanship and spectacular viands that bring gourmets from all over the world, since we are heading for the Ambassador's newest jewel—the Beau Nash Club, which is in the Ambassador West Hotel.

As every schoolboy doesn't know, the Beau Nash Club is named after the elegant eighteenth-century arbiter of manners and fashions in Bath, England. The décor of the club is the Beau's own—it is rich and regal, festooned with ancient coin designs, purple carpeting, and purple-faced club members downing the king-sized drinks. There are squares of twenty-four-carat gold set in the walls, numerous gold fixtures, and even one of the headwaiters—costumed à la eighteenth-century in coat with gold braiding and buttons—has a fine supply of the precious metal in his teeth, loyal Beau Gnasher that he is.

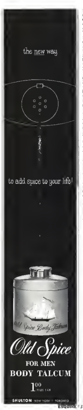
At lunch, attendance is limited to members and male guests, but in the evening it is open to the discerning perfectionist and his fortunate female guest. The touch of Mr. James A. Hart, famous host of the Ambassadors, is apparent everywhere. We had, for example, drinks of straight Scotch (that is, not blended, as all Scotches usually are in this country) at the bar, and it was smoky and strong and straight from the heather and the lochs. The menu contains such very succulent ideas existing elsewhere in the world and a few exclusive Beau Nash items. You may find Pheasant in Plumage with Wild Rice and Guava Jelly (for two a mere $14.95) and other entrees between $5 and $10. This surely is the prize stopover spot between New York and the Coast. If you're a floor-show kid or strictly meat and potatoes with red-checkered tablecloth, obviously this is not for you, at least if you're alone. But your girl will adore you if you'll put on your best threads and take her there. The Beau, in memory as in life, is incomparable.

* * *

Travel Note: A mile or so above Charlestown, New Hampshire, the Connecticut River divides the state of Vermont, and there stands an ancient toll bridge. In our youth, following the custom of even the most sedate Dartmouth undergraduate, it was our pleasure to brush past the toll booth on snowy nights with a wild halloo, giving the sleepy guard a start, but no money. Recently, grown more law-abiding but having taken to a motor scooter in the twilight years, we once again approached the battered toll booth and its battered Cerberus. He looked at us for a moment, and then at the scooter. Then he referred to the list such country bridges inevitably display:

Two oxen and wagon . . . 50¢
1 horse . . . 25¢, etc.

In these latter days, the word automobile had reluctantly been added. He studied the list for a while. Then he spoke: "Don't know what this contraption is, machine or beast, so it'll cost you a nickel." We paid and passed through, shamed. Blush. Sigh. We confess that our shiny new little speedster hadn't even rated the toll of 1 pony, or 1 possum. —F. A. B.



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This handsomely illustrated booklet gives the groom-to-be complete information on proper etiquette for the ceremony and reception, correct attire and gift obligations, plus suggestions for honeymoon trips. Included are handy dress charts and check-list. Available at leading men's stores, or to order direct—use coupon below.

ESQUIRE, READER SERVICE,
P.O. Box 402, Radio City Station, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
Please send me ____ copies GUIDE FOR THE BRIDEGROOM at $1 per copy. Remittance enclosed.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ Zone ____ State ____
(U. S. orders only. Enclose check or money order. No stamps)

ESQUIRE'S BUYING GUIDE

ESQUIRE SAYS: DRESS DAD RIGHT!

Father's Day is June 15th and you'll find an exciting collection of gifts throughout this issue of Esquire. Any of the fine stores listed here will be happy to help you dress your dad right with a gift that will help him look his very best.

Alabama

Birmingham	J. Blach & Sons Inc.
Birmingham	Henry Potter Inc.
Florence	Otto Spain's Men's Wear
Mobile	Metzger Bros. Inc.
Montgomery	Farole Co., Inc.

Arizona

Phoenix	Korey's
Phoenix	Korrick's Inc.
Tucson	Dave Bloom & Sons, Inc.

California

Berkeley	J. F. Hink & Son
Beverly Hills	Eddy Heath, Inc.
Beverly Hills	Jerry Rothschild
Fresno	Harry Coffee
Fresno	I. Gottschalk & Co. Inc.
Los Angeles	Coulter's
Los Angeles	Desmond's
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel Inc.
Los Angeles	Silverwoods
Oakland	Grodin's
Oakland	Smiths
Palo Alto	Robert S. Atkins
Pomona	Jack A. Tyars
Redlands	Gair's
San Diego	Lion Clothing Co.
San Diego	Nelson Mears Co.
San Diego	Walker Scott Co.
San Francisco	Robert S. Atkins Co.
San Francisco	Roos Bros.
San Mateo	Robert S. Atkins
Santa Ana	Carl's
Stockton	Oser & McKeegan, Inc.

Colorado

Boulder	Berghein's
Colorado Springs	MacRoll & Moss
Denver	Cottrell Clo. Co.
Fort Collins	Hickman's for Men

Connecticut

Hartford	Kennedy's Inc.
Hartford	Warner and DeBoy
New Britain	M. E. May & Sons Inc.
New Haven	Sloan-Ritchey

Delaware

Wilmington	Oat's

District of Columbia

Washington	Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Washington	Raleigh Haberdasher
Washington	Todd Wabrook

Georgia

Atlanta	George Muse Clothing Co.
Atlanta	A. L. Zachry Co.

Illinois

Alton	Butloff's
Alton	Lytton's
Bloomington	Moberly & Klenner
Carbondale	[illegible] Mofield Men's Wear
Champaign	Sable Clothing Co.
Chicago	Baskin Clothing Co.
Chicago	Karoll's
Chicago	Lytton's
Evanston	Lytton's
Evergreen Park	Lytton's
Galesburg	Stern and Field
Joliet	Ascot Bros.
Joliet	Al Teains Co.
Joliet	Lytton's
Oak Park	Lytton's
Pekin	Stock & Reitl Co.
Peoria	The Schradzki Co.
Springfield	Myers Brothers
Skokie	Schurlenberg Bros. Inc.

Indiana

Bloomington	Kahn Clo. Co.
Fort Wayne	Patterson Fletcher Co.
Gary	Lytton's
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Lafayette	Gaizler's
South Bend	M. Gilbert & Sons Co.
West Lafayette	Gaizler's

Iowa

Burlington	Johnson Rasmussen Co.
Cedar Rapids	The Killian Co.
Des Moines	Frankel Clothing, Inc.
Des Moines	[illegible], Inc.

Kansas

Abilene	Howard Keel Men's Wear
McPherson	Stroud's
Wichita	Splan Clothing Co.

Kentucky

Lexington	Graves, Cox & Co. Inc.
Louisville	Levy Bros. Inc. (2)
Louisville	Loevenhart's & Co. Inc.
Louisville	[illegible] Co. Inc.
Louisville	Ben Snyder Inc.

Louisiana

Alexandria	Caplan's Men's Shop
Baton Rouge	Welsh & Levy Clothing Co. Inc.
New Orleans	Porter's Inc.
Shreveport	M. Levy Co., Inc.
Shreveport	Selber Bros. Inc.

Maine

Biddeford	A. H. Benoit
Brunswick	A. H. Benoit
Lewiston	A. H. Benoit & Co.
Portland	A. H. Benoit & Co.
Portland	Kennedy's, Inc.
Portland	Porteous Mitchell & Braun Co.
Westbrook	A. H. Benoit & Co.

Maryland

Baltimore	Isaac Hamburger & Sons Co.
Baltimore	K. Katz & Sons, Inc.
Baltimore	[illegible] & Co. Inc.

Massachusetts

Boston	Bolter Company
Boston	Kennedy's, Inc.
Boston	Leopold Morse Co. Inc.
Boston	Zareh, Inc.
Brockton	Kennedy's, Inc.
Framingham	Kennedy's, Inc.
Haverhill	Kennedy's, Inc.
Hyannis	Ortler Company
Hyde Park	Kennedy's, Inc.
Lynn	Kennedy's, Inc.
Manchester	Kennedy's
Pittsfield	Larkin's Inc.
Quincy	Remick Co. Inc.
Salem	Kennedy's, Inc.
Springfield	Kennedy's Inc.
Springfield	Albert Steiger Co.
Worcester	Kennedy's Inc.
Worcester	Ware Pratt Co.

Michigan

Ann Arbor	Wagner & Company
Bay City	May Clothing Co.
Detroit	E. J. Hickey Co.
Detroit	Higgins & Frank
Detroit	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Detroit	Hughes & Hatcher Inc.
Detroit	Harry Suffrin, Inc.
Detroit	Joe Wilkowski & Sons Inc.
Grand Rapids	Burgess & Hallbower Men's Store
Grand Rapids	A. May & Sons
Grosse Pointe	J. J. Hickey Co.
Lansing	F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lansing	J. W. Knapp Company
Ypsilanti	Mellencamp's

Minnesota

Duluth	The Big Duluth
Mankato	Prahm Clothing Co.
Minneapolis	Dayton Co.
Minneapolis	Juster Bros. Inc.
Minneapolis	Hubert W. White, Inc.
St. Paul	Hubert W. White Inc.

Mississippi

Jackson	Lewis Wilson
Meridian	Alex Loeb Inc.

Missouri

Jefferson City	Colvins
Kansas City	Jack Henry Inc.
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Louis	Wolff's Clothiers

Nebraska

Lincoln	Magee's
Omaha	J. L. Brandeis & Sons Inc.
Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co.

New Hampshire

Manchester	Kennedy's, Inc.

New Jersey

Newark	Melach's
New Brunswick	Fisher's Men's Wear
West New York	Schlesinger's

New York City

Manhattan	Broadstreet's Inc.
Manhattan	John David Inc.
Manhattan	Wallach's
Manhattan	Weber & Heilbroner

New York State

Albany	McManus & Riley Inc.
Buffalo	The Kleinhans Co.
Elmira	Jerome's Inc.
Hempstead L. I.	[illegible] Inc.
Mount Vernon	Langdon Shop
New Rochelle	Langdon Store
Olean	Jay Liberty Co.
Rochester	B. Forman Co.
Rochester	McFarlin Clothing Co.
Rochester	The National Clothing Co.
Rochester	Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co.
Syracuse	Wells & Coverly
Troy	Wells & Coverly

North Carolina

Winston-Salem	Hine Bagby Co. Inc.
Winston-Salem	Frank A. Stith Co.
Winston-Salem	Bowman Stockton Inc.

North Dakota

Fargo	Hugo Stine Co. Inc.
Fargo	The Straus Co.
Grand Forks	Straus Clothing
Grand Forks	Wilkins Clothing
Valley City	Straus Clothing Co.

Ohio

Cleveland	The B. R. Baker Co.
Columbus	Union Company
Dayton	The Metropolitan Co.
Toledo	B. R. Baker Company

Oklahoma

Enid	Bowman's Merc. Co.
Oklahoma City	Kerr's Inc.
Tulsa	Clarke's
Tulsa	Ben Gotes Co. Inc.
Tulsa	Vandevers Dept. Store

Oregon

Portland	Rodolman Bros.
Portland	M. & H. M. Sichel

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia	The Arrow Store
Philadelphia	Bruck's Men's Store
Philadelphia	Snell & Hunsicker Inc.
Philadelphia	Jacob Reed's Sons
Pittsburgh	Alex Ralph
Reading	Croll & Keck
Scranton	J. H. Hull Clothing Co.
Scranton	Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Wilkes-Barre	J. H. Hull Clothing Co.

Rhode Island

Providence	Kennedy's, Inc.
Charleston	W. H. Johnston Inc.
Greenville	Heyward Mahon Co.

Tennessee

Chattanooga	Hardie & Caudle
Chattanooga	Kirkpatrick Men's Store
Knoxville	J. S. Hall's Sons, Inc.
Memphis	Julius Lewis, Inc.
Nashville	McGovern's, Inc.
Nashville	Petway Reavis Co. Inc.

Texas

Dallas	Ivy Mayes
Dallas	E. M. Kahn & Co. (2)
Dallas	Reynolds Penland Co.
Dallas	J. R. Wilson Company
Houston	Leopold & Price
Houston	Norton Ditto
Laredo	Joe Brand

Utah

Ogden	[illegible]
Salt Lake City	[illegible]

Virginia

Norfolk	Ehlinger & Co. Inc.
Richmond	Berry-Burk & Co. Inc.
Richmond	Greentree's
Roanoke	S. H. Heironimus Co.

Washington

Seattle	Bonfert & Kohfeld Inc.
Seattle	Klopfenstein's Inc.
Seattle	Marks & Eckmann Inc.
Tacoma	Klopfenstein's

West Virginia

Clarksburg	Wm. H. Moler Co.

Wisconsin

Appleton	H. C. Prange Co.
Green Bay	H. C. Prange Co.
Kenosha	Bell Clothing House, Inc.
Kenosha	Cashman's, Inc.
Madison	F. W. Karstens Co.
Madison	Manfield & Mazer
Milwaukee	Brills
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee	W. D. Seeger Co.
Sheboygan	H. C. Prange Co.
Sturgeon Bay	H. C. Prange Co.

Wyoming

Casper	Harry Yesness, Inc.

ANNOUNCING
The Forthcoming Publication Of The

Esquire CARTOON ALBUM

Commemorating Esquire's 25th Anniversary

The Esquire Cartoon Album, to be published this Fall, will be the first cartoon book ever to be published by Esquire.

Preparations for the book were begun in the Fall of 1955. Although an Esquire cartoon book had been attempted many times before, the physical and editorial task of selection had discouraged publication in earlier years. Thus the Cartoon Album, when it is finally off press, will have been at least two years in preparation.

The Album, a gigantic book, will not only record the sense of humor of Esquire over 25 years—it will also reflect clearly the shifting, lighter moods of America over a quarter of a century. It will be a nostalgic and significant book, particularly for readers of Esquire. But the Album will also be one of the most handsome volumes ever published by Esquire—and certainly the most beautiful and colorful cartoon book ever published by anyone.

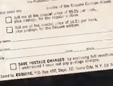
Statistically:

- Over 550 cartoons—more than 150 in color, with 55 of Esquire's most famous cartoons in full four color.
- The work of 80 of America's top illustrators and caricaturists.
- Big, oversized, spreading 9" x 11½", containing 260 pages.
- Richly bound in thick natural black cloth, embellished with gold stamping.
- A protective covering jacket, brilliantly printed in full color.
- In short, the Esquire Cartoon Album will be an unusual volume and an unusual value.

You, as an Esquire reader, will be pleased further to know that, because more than half of the first printing of the Cartoon Album has already been allocated, the remaining copies of the first printing can be offered to Esquire readers prior to publication at a cost below the expected retail price. Thus you may now reserve your copy (or copies for gifts) at just $5.25 per book.

For those who prefer to have, or give, a most impressive volume, a limited DeLuxe edition of the Cartoon Album will be available. It will be luxuriously bound, lavishly gold stamped, and enclosed in a matching, handsome slip case—a volume to grace the library of the collector and the connoisseur. Prior to publication Esquire readers may reserve copies of this edition at $8.25 per book. The on-publication price will be $10.

The reservation form below is for your convenience.



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Pre-Publication Reservation Form

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the ESQUIRE CLUB news:

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

In a remote corner of southwestern Ireland beside the legendary River Shannon where it widens to meet the Atlantic is world-famous Shannon Free Airport—the Esquire Club's first continental Associate. Here the lonely immigrant embarking to the Western world mingles briefly with the buoyant tourist who eagerly awaits the next short hop to the mainland.

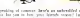
Although most of the Airport's guests are transients, more and more travelers are stopping at this international shopping centre where Europe's finest goods are duty free. Shannon's greatest compulsion is their Airport Store where cameras, cashmeres and cognacs, watches, whiskey and Waterford crystal abound in customs-free abundance. French perfumes are cheaper than in Paris. German cameras cost less than in Berlin, and Swiss watches can be bought at prices lower than those on the tags in the windows of Geneva's Rue du Montblanc or Zurich's Bahnhofstrasse. The Free Port's gourmet restaurant serving more than one million meals each year and the exquisite 200-bedroom Chalet hotel (overlooking the River Shannon) also honor Esquire Club cards.

To Esquire Club members, Shannon Free Airport—ablaze with shops, services and restaurants—provides the fitting tribute to a continental sojourn where premeditated shopping presents an easy way of paying the fare to Europe.

UNIQUE ESQUIRE CLUB SERVICES

While traveling in Europe this summer (and shopping at Shannon) don't let excess baggage or gifts hamper your style. Block Overseas Shipping Company's reliable continental agents can handle everything for you. They pack, pick-up (deliver to your carrier if you wish), insure, ship even clear through U.S. Customs and it's all chargeable on your Esquire Club card! Ship now, pay later! See N.Y.C. listings in your current Directory for details.

Landlubbers who occasionally yearn for the sea and ships can partially satisfy their cravings sans mal-de-mer and dramamine. The Hudson River Day Line Boat Tours and Day Line Sightseeing Yachts now offer guided tours and lecture cruises to Esquire Club members. Whether it be around Manhattan Isle or away to exotic Bear Mountain, West Point, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie, these modern galleons provide all conveniences, leaving daily from Hudson River Day Line Pier 81 at West 41st Street. Bring your camera, and please don't feed the fishes.



Speaking of cameras, here's an unheralded opportunity for you to host your friends sooner! Imagine springing your vacation pictures on unsuspecting friends when they come to welcome you back! Visualize their discomfort as you bolt the doors, lock the windows and show a kaleidoscope of your recent high adventure. Now through World Wide Photo Service (Great Neck, N.Y.) you can find your film waiting for you when you arrive home. These unique specialists have Eastman Kodak expertly process your color film and mail it back just in time for you to play host. And it's all chargeable through the Esquire Club.

Esquire Magazine has long been the acknowledged leader in men's fashions and the Esquire Club, newest offspring of Esquire's corporate family, sheepishly admits it's high time fine men's shops be made available to Esquire Club members. Our better-late-than-never Associates representing the best in sartorial splendor include: *Wallachs*, New York; *Jerrems*, Chicago; *Keller-Zander*, New Orleans; *Jerry Rothschild*, Beverly Hills; *Sy Devore*, Hollywood; *Charles Levy & Son*, Los Angeles; *Metropolitan Shops*, Dayton; and *Town & Country*, San Francisco and Seattle.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SHOPPED HERE

Five years ago the Caswell-Massey Pharmacy became New York's first business firm to celebrate its 200th anniversary.

Founded in Newport, Rhode Island in 1752 by Dr. William Hunter (patron of painter Gilbert Stuart and the colonies' first lecturer on human anatomy), Caswell-Massey has thrived, prospered and left its indelible imprint on the colorful tapestry of Americana.

Dolly Madison, George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette and both Presidents Adams patronized Dr. Hunter's original apothecary "At the Sign of the Golden Mortar" and regaled themselves with Caswell-Massey's famous Number 6 Cologne which incidentally is still a best seller today!

Edgar Allan Poe frequented the Newport Shop for the harmless green powder he used in his fluted poison ring. The incomparable Sarah Bernhardt ordered countless jars of elder flower and cucumber cream and Adelina Patti purchased special Florentine violet orris sachet—both still available (and chargeable through the Esquire Club).

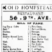
Caswell-Massey's 12 million prescriptions, some two centuries old, reveal the persistency of their preparations. Customers still request gold and silver coated pills, leeches for blackened eyes, bear grease, goose grease and turtle oil for pomade and violet scented ointment for skin care.

The Barclay Hotel shop displays a museum's supply of ancient gallipots, chemist's crocks and time-stained pestles and mortars. Pharmaceutical curios abound and a nostalgic breath of time past still permeates this unique establishment which catered to so many names that time forgot.

YESTERYEAR

In the nineteenth century, the Chelsea district was the marketing centre of New York City. Ever since the early days farmers from Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut brought their cattle and produce to this neighborhood, the home of the wholesale meat market. Social leaders, distinguished actors, actresses and ladies and gentlemen of fashion discovered that for the finest food in town it was smart to eat where the nearby meat dealers went for their meals. Chelsea throbbed with local color and pulsated with the aromatic blending of food and its cooking.

In 1868 the Old Homestead Restaurant—now an Esquire Club Associate—first opened its doors in Chelsea. Here's a vintage menu from that famous spot when they were serving the Coach Trade at these fabulous prices.



OLD HOMESTEAD

RESTAURANT

56 . 9TH. AVE.

BILL OF FARE.

Regular Dinner 15 Cents.

DINING IN TONIGHT?

Don Roth's New Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago is world-famous for its succulent roast prime ribs of beef cut to order and served at the table from a shining roast beef cart. The Esquire Club has managed to sequester away Don Roth's recipe and learned that perfection's secret rests in the rock salt cast in which the ribs are roasted to preserve all the delectable natural juices.

Don Roth suggests you choose a good-size (10-12 lbs.) standing rib roast. Place the roast in a large high pan, fatty side up. The pan must have sides as high or higher than the roast.

Cover the roast completely with a thick blanket of pure refined rock salt. No other seasoning is needed.

Place in 500-degree oven, cook for one hour. Lower heat to 350 degrees and cook for an additional 1 to 1½ hours, depending on size and rareness desired.

Skim fat from juices to prepare gravy, if desired. Serve in thick, hot slices and season to taste. We suggest you chill several bottles of Liebfraumilch (1953) and you have the base ingredients of an unforgettable repast.

In addition to receiving regular Newsletters featuring these articles, Esquire Club members also enjoy automatic charge accounts at more than 4000 outstanding restaurants, hotels, night clubs, shops and special services all carefully selected on the basis of quality, service and hospitality by the Editors of Esquire Magazine.

Enjoy the modern convenience of saying "Charge It"—wherever your business trips or pleasure jaunts may take you. No more need to carry large sums of cash. No more doubt where to dine or shop in unfamiliar cities. If you're an Esquire Club member. Why deprive yourself of pleasure? Join the Esquire Club! Just fill out and mail this handy coupon today.

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For Reservations and Literature write:

HOTEL BEL-AIR
705 Stone Canyon Road
Los Angeles 24, California
Oliver E. Morris Manager

A Bridge to Another World

DINING IN/OUT WITH *Esquire*

OUR discussion about Bloody Mary as of last issue, has brought word from one of our favorite restaurants—Battazzi, 9 East 48th Street, New York—where we have long delighted in the very smart atmosphere and the knowing menu.

The Battazzi concoction is called The Bloodless Mary and is offered to soothe the frazzled nerves of denizens of nearby Madison Avenue who may be suffering from hypertension!

One shot vodka
Three ounces fresh clam juice
One short dash Tabasco sauce
Three dashes Worcestershire
Pinch white pepper
Pinch horseradish

Shake with ice, strain, serve.

Mary has lost her blood, you'll notice, by the omission of the tomato juice, and it seems to strike out as an entirely new drink. The Battazzi folks are pretty firm about that clam juice being fresh, since they're perfectionists. But if you haven't got a clam or oyster bar in your house, we guess you'd better settle for canned or bottled.

Wandering afield these pleasant days, we came upon that famous spot Manero's, on Steamboat Road in Greenwich, Connecticut. There Nick Manero holds forth as host, and even in that competitive area he has won extraordinary laurels for fine food and hospitality. The food centers around the filet mignon dinner at $4.25. Needless to say, the meat is superb, the appetizers are many, the garlic bread sharpens up those hungry pangs, and you get salad, French fried onions, dessert and coffee, all for this modest tab. You may even substitute a liqueur for the coffee. Warning: Nick's is a famous place and you must have reservations or go early to get near the place, much less find a table. It's worth this bit of extra forethought, though. You're down near the beautiful Greenwich estate section. Nick's singing waiters (good enough to record for Plaza Records, by the way) sing about your group for birthdays and anniversaries, and Nick will pop a peppermint stick in your Old Fashioned as a muddler if you're the birthday kid.

A man left a recipe on our desk, and while we never had a tequila drink quite like this in Mexico, it does bring back dreaming hours about the plaza in Cuernavaca. Si!

Tall Collins glass
2 jiggers tequila
Juice 2 small limes
1½ teaspoons grenadine
2 dashes Angostura bitters

Chill glass and garnish with slice of orange, stick of pineapple and a maraschino cherry.

Drink and drop dead.

That admonition is his. *We say salud y pesetas.*

Another good friend—we shall call him Charles H. M. to protect his anonymity and still get the point across to him and his friends—has blessed us with a salad which may win the battle for you sometime when you're facing unexpected guests or a crisis in the meat or heat department. Here is his *bona gusto* which he calls *Lettuce en reste*.

1 large head lettuce, not solid
1 can crab meat, flaked
2 eggs, hard cooked
1 teaspoon chopped olives
1 teaspoon minced onion
2 buds diced fresh garlic
½ teaspoon each barbecue and herb spice

Blend into enough mayonnaise to hold mixture together—approximately 3½ teaspoons.

Wash lettuce intact. Turn head upside down on towel to drain. Mix crab meat with other ingredients. Add desired amount of mayonnaise. Stand head of lettuce right side up on a bed of Romaine lettuce leaves. Begin at the bottom to stuff crab mixture lightly inside each leaf of lettuce head. Garnish with rings of red sweet pepper, carrot curls, etc. Serves six.

Two tablespoons dry white wine may be blended into mayonnaise mixture for added zest.

Mr. M, Esky salutes you!

—F. A. B.

(Advertisement)

ESKY DINES OUT

Chicago, Ill.:

CAFE DE PARIS on Chicago's near north side at 1260 North Dearborn Parkway (Park Dearborn Hotel). Incomparable French Cuisine with Duckling à la Bigarade, a nationally famous specialty. Delightful cocktail lounge. Open daily 5 p.m., Sun. 5 p.m. WHitehall 4-5870.

JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT 900 N. Michigan Ave. The food is superb and you'll enjoy dining in Jacques' glamorous Continental Dining Room. In season, service is in the beautiful outdoor garden. Open daily 11:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. Reservations suggested. Delaware [illegible]

New York City, N. Y.:

SEA-FARE—Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants. Unusual sea food specialties such as Oysters Rockefeller, Bouillabaisse Marseillaise, Mussels Mariniere. Luncheon $1.25. Dinner $1.95. Bar—Cocktails. 44 W. 8th St. AL 4-5040 (5th-6th Ave.), 1033 1st Ave. (57th St.) PL 3-4176.

CAVANAGH'S. One of New York's oldest and finest restaurants, "where elegance in dining has been a tradition since 1876." Hearty American food in man-sized portions. Poems have been written to Cavanagh's roast beef. 260 West 23rd St. Phone AL 5-1100.

THE CHARDAS. New York's only authentic Hungarian restaurant-club. Superb continental cuisine. Sparkling Gypsy music with Bela Babai. Member of Diners Club. 307 E. 79 St. near 2nd Ave. BU 8-8502. Mondays closed.

GREEN ROOM, HOTEL EDISON. 46th to 47th just west of Broadway. Convenient to all theatres. Complete dinners ranging from $2.50 to $3.65. Fine cuisine. Band for dancing. Cocktail bar. Nightly dancing to top-name bands. Open for luncheon. CI 6-5000.

Pittsburgh, Pa.:

KLEIN'S 330 Fourth Ave. Just reading the extraordinary menu is a treat in this favorite of all Pittsburgh dining places. Eating their special lobster, seafood, steak and chop dishes makes you always want to "return" to Klein's—in the heart of the Golden Triangle.

Knoxville, Tenn.:

ITALIAND 4531 Kingston Pk. "Every Dish a Masterpiece." Serving "All-American" Items with a Southern accent, incl. Chicken-in-the-Rough, Country Ham, Prime Ribs, and Steaks, in [illegible] Room. [illegible] for our service, on US 11-70 at city limits with a train of 10 motels.

Dallas, Texas:

TOWN and COUNTRY 3515 Commerce St. Your host Nick DeGeorge. Nationally famous for superb Prime Ribs, Flaming Sword Dinners, Prime Aged Steaks, Sea Food Bar, French Onion Soup, Cheese Cake and Pompano from our kitchen. Open Daily 11 A.M.–11 P.M. Sat 12 P.M.

Houston, Texas:

YE OLD COLLEGE INN, 6545 Main, Houston's oldest fine dining spot. Acclaimed one of the world's great restaurants by noted food authorities. Famous for Aged Steak, Big Baked Potato, Gulf Seafood. [illegible] Open Daily 5 to 11 PM, Sundays Noon to 9 PM. Closed Tuesday.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT

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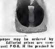

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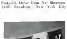

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Williamson-Dickie Mfg. Co. 22
Zenith Radio Corp. 29

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☎ [illegible] Service in your community. Details page 8.

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